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The Service Record



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THE SERVICE RECORD
LE JOURNAL DES EXPLOITS DU COMPAGNIE C
303RD FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE



PRODUCED BY
MEMBERS OF COMPANY C—303RD FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION
HAROLD O. MOHR, EDITOR & PUBLISHER

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HAROLD O. MOHR



SEMUR AND ITS TOWERS

Attention!

WHEN we first set foot on French soil—at Calais—we were greeted by the query “Souvenir? Souvenir?” from the little French urchins who hoped the Yanks had a few stray Lincoln coppers in their O D’s.

We laughed at them then as we cleared our pockets, and pleased the French kids.

Now that it’s finis la guerre, the tables are turned and we are crying “Souvenir!” We aren’t after pennies, tho—it’s something to cherish as a record of our service in Uncle Sam’s Army. You see, Uncle Sam and his boys lived thru some wonderful experiences while we have been his boys—and we want to have a suitable remembrance of those exciting times.

Of course we have our Prussian helmets, our Lugers, our iron crosses and what not, but they don’t quite fill the bill.

So we decided to print a book and cover the whole thing—from the time we entered the army to date. We acted on that decision. Here’s the book.

It’s packed with slang expressions; an occasional “damn” will be found; there are numerous words and expressions, coined by the A. E. F.; and there are plenty of curiously-spelled words. All because we wanted to give a real idea of what we had to do, how we did it, what we thought, how we felt, what and how we said it, and what others thought about it.

We couldn’t tell all the humorous—and sad—experiences we went thru while we were acquiring service stripes. So we’ve touched only the high spots—and will use the book as notes when we spin our yarns to the home folks around the old fireplace.

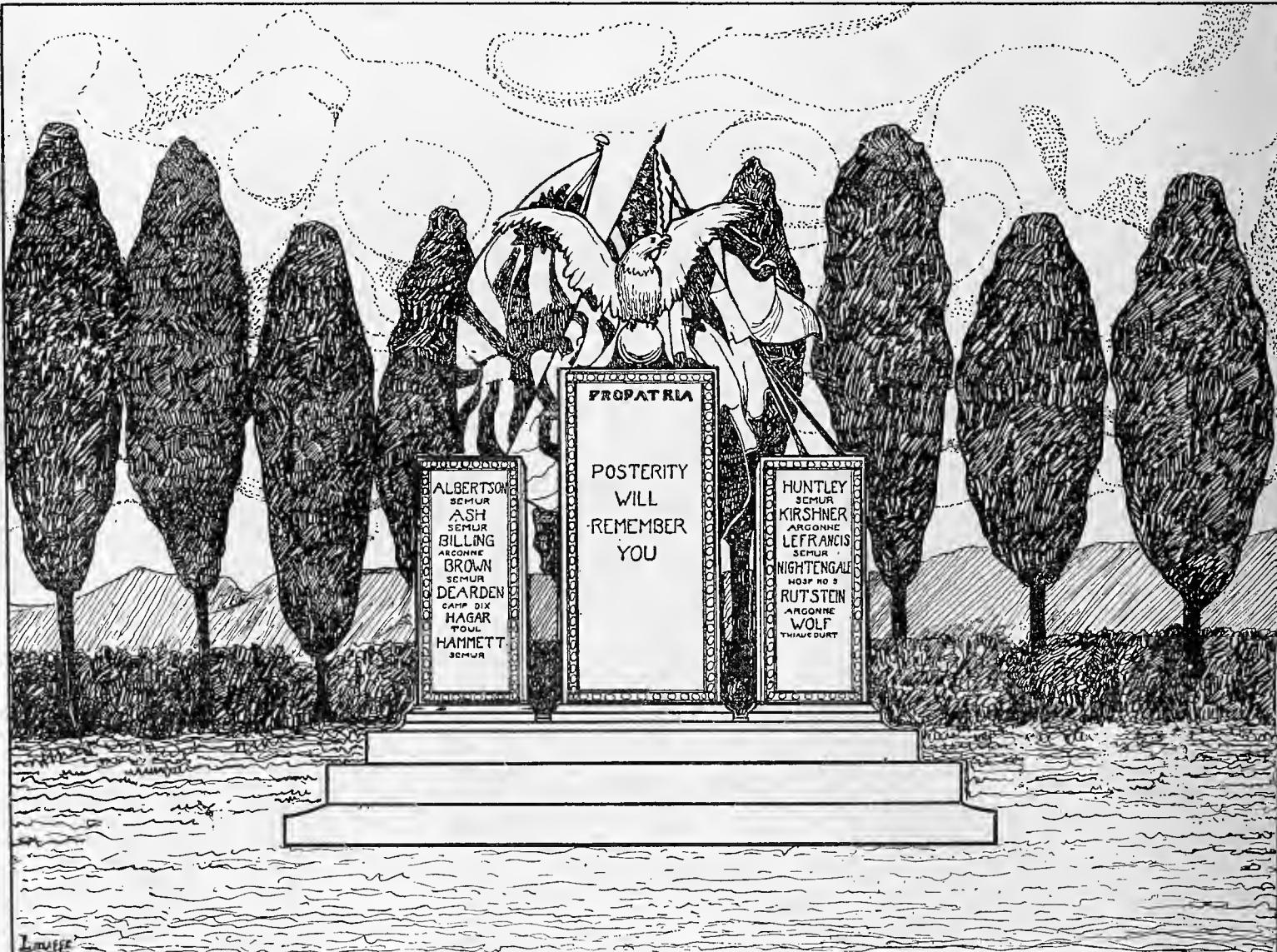
So, please bear this in mind when you turn the pages.

We have not shown the authorship of the articles because some of us furnished the ideas and others worked them out, while others did the illustrating—everybody helped. We’re all content to say that the boys of Company C wrote, illustrated and published the entire book.

If it pleases our Mothers, Dads, Brothers, Sisters and Wives—or Sweethearts—then we’ve gained our objective.

Thank you.

THE EDITOR.



Above the drone of industry,
Above the mart's weird lay,
Above that quaint tranquility
That steeps each farmland day
Haunting voices rise, and free
Pent-up gems of memory.

Men of iron, comrades true,
Can this tribute measure you?
You, who nobly bore the strife,
Suffered hardship, gave your life,
Trod the walks of whispering death,
Felt its chill, uncanny breath,
Faltered not, but pushed ahead
Through that hell fire, Prussian bred,
Dared the evils of the air,
Weary, but without despair,
Carried on, with grit supreme,
Communication's urgent scheme.
You, whose glorious career
Climaxed in a Mother's tear.
A murmured rite, a wooden cross,
A resting place 'neath Franco moss.
To you the laurels, halos, fame—
A star of honor by your name.
And, in this hour of warm regret,
We promise never to forget.



This is "Old Jim," as we thought of him—Major James Kelly,
S. R. C., as the army knows him—commander of the 303rd.

He's a good scout—a real man—so we're happy to dedicate this
little souvenir to him.



HERE are four companies and a medical detachment in the 303rd Field Signal Battalion. Headquarters company is the administrative head of the battalion. The medical attachment works with the battalion when the battalion is together. A, or radio, company handles the wireless for the division. B, or wire, company operates the brigade and division exchanges, extending its communication system to connect with the corps exchange.

C, or outpost, company boasts a personnel numbering 280 men—one of the largest companies in the entire army. This company establishes, maintains and operates all telephone exchanges from and including the regimental exchanges, to the front line, also extending its communications to connect with the brigade exchanges, operated by B company. C company has charge, also, of all other lines of communication within its area. C company is divided into four platoons of 65 men each—the remaining 20 forming the company headquarters section, handling the company's administrative matters.

Upon completion of the instruction schedule, the time came for breaking up the company. Each of the four platoons was attached to one of the regiments of the division. The first platoon was assigned to the 309th regiment, the second to the 310th, the third to the 311th and the fourth to the 312th.

Each infantry regiment had a signal platoon, consisting of 76 men, commanded by a second lieutenant. This platoon was a part of the regimental headquarters company.

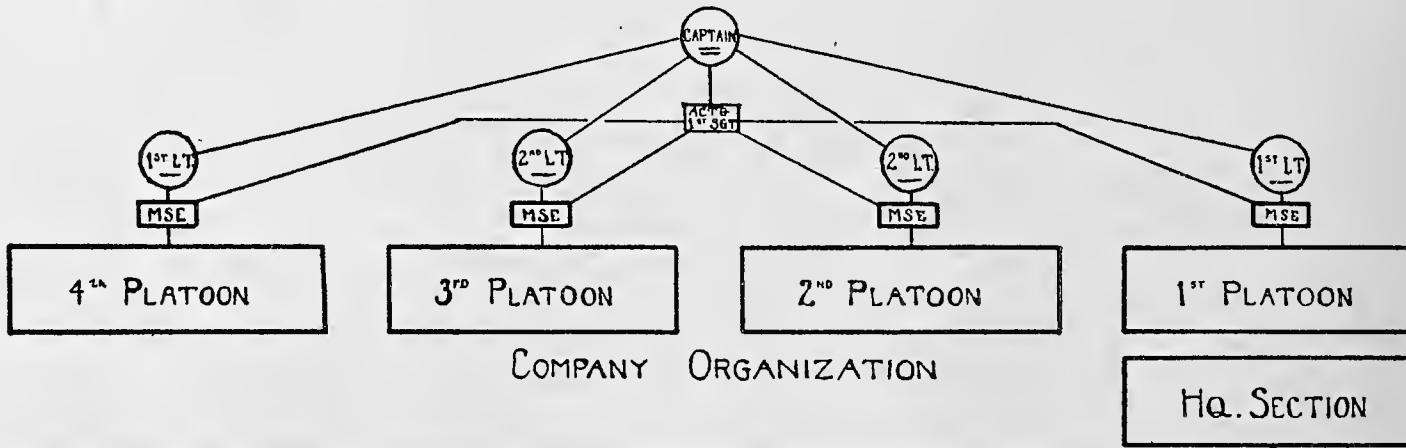
The lieutenant commanding the platoon from company C took charge of the infantry signal platoon in addition to his own and assumed the duties of Regimental Signal Officer.

To carry out this work, he split up his personnel—141 enlisted men, and the lieutenant from the signal platoon—sending a detachment of mixed signal corps and infantry signal men to each of the battalions within the regiment, and one detachment was retained at regimental headquarters. Usually a telephone detail was the one to be sent to each of these four units and the cable laying section was also retained at regimental headquarters.

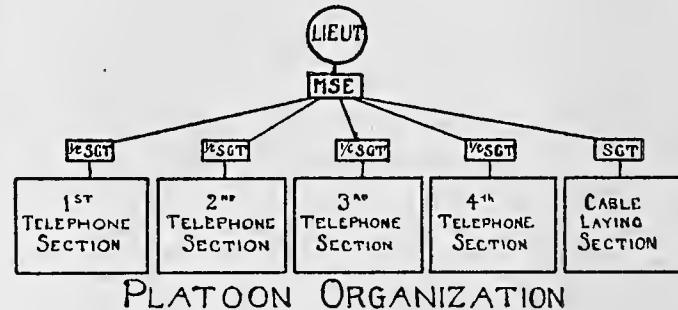
The Regimental Signal Officer directed the liaison system from regimental headquarters, leaving a sergeant first class in charge of each of the four units of his command. The M. S. E. assisted the Regimental Signal Officer by keeping a general eye on the signal work within the regiment. The cook either worked with the infantry cooks or organized a separate mess for the men of his platoon. The extra privates, as shown in the diagram, were used where they were needed most.

C company's specialty is the telephone and it maintained a very complete system throughout its sphere of operation. But it also built up auxiliary communication schemes, for use in case Jerry should succeed in breaking up telephone communication. The auxiliary means were: The buzzer-phone, T. P. S., Lucas lamps, flags, aeroplane panels, fireworks and pigeons. The infantry also maintained a runner system which connected all units within the regiment.

So, you will see, an extensive communication system was available at all times, and that ample precautions were taken to prevent the division from suffering an attack of nervous prostration—for the communications of a military unit correspond to the nerves of the human body.



C.
The Outpost Company
 —Organization—
 The company is divided into four platoons of 65 men each, and a headquarters section of 20 men, 280 men in all.
 A captain commands the company, each platoon is in command of a lieutenant assisted by an M.S.E.
 The platoon consists of 4 telephone sections and a cable laying section. The latter has a sergeant in chg. a sgt. assistant and 7 privates with one corporal.



ACT. MESS SET	SPLY. SGT.
ACTG 1 st SGT	CHAUFFEUR
HORSE SHOER	11 PRIVATES
2 CPL CLERKS	2 SGT MÉHS

A Telephone Section has 13 men. A sergeant 1st class in charge, a sergeant assistant, a corporal in charge of 4 linemen, a corporal and 4 operators and a corporal switch bd. operator



PREPARING TO HUNT THE HUN

WHEN the United States entered the world's conflict in 1917, many young bloods were eager to participate in the excitement or felt it their duty to follow the path of their illustrious forefathers by enlisting in Uncle Sam's new army for the duration of the war, then existing only on paper, but in plans in the greatest constructive minds in the country. The executive ability later displayed in carrying out those plans and the results obtained give all Americans who had the opportunity to make a comparison with the same work by Europeans, more enthusiastic for Yankee progressiveness and ability than ever before.

After enlisting and being told all about the "mounted Signal Corps," the boys who had selected that organization made haste to bid home folks and friends a fond farewell; to place their business affairs in such shape that they would not suffer in the event of the immediate departure of the newly made soldiers. Then followed a long summer of agonizing expectancy with no word from Washington; all the more agonizing because of its uncertainty and the fact that many had passed up valuable commercial opportunities on account of the daily expectation of receiving a penalty envelope from the War Department with its contents directing the recipient to report to some camp or other.

The summer passed and the leaves began to show the signs of fall when, early in October, the following letter was received by some fifty-five or sixty men who had been looking for it so long:

HEADQUARTERS EASTERN DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE SIGNAL OFFICER
ARMY BUILDING, 39 WHITEHALL STREET
NEW YORK CITY

JOHN DOE,
1936 Swatava Street,
Harrisburg, Pa.

By direction of the President the Signal Enlisted Reserve is to be mobilized under existing law.

You will sign enclosed transportation request, present it to local railroad agent and secure ticket.

Your meals en route will be furnished by yourself and you will be reimbursed at rate of 50 cents per meal (\$1.50 per day).

Report to Commanding Officer, Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J., on Oct. 11, 1917.

By command of Brig. Gen. Hoyle:

W. A. SIMPSON, Adj. Gen.,
Adjutant.

The majority of these notices specified October 11th as the date to report, but a few were October 8th. On October 11th a motley procession wended its way from the new station through the mud of erstwhile cornfields, (not so very erstwhile at that), to the brand new barracks near the brand new post office where the procession stopped and the first men to be assigned to Company C, 303rd Field Signal Battalion, were led into the barracks assigned to that unit.

First Lieutenant Morton F. Sultzer was then in command of Company C and it was by his efforts that Company C learned its left foot from its right when both feet seemed to be left; went through the first lessons in semaphore, wig-wag and buzzer—three accomplishments that we later discovered to be almost useless in modern warfare.

The first day was spent in getting beds, bed sacks, blankets and comforts, filling the bed sacks with straw and setting up and clearing up the barracks and grounds.

The beds were folding iron cots with springs. They seemed to us to be a very poor excuse for beds after just coming from civil life, but oh! what a luxury they would have been in France where we had mud, stone, boards or manure for beds—the only springs being the wet weather springs that make northern France a beautiful expanse of mud.

The difficulties of the mess-kit were among the first problems to engage our attention. Being extremely hungry and confronted with a savory meal and given a cup, two pans, a knife, fork and spoon to get a share of that same meal, it bemoaned the rookies to learn quickly how to handle all these tools with Nature's allotment of two hands when it seemed that a professional hashslinger would have trouble managing it with an extra hand or two. It did not take long to learn the art and become very adept in mess-kit juggling. It is doubtful if there is a man in the outfit now who cannot handle two mess-kits at once and do it gracefully.

The following two weeks were spent in getting introduction to more brand new problems than were ever put up to any of the men in such a short time before or since. Squads East, semaphore, wig-wag, buzzer, reveille, retreat, bugle calls, learning the difference between the left foot and the right, saluting shave-tails, K. P., guard, inspection and fatigue kept us all so busy that it seemed to us that there never would be any time for ourselves.

Fatigue—how much work of all description that word does cover! Picking up matches and cigarette butts, digging ditches and building roads, sheds and board walks and, in fact, any kind of work at all goes by the name of fatigue.

While we are on the subject it is in order to mention one of our men who won fame on two continents as an indefatigable fatigue fiend. Theodore Davis was one of C Company's first arrivals and soon displayed his ability to tackle any proposition at all from stenciling your number on a blanket to building a stable or moving a wood pile.

A poor, harmless wood pile would be resting in peace in

some obscure spot where it hoped to spend the balance of its days—but no such luck. The eagle eye of Ted Davis would light on Mr. Woodpile and "Aha! I knew there was something we could do to keep the boys busy!" would exclaim our redoubtable Ted and out must come all hands regardless of their half holiday occupations of writing letters home or enjoying a nap on a bunk. Then the company would be engaged in moving said wood pile to some other spot a few feet away. This process was kept up until a woodpile became nervous, fidgety and ill at ease whenever Davis came into its neighborhood. One wood pile we had became so used to being moved that it would get ready to change its location every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. These days are half holidays. It was not long before Davis was known in both America and Europe by the appropriate name of Fatigue Davis. The following story comes from a reliable source and is readily believed by all who know Davis.

When the 312th Infantry entered Grand Pre the Huns were supposed to have been driven out by the 77th whom the 78th relieved. As a matter of fact the majority of the city was strongly held by the Germans. Jimmy O'Kane walked up to these Germans: "Hello, Jerry," he said. "Hello, Yank," they replied. "Have a smoke?" offered Jim as he rolled his own. "Sure, we will," was the quick response, "but what are you doing in our town?" "Why the 77th said they took it away from you yesterday," was our brave corporal's reply. "It is just like the 77th to say something like that," said a German who formerly had a cabbage farm near Yap Hank, New York, "but you will have to get out of Grand Pre." Upon being asked what outfit he belonged to and who was in charge Jimmy told them that he was with the 303rd Signals and that Fatigue Davis was in charge. This threw the Jerries into a panic and they exclaimed: "Let's get out of here before he sees us or he'll put us to work!" They did, and that is the way Davis and O'Kane captured Grand Pre.

When the first arrivals of C Company came to Dix there were few barracks, no roads and much mud. This condition of affairs was not allowed to exist very long for by the time we had learned to do squads right about without forgetting which way the column was moving, Camp Dix com-

menced to show a wonderful array of barracks with streets and sewers laid out in a most efficient manner. Good macadam roads and well-made ditches did much to make Jersey's wonderful mud a place tenantable for the embryo army that was then pouring in wearing the ribbon of Local Draft Board Number Whatsis.

After the third week in Dix there was one thing looked forward to more than anything else. Week-end passes were issued so that from Saturday noon to Monday morning those living near Dix could spend the week-end at home. Nearly everyone went every week until the arrival of Major James Kelly cut the number of passes down so that a man got a pass not oftener than once a month. "Ye'll learr-r-n ye're in the ar-r-my," said that veteran of six campaigns—and learn we did.

Major Kelly took charge of the 303rd about our sixth week in Dix. From that date we began to be more military and relinquished more of our privileges—we learned that the army was not a picnic. Those were trying days for us just come from civil life and put on a strict military basis, but, thanks to Old Jim, we passed the crisis quickly and fell into the ways of the army.

During November and December about twenty more men came to Company C from the Depot Brigade. This made the strength of the company about eighty men.

The close of the third month found us all fed up on drill and training and full of a desire to go anywhere just to get away from the hum-drum of Camp Dix. Some of the boys tried out the precarious A. W. O. L. stunt with the result that pay day held small meaning for them for several months afterwards.

We learned all the tricks of the trade such as going to reveille with an overcoat covering omissions of such troublesome articles of apparel as shirts and blouses; skipping over to Mount Holly, sans pass, and back without getting caught and riding the sick book.

Riding the sick book is quite an art. There is to be a manoeuver or a hike that you dislike to take part in, therefore, on the morning that you are to start on the hated work you

become suddenly ill and report to the medico. If you are a good actor you get marked "quarters," which means that you stay in the barracks all day with nothing to do, but if you are a bum actor you may earn a dose of castor oil for your pains. Of course, in the latter case, you will be marked "duty" and must work, but what do you care, for the bunch has already left and you will stay behind and think as little of castor oil as possible. Great game.

During the middle of the Winter the camp was quarantined on account of an epidemic of measles. The Y. M. C. A.'s were closed, no one was permitted to leave the camp area and even the old pastime of going to Wrightstown to be burlarized was tabooed.

Time passed slowly and for a short time at the beginning of the quarantine, life was almost miserable. An order had been issued that windows were to be kept open day and night. The weather was near zero and it is not hard to imagine what the inside of the barracks was like. This only lasted a short time until the order was changed to read "sufficient ventilation" and we were enabled to heat up the barracks once more.

The last day of the quarantine was duly celebrated with a ceremonial burial of Old Man Quarantine in which we used Paddy Hasson for the corpse.

A grand exodus from camp then set in; Wrightstown being the mecca for the majority of the camp and that little place less than half a dozen blocks in size, was slightly overcrowded with fifteen to twenty thousand men trying to get into the stores and various places of amusement at the same time.

The shopkeepers in Wrightstown hailed this liberation with glee. Had not all these men more or less money to spend and was not Wrightstown the only place to spend it? "Oy! Oy! Raise der prices kvick, Ikey."

They were some prices. Twenty-five cents for a whisk broom or a soap box that cost a nickel or a dime at home and six to ten cents for a cake of five cent soap made you desire muchly to get some of those highway robbers by the neck, lead them to a mustering officer and thence to a rookie squad



where they would be taught the gentle art of shoveling mud for Uncle Sam at one dollar per day less insurance, liberty bond and allotment money. After a month of this they should be marched to Wrightstown with a month's pay in their pockets and discover to their disappointment how little those burglars would give them for their month's pay.

Wrightstown was a quiet old country village until Camp Dix was built when a flock of stores of all descriptions commenced to spring up overnight. These stores at once commenced to do a land office business at overgrown prices and in a short time a regular little boom was in existence. A queer coincidence was the burning of these stores and the signing of the armistice within a few days of each other.

One place in Wrightstown that was a contrast to all the rest of the town was the Haversack. The Haversack was a soldiers' club conducted by Miss Durgin and some other ladies from East Orange who seemed never to tire of serving ice cream, cake, pie and coffee to a never ending stream of men from camp. There were plenty of musical instruments on hand and several rooms were fitted up as reading rooms. The Haversack did much to make life in Camp Dix endurable.

In March one hundred and fifty men from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, came to Company C and with some transfers from other organizations brought the strength of our company to above two hundred and ninety men. The company was at full strength with two hundred and eighty men so, with our present strength, we were assured of a complete company to go overseas.

March and April dragged along with the usual hum-drum of buzzer practice, squads east and all the rest of the monotonous programme and May was well on its way when we were issued full overseas equipment, quarantined in the battalion area and even ordered not to talk about it in our letters home. But after a few days the quarantine was lifted and the battalion again allowed to visit Wrightstown where getting nothing for something was the favorite pastime.

Great was our disappointment and enlightenment in the ways of the army when the order was given postponing the de-

parture of the 78th Division. This disappointment was often referred to later while the erstwhile disappointed ones were sleeping and working in mud and eating half a can of bully beef and a box of hardtack for the big meal of the day. "I wanted to get to Sunny France when I was in Camp Dix," said one fellow, "but if I could get back there now you would never hear a peep from me." This seemed to be the general opinion and may be criticised as unpatriotic, but had the critic been at St. Mihiel and later in the Argonne he would have witnessed such fine work by these same grumblers that he would consider the grumbling as of no importance.

This is too far advanced for our story for we are not yet out of Jersey's sand hills. As was said before, we had received a little enlightenment in the ways of the army. This was only too true, but all that we learned in these seven months was only a drop in the proverbial bucket compared to our later education. Our outfit had been prepared to move and had the movement postponed and settled for a long stay in congenial surroundings only to be marched out the following morning so many times and had been so sadly disillusioned on many reports of the future movements of our division that we have become so skeptical that we will not believe that it is going to rain until the drops begin to fall—not even if the leaves turn the white side, the sky gets black and the chickens hunt cover. We refuse to believe in signs.

A few days after the quarantine had been lifted it was clamped on again and this time for good. Very early in the morning of May 26th, 1918, we boarded a train which hauled us to Jersey City, a ferry carried us to Brooklyn and unloaded us at the pier we embarked from. An hour or so later we were on the lower deck of H. M. S. Toloa, a former fruiter owned by the United Fruit Company but then masquerading as a king's transport. At six o'clock the following morning the Toloa slipped past the Statue of Liberty in a heavy fog and waited outside of the harbor for the rest of the convoy and, on its arrival, started her zig-zag course across the Atlantic.

After a few days out, new ships were noticed in our fleet. Members of the crew volunteered the information that ships sailing from Halifax were to join us in that neighborhood

and that we had been killing time there for several hours while awaiting their arrival.

With the exception of a torpedo, that was fired at us one night without harm to anyone, the voyage proved uneventful but a few incidents mentioned here may prove interesting and give some idea of life on a troop transport.

The Toloa was manned by a British crew and had made several trips from the U. S. to England with American soldiers, the same crew in the cooks galley having been with the ship continuously. Naturally, these old timers knew the ways of our boys and were much alive to the fact that the food furnished on shipboard was far inferior to the worst we had ever received in training camp, while at times, nothing but an old salt with a shark's stomach could make a meal of the tripe and ancient fish that was served. The Tommies and Scotchmen, ever keen to gather a little easy money, would sell sandwiches and even meals of fowl meant for the ship's captain. All of this sounds fine until it is discovered that the fellows paid fifty cents for a sandwich or as high as five dollars for some chicken with mashed potatoes and gravy and that all the money went to the cook or steward, who went to no expense whatever—then they appear to have been burglars.

Of course our lads did not submit to this treatment without some sort of retaliation which led to much worry on the part of the cooks and stewards. One of the favorites was to buy something from one of the brigands thereby learning where he kept his stock of contraband eats. After that it remained only to seize the first opportunity to make away with his whole stock in trade. At one time a cook who had previously sold a pint of hot tea, price 30 cents, had three roasted chickens laid away, for which he expected to collect a rich reward. He was doomed to disappointment for his victim returned while the cook was absent, and when the cook returned the chickens were absent.

On the Toloa was the 309th Machine Gun Battalion and the 303rd Field Signal Battalion with one thousand and five hundred men respectively. These fifteen hundred men maintained a guard of sixteen posts. On the last night of

the trip the 303rd was on guard, when, at about 1 A. M. some of the Tommies seemed to display a rather constrained quietness. Being a curious lad the sergeant of the guard inquired as to the cause, whereupon he learned that the Toloa was then passing through the Rathlyns, and that this was one of Von Tirpitz' favorite hunting grounds.

The quietness then became mutual. Another member of the guard, upon learning the situation, made his way to the hammocks of some very nervous individuals, wakened them and explained our location with some enlargements of his own concerning the activities of the "subs" at that particular place. Quite comforting!

Shortly after this it became light enough to distinguish the coast of Scotland which, enhanced by an early sunrise, made as nice a bit of scenery as we have seen on this side. After a year away it is a safe bet that a choice between a New Jersey sandhill and the coast of Scotland if given to one of our outfit, the sand hill would win in a walk.

The Toloa ran into Liverpool that evening, and the troops unloaded the following morning when we bade good-bye and loaded into the hearses used by Europeans for railroad coaches.

The English furnished coaches for our ride from Liverpool to Dover, which consumed over fourteen hours. English coaches are very uncomfortable, but since that time our few train rides have been in "Cheveaux Eights," that make even the cramped comfort of a third class European coach seem like a Pullman.

The toy train that we were riding on finally pulled into Dover, where we unloaded. The country through which we had just traveled was very pretty, and around Dover it was no less so, but we discovered in the twenty-minute walk that followed our arrival that, although the land might be pretty, it was composed of chalk and was most uncomfortable when it settled in dust form on us.

We walked to the top of one of the cliffs where we moved into an old hotel building. All of the windows were shaded in order to keep any light from guiding one of Jerry's



bombs toward the encampment. This little sign told us that we were at last within the sphere of Heinie's activities.

During our stay at Dover, about three days, we saw the old Dover Castle and the city of Dover with its crooked streets and got ourselves copiously covered with chalk dust. From Dover we sailed to Calais accompanied by sub chasers and aeroplanes. The short journey was accomplished with no mishaps, much singing and bright prospects of airing ourselves in the big British rest camp, that we had heard so much about, at Calais.

Oh, what a disillusionment awaited us at Calais! Rest Camp Number Six was reached after a two-mile hike through six dusty inches of chalk and sand, the journey ending in as fine a sand pile as any seacoast could furnish. The tents were of the circular type, designed to shelter about eight men. Each tent was pitched over a hole in the ground with sand bag walls and board floors. This was for protection from shrapnel during air raids.

Into each of these tents sixteen men were crowded. Sleeping was possible only during the short interval that one's feet remained on top of the pile of feet in the center. All feet were placed in the center, which naturally made a pile of feet. The feet on the bottom of the pile, having thirty feet on top of them, would get tired and be withdrawn by the owner and placed on top. This process would be kept up all night, and is one of the reasons no tears were shed when we left Calais.

Calais, from a military standpoint, was a very important point; consequently, frequent raids were made by bombers. One of the nights we spent there was marked by one of these raids. Beaucoup hardware was scattered but, so far as we could discover, no one was injured.

Separated from our tents by a barbed wire fence were the barracks of several hundred Chinese laborers. The air-raid got these Chinks very much excited, and long after it was over they kept up a jabbering discussion. We could not tell what they said, but they seemed to cover the subject thoroughly.

In Calais we were given another test in real gas which we all passed without trouble—thanks to the thoroughness of our training at Camp Dix. Several instructors were furnished by the British, one of them being a big, kilted Scotchman with a rich voice and a wonderful brogue. One of the things he told us before the gas was put over was that he had casualties during instruction every day. It is easy to guess that this accelerated the movement when the signal was given to don masks while a yellow fog moved across the ground in our direction.

This gas drill recalls to memory a fellow named Brenna—appropriately nicknamed "Snooze," on account of his never getting up for reveille, or in fact any formation he did not wish to attend regardless of the punishment he earned. He had a fine voice and loved to use it.

On the day we were to have the final gas test Brenna was reported absent from the formation. "Where is Private Brenna?" asked the lieutenant. "I don't know, sir," replied the top sergeant. Just then, through the window of the Y. M. C. A. about fifty feet away came "That's a Baby's Prayer at Twilight" in "Snooze's" well known tones. The company was at attention but everybody grinned just the same. Nobody said a word but "That's a Baby's Prayer at Twilight" was the popular song on the hike that afternoon.

All accommodations pertaining to a training camp were very poor at Calais, and imagine what we, who were newly uprooted from one of the best equipped camps in America, thought of it.

Imagine our comedown from spring cots with mattresses in a big, cheery barracks to a blanket on a board floor in a tent one-half or one-third large enough with plenty of sand to fill the hair, ears, nose and mouth of the sleeper; from the meals furnished in a land of plenty in a model mess hall by a much-inspected sanitary kitchen to the notoriously poor cooking and dark, dreary mess hall at Calais; from the rugged shower baths at Camp Dix (they would be luxuries in northern France), to a plunge in three feet of salt water as cold as good beer. Rest Camp Number

Six was pas bon. The only reason we could see for calling it "Rest" Camp was that a man certainly needed a rest after he had been there a few days.

One day, while we were at Calais, some of us hopefully went down to the so-called lake for a bath. After a nice two-mile plod through the sand that could be properly navigated by a camel (none of our bunch have any of that animal's characteristics), we prepared for a nice dive into the "lake." After wading across and back and forth, searching in vain for a place at least waist deep, we repaired to the bank for soap in order to have a good scrub, only to discover at that late moment that the water was extremely salty, and the soap we had was pas bon.

While we were bathing we were struck by the extreme modesty of the French women and girls who were there peddling oranges (three for a franc). We were all dressed in Nature's bathing suit, but that did not bother those females a bit, for they came right up to us and criticised different points of the physique of several individuals.

After dressing we went back to camp accompanied by the sticky feeling that follows a plunge in very salty water. Our next bath was over ten days later, and, although the water was colder than a mountain trout stream, we had learned that only a poor soldier kicks as long as the water will wash off dirt.

At Calais the barracks bags that we had come to believe absolutely necessary, and which we had shipped over stuffed to the last inch, were filled with all personal stuff we could not carry and put in storage. We were told that when we came out of the lines that the bags would be returned to us, but we have been out of the lines about six months and have seen nothing of them yet. Au revoir, barrack bags.

Some of the equipment we had carried over was turned in to the Q. M. C. to be re-issued. The following is an approximate list of the equipment carried over by each man:

- 1 Overcoat
- 2 Uniforms
- 3 O. D. shirts

- 3 Suits winter underwear
- 3 Suits summer underwear
- 6 Pairs socks
- 3 Pairs shoes
- 4 Pair shoelaces
- 3 Pair gloves
- 3 Blankets
- 1 Shelterhalf
- 1 Tent pole
- 5 Tent pins
- 1 Campaign hat
- 1 Winter cap
- 1 Slicker
- 1 Belt
- 1 Canteen
- 1 Mess kit
- 1 Condiment can
- 1 Bacon can
- 1 Helmet
- 1 Haversack and pack carrier

In addition to these were toilet articles and all personal stuff, such as sweater, handkerchiefs, etc., and also several pounds of rations. Some pack.

At Calais we were ordered to turn in a part of the foregoing, with the result that a pack became one-third of its original weight. The big idea seems to have been to get transportation from America for the extra clothing to be used later in the field, said transportation being us. Our men, today, would almost become mutineers should they be ordered to carry such a pack as the one they carried from Dix to Calais.

The stay at Calais was mercifully short. A few days after landing we were marched about three miles to the railroad and introduced to the famous Cheveaux Eights.

On the side of a French box car is this inscription: "Hommes, 40; Cheveaux, 8," meaning that forty men or eight horses are to be loaded on that car.

After loading on these cattle cars, with so many men to each car that it was a difficult matter for all to sit down



at the same time, we were treated to a three-day ride without a sign of hot coffee and sandwiches, so much advertised during Y. M. C. A. money-raising campaigns. On the third day we landed on a siding, and as usual in French railroading we staid awhile. It was here that the Red Cross gave us some coffee which reminded us that there was still some joy in life. By the time we had grown roots on this siding the frog train crew evidently had finished all their lunches and conversations, for they pulled the train out on the main line and ran the other half mile to Lumbres, in the province of Pas-de-Calais.

From Lumbres we carried the packs that we had not yet learned to lighten through the thirst producing chalky dust of that country to the little village of Lart. At Lart we camped on a nice green field with plenty of room in the tents for the men to sleep comfortably.

This was about 4 P. M., and at about 4:05 P. M. we discovered, about three hundred yards from camp, a beautiful stream of (ice cold) water. An old mill pond, a spring board, a cake of soap and a towel soon put the pep back into our road-weary bunch.

After a few days in the tents we moved into billets, which are much nicer to live in than tents—especially in rainy weather.

Training was started again as soon as we got settled in our new home. Buzzers, Lucas lamps, flags and telephones with field manoeuvres and endurance building hikes were handed to us until we thought that the war would be over before we were pronounced well enough trained for the lines.

Up to this time our company had been organized in the usual infantry form of four platoons of eight squads each with eight men to each squad. We were now to be reorganized according to regulations for the Signal Corps. The reorganization was effected according to S. C. D. R., and our training carried on. After the reorganization our training was concentrated on installing and operating telephone systems under the supervision of British instructors. It is amusing to recall some of the good advice given us

by these Tommies. All of their plans were for a sort of stationary warfare in elaborate trenches and dugouts which they occupied for months at a time. Accordingly, they painstakingly explained how to make ourselves at home and what preparations to make for an extended stay in the trenches when we got there. Another point they covered well was how to make a good retreat; getting all the equipment or destroying it—not a word about advance.

All this advice was a great help to us—we don't think—since the longest we usually occupied one dug-out was about two weeks, were never in the trenches as the Tommies knew them and were never in a retreat. Nearly the whole of our work was during advancing or raids, of which the Tommies had told us nothing.

Late in June we said good-bye to Lart, and marched two miles to Nielles, a larger village in the same province, where we moved into billets with the same British instructors. Nielles is a small village boasting a butcher shop, six estaminets and a few stores that had little the American soldier cared to buy. Of these the butcher shop and the estaminets did the most business.

Eggs, milk, potatoes and lettuce were quite plentiful, and when added to a few pork chops made to us what seemed a regular banquet.

Beefsteak was never popular with us after the discovery that in French butcher shops the beefsteak was mostly cut from the carcass of a cheveaux. Horsesteak is good if one does not know he has eaten horse.

In northern France the buildings are invariably placed in the same positions. For instance, the house is built on one side of a square with the stables, pigpen, granary, etc., on the other three sides; all facing the center. The center, or courtyard, is used for manure pile, garbage dump, front yard, chicken and pig feeding place and front porch. It is usually paved with cobblestones.

In the sheds of some of these establishments we made our homes at Nielles, which were O. K. as soon as we became accustomed to the smell.

Nielle was our home for several weeks, during which time we learned that the French are usually ready to help Americans part with their francs. For instance, wine that the French soldiers bought cost them one franc, while the price was five for American soldiers. With the exception of the Australians, the Americans were the most highly paid soldiers in France, so you can scarcely blame the shopkeepers (who are mostly of the ignorant class) if they saw us coming.

Our last gas test was taken while we were at Nielle. We filed to some trenches where we donned our masks. The gas was put over and we took our masks off as soon as it cleared away. Next, we listened to a long-winded lecture during which one of our men went to sleep beside a recently discharged gas cylinder and became very sick. However, it was not serious.

In all these lectures one point was made very strong: All masks must be on within six seconds after the alarm is sounded. If a man fails to get his mask on within that time he will be gassed. After we had been in the lines awhile the procedure was something like this:

"There's a gas alarm, Bill."

"Can you smell any gas?" inquires Bill.

"No."

"Let's go to sleep."

"Same here."

We were getting well fed up on training, which is inevitable after a stay of a month or two in one place with only the dull drag of training for a time killer. It did not bother us a bit when, a few days after the Fourth of July had been duly celebrated in Nielle, we hiked to a little railroad station called Affringues, about three miles away, where we started on our second journey in Cheveaux Eights.

This was with the usual jolty, slow movement, and with not enough room to stretch and wound up the next day about seven miles from St. Pol.

After unloading and the usual map consultation being completed, we started on an eight-mile hike that was the hard-

est one we had yet had. Due to an overdose of Scotch consumed by our guide we took a route that led two miles further than necessary, and with Scotch setting the pace for us loaded with our heavy packs we stumbled into Herlin-le-Sec about midnight with the majority of the men strung out along the road for a mile or so in the rear.

The only water was about five hundred yards from our camp site. All the water had been used up hours before and, naturally, a drink of water was the principal thought of every man there. The water was in a deep well with one bucket to draw it up, causing the process to be very slow. It was over two hours before the line at the well was finished.

As soon as our fellows had slept off the effect of the previous two-days' travel they began to wander around on exploring expeditions, the result of which showed that we were within a kilometer of the little village of Herlin-le-Sec which contained two estaminets and not another attraction.

Along the roads around the village were about a hundred lorries belonging to the British and used in transporting troops to and from the Arras front, which was a few hours ride from there. With those trucks were some work shops better equipped than the army usually carries. The mechanics in these shops did not seem to be overworked, for they picked up quite a few extra francs making cigarette cases, rings and other souvenirs out of the brass of French 75's; all of which found ready sale among the Americans. About three kilos north lay St. Pol, and although not a very important city, it was a railroad center that drew quite a few air raids from Jerry. After Jerry learned where our camp was he dropped an occasional barracks bag in our direction but never succeeded in doing us any damage, although he managed to make a direct hit on the railroad while we were there.

It was the day following Jerry's first visit that our nice little acre of tents that had been pitched so correctly on a pretty piece of sod was moved to the nearby shelter of three rows of elms and acting on the advice of the Brit-



ish no attempt was made to line them up, for irregularity makes a better camouflage than straight rows of tents.

The same British instructors that we had at Lart and Nielles came to Herlin with us and we went through the same old stuff as before. The old monotony of continuous training soon made itself obnoxious, and with August well on its way we had commenced to have visions of a winter in the trenches with the British—not to our liking.

With these thoughts in mind we woke up one beautiful morning to find the third and fourth platoons ordered to join the 311th and 312th Infantry Regiments. This looked like business, and looked even more so a few days later when the balance of the 303rd was loaded on Cheveaux Eights in the usual overcrowded manner and hauled by many different engines and crews to Bourbonne-les-Bains, in the Haute Marne province, whither the 78th Division had been ordered.

On the way to Bourbonne we passed through Chateau-Thierry where we saw our first fresh battlefield. The train stopped several times while crossing the newly captured territory, giving us an opportunity to investigate the German equipment that was lying everywhere. Americans are quite industrious when souvenirs are to be found, as the trainload of helmets and almost everything German the men could carry that was hauled away gave proof. However, the subsequent twelve-mile hike on a hot macadam road was trail marked with most of those souvenirs. They are a nuisance on a long hike.

The train ran through the edge of Paris where we caught fleeting glimpses of wide streets—that is all the most of us have ever seen of that city.

The end of the train ride was La Ferete, twelve miles from Bourbonne, and our work for the next four hours consisted of hiking the intervening twelve miles. Realization that we were in sunny France was keen that afternoon while the sun was beating down on that twelve-mile macadam road and drinking water on par value with gold. But when we did arrive there were good billets and a hot supper with beaucoup hot coffee; none of which takes the joy out of life.

The day after our arrival another joyful surprise awaited us in the form of a real hot bath in a real French bath house. For half a franc we enjoyed a hot tub bath that tourists in antebellum days paid five francs for.

Bourbonne, too, proved to be a lively little city in which articles such as sugar, chocolate or even a good meal could be purchased at reasonable prices; the same not being true of the balance of France as we had known it. The people in Bourbonne seemed to be more hospitable than in the section we had just left, although the shopkeepers did not hesitate to slide the prices up a little if one showed too much money.

Another elevation of spirits was caused when we discovered that we were now in a strictly American area and destined to be sent to an American sector.

The attitude of the lower classes of Bourbonnese towards the negroes is amusing. The 92nd Division (black), was quartered in Bourbonne up to the time of our arrival. As told to us by some English-speaking French these fellows had given the people of Bourbonne an excellent line of talk about themselves being the real Americans while all the white soldiers were merely the lower classes. This story was steadfastly believed by some of the more ignorant French and, needless to say, caused several rough houses, as for instance, when a darkey walked into a saloon filled with white men and the madame who ran the place asked one of them to give the nigger his seat. The men at the table were from West Virginia. The 92nd had been moved from Bourbonne before our arrival and only a few of their men were there, so nothing serious happened.

Bourbonne, however, was far too good to last; our good time there being brought to a quick end by an order for the first and second platoons of our company to report to the 309th and 310th Infantry Regiments. All of our company was now assigned to the outfits with which it worked in the field and it looked like real business for us at last.

Our company was separated during the fighting and was not assembled again until long after the armistice was signed.

With the outfits to which assigned here they went through the war, gaining the praise of not only the battalion and regimental commanders, but all the higher officers. The company was highly commended, as were the separate platoons and the men individually; to have been through the war with Company C, 303rd Field Signal Battalion is a source of pride for us and will be the basis of many "aprez la guerre" tales when we attain a long-wished-for discharge.

The armistice has been signed and "when do we go home," had been the momentous question. On December 13th, Company C was assembled at Chevigny where the 303rd Field Signal Battalion headquarters were. This gave rise to the rumor that preparations were being made to go home, but this air-castle was wrecked the following day when it was learned that the company had been assembled for one day only for the purpose of a corps review. The reunion was glorious. Old friends who had not seen each other since the company was divided, met again. Stories of the front were told and retold, and accounts of the missing were given. There were many faces missing and many new ones in the ranks of the company for one hundred and fifty-five had made the supreme sacrifice or been evacuated to hospitals, and many new men sent to fill their places. Most missed of all was our captain, Luther Hagar. The company had never an officer so popular with his men as Captain Hagar had been, and his death while we were in action at the St. Mihiel sector was mourned as a great loss.

Taps had no meaning the night the company assembled, the babble of conversation continued away into the morning. The day following the review, the platoons were sent to their respective regiments, where they remained until January 26th or 27th. On January 26th the second platoon moved from its station at Vic de Chassenay to Menetoy, about one kilometer away and three kilometers from Semur in the province of Cote d'Or. The following day the first, third and fourth platoons moved from their locations, Epoisses, Flavigny and Bussy le Grand, to Menetoy. This time the company was assembled for good. The first few days at Menetoy showed rather a large at-

tendance at sick call, but nothing was thought of this. The weather was very wet, the men drilled in the snow and were subjected to wet feet continually, and the climate of that part of the country was always a source of colds for the Yankees, but on the 5th of February four men were blue-tagged to the hospital, with the flu and twelve more followed within a week, then we realized that the flu had us. These were unhappy days, for five of our men died in the hospital within a few days, and about thirty were in the pest house. The medical force gained control of the disturber, and we commenced to come back to normal again. Company commanders changed, and the new commander at once abolished some unnecessary guard duty that had been causing men to go to the pest house or hospital after every tour of duty, and more discrimination was used regarding the nature of the weather. The men were not forced to stay out unnecessarily, so that the flu soon became a memory and a sad one, when we think of the ones who never came back from the hospital. C company began to police up and clean up, for after a tour of duty in the lines we had become careless and looked decidedly sloppy. By the time the big review was held we were as fine looking as any outfit on the field. On March 26th, at 4:45 A. M. we had reveille, and immediately after we ate breakfast there, we were then loaded on trucks and were hauled to Venary, where General Pershing was to review the 78th division. We stood in formation on a muddy field while our colors were decorated with the ribbons for the St. Mihiel and Argonne fronts. About 7 P. M. the inspection and review were finished, and we listened to General Pershing's address. In his speech he said, "You are going home soon, I hope," and so did we. We had been standing in formation eleven hours. Our first man to go home (not via hospital) was Cook Leo C. Cain. Several weeks before we left Menetoy he received orders to proceed homeward for discharge. Cain was our head cook, and a good one. His platoon and those who visited his kitchen while in the lines have much praise for his meals furnished and nerve he displayed in maintaining his kitchen under the continuous shelling. On March 25th, the 78th



division was transferred to the 8th Army Corps. This was a genuine homeward bound preparation, and was welcomed with a vin blanc celebration, that was second only to the one that was held on the night orders were received that we were to start on the homeward bound journey. The days dragged slowly, but the sure signs, such as policing up of the area we had occupied meant that we were going to move somewhere, sometime. On April 24th, about 8 A. M. we hiked to Semur, and stood around waiting to be herded into our box cars. Before leaving Menetoy an absurd amount of rations was issued to us with instructions not to eat any of it. Now, when a few pounds were added to our packs, in the early days we docilely carried it, but now, nothing doing. It was only a short time until the Frogs were in possession of most of the rations. Characteristic of the French peasants was the action of the natives of Menetoy, who were given these rations. One nice old lady, who was always ready to do the soldiers a favor, cooking, washing, mending and anything that did not cost her money, was the recipient of corned beef, beans, bacon and hard tack, to the extent of some fifty or sixty dollars worth. "Merci, merci, Monsieur," until one thought she was overcome with gratitude, but when our fellows got eggs and milk from her, they had to pay the regular price, which was about 10 cents a quart for milk, and a dollar a dozen for eggs. She was no skinflint, either, she was merely one of those thousands of French, not poor and not rich, who could live where a Jew would starve. At Semur we ate dinner at the entraining kitchen, and were given cocoa, cakes and chocolate by the Y. M. C. A. This was the first substantial free issue we had ever received from the Y. M. C. A., and was only the first of many agreeable surprises that greeted us between Semur and Marseilles. All bed sacks had been hauled from Menetoy to Semur. The straw in them, as we had been sleeping on them was left instead of being thrown out. This was another new departure, for heretofore we had emptied the bed sacks and carried them in our packs. At Semur the sacks full of straw were placed on the bottom of the box cars, an arrangement much more comfortable than the

board floors we had become so well acquainted with. After having loaded on the box cars our train pulled out of Semur about 11 A. M. The cars were about the same size as American box cars, in fact, they were built in America for the A. E. F., having four-wheel trucks, instead of the old-country type of two-wheelers. Forty-five men was the assignment to each car, but some of the companies' cars managed to get themselves loaded with much less (leave it to C Company), so for once we had room enough to stretch out and sleep. The route was through Beaune and down the Rhone to Marseilles. The scenery, especially along the Rhone, was by far the finest we had seen in France, and when we neared Marseilles the lake came in view. The trip was well worth the trouble for the scenery alone, but coupled with the knowledge that we were going home, our spirits were high when we pulled into Marseilles about dusk on the 25th. The train had been provided with a kitchen car that furnished us with hot coffee at several stops. Also the crew, cars and engine were American, which explains the noticeable lack of delay by the train crew, an ever-present evil when we were hauled by French crews.

A twenty-minute hike from the train landed us in Camp Covington, our last camp in France, for which we have no regrets.

The first thing off the bat was inevitable physical inspection that we had had so much of during our year in France. After this task was finished we were allowed to go to the barracks and turn in.

The order to start homeward had been sprung on us so suddenly that it seemed almost too good to be true, and after we made the start everything had moved so smoothly (thanks to the American system that was employed on this troop movement) that we were about half afraid some fool bugler would blow first call for reveille and bring us all out of it into the old exasperation of waiting in Menetoy.

Three days of beaucoup dust and bully beef at Marseilles were terminated by the final hike to the pier from which we loaded onto the Re d'Italia.

The last man was on board about 4:30 that afternoon and at 5 o'clock the cables were loosened and the last leg of our year's journey was started.

The Re d'Italia was no pleasure boat, but it was so much better than the Toloa that we were satisfied to let well enough alone.

The biggest complaint was against the food, or rather the lack of it. Everything was cooked to perfection but there was never enough, and the changes in the menu were so few that the discontent soon made itself apparent in the mess line. The old query "when do we eat" became so persistent that our mess officer quickly got on the job and we had better eats the balance of the trip, although not nearly so good as we had been used to.

A quite necessary evil while in France was the famous, or infamous "bully beef". Imagine the nerve of the "wops" in attempting to feed us that when there was ample fresh meat on board! The cases of "bully"—six of them—were brought up from the hold and laid on the deck overnight, or rather part of the night, but the "bully" was destined to make the sharks realize the horrors of war because somebody fed it to them before morning and we ate something more appetizing that day. From Marseilles to Gibraltar on the Mediterranean the trip was beautiful. The coast of Spain was visible part of the time, the temperature was mild and the sea very smooth. Then besides, WE WERE ON OUR WAY HOME, so what more could we want?

When the ship reached Gibraltar a day was spent in coaling. The methods employed were quite a contrast to what would be expected of a station with Gibraltar's importance. The coal was piled on a pier alongside which the Re d'Italia tied up, and it was carried aboard in baskets. The baskets held eighty to one hundred pounds and were carried by a bunch of undersized Spaniards—one basket to a man. Those little fellows were husky though and were going just as strong at the end of a ten-hour day as at the start.

There was no opportunity to go ashore at Gibraltar as

we had hoped, so we had to be satisfied with merely an external glimpse of the famous rock.

Of course the time-worn joke about the insurance sign was pulled and a few over-credulous persons strained their eyes in an attempt to see the great Prudential advertisement.

Before sundown the same day that the ship coaled we turned toward the Atlantic and although the progress was slow, we were satisfied, but after the straits had been cleared the old boat seemed to be trying herself in an effort to put the coast of Spain away in the rear.

For several hours that night the ship was piloted by a school of porpoises. The ship was making a good rate of speed, but the porpoises kept just ahead, and in the moonlight the phosphorescent flashes of their bodies, as they skipped ahead of us, dived, came up and skipped out of the water again, made a sight well worth seeing. For about three nights these fish swam "like porpoises" for us but after we neared mid-ocean they left us. On the third day out from Gibraltar it looked as if we were in for some bad weather, but a wireless from a ship ahead that had run into the storm caused our skipper to alter his course and sail south of the storm. We missed the storm but the sea was rough enough to cause about half of our shipload to develop a strong affection for the rail. Everything came up but the moon!

As soon as the sea-sickness wore off, the trip became just one day after another of "when do we eat?" and "where are we today?"

"Where are we today?" was shown on a chart in the hold of the ship and was as popular as a score-board in world series time. The last day of our trip the "Where are we?" chart was inconspicuously wrapped around the cane of "Tubby" Mohr and carried away with him "bon souvenir."

On May 13 we crawled into New York harbor and finally went down the gang plank (about supper time).

On the pier we immediately began to realize that we were really at home. The Red Cross had a big supper ready that was a regular feast for us after the fare on



the Re d'Italia. There was pie, real pie, and we had not tasted pie for a year. Then the Y. M., the J. W. B., the K. of C. and the Salvation Army were there with fruit, chocolate, chewing gum, cigarettes, 'n'everything. Oh my! the royal reception we did get. It made us feel like going back and coming home again—almost.

From the pier we went to the train that hauled us directly to Camp Dix. Y. M. and Red Cross both kept us loaded with more smokes and eats than we could use. For the first time in a year we were actually fed up on chocolate.

About 1:00 a. m. we landed in Dix, and finally went to bed in the same barracks that we lived in during the first stage of our eventful army career.

On May 14 the final de-cootieizing commenced. We marched to a big shed, carrying everything we had, and turned in the blankets, underwear and old clothing. Next we had a real shower and were issued new underwear and what clothing was needed. Everybody tried to get dolled up as fine as possible before going home, but this seemed impossible. The clothing did not fit and hob-nailed shoes do not make a very dressy appearance, but these things did not seem to matter when the red chevron was sewed on—that chevron was enough to make any old uniform feel good.

The time from the fourteenth to the eighteenth of May were the longest four days we spent in the army, and for the majority of Company C was the last four days so spent.

The manner of discharging men in Camp Dix caused us to stay in the vicinity of the barracks all the time. First the company commander turned all of our service records over to the discharge unit, where the payrolls were made up. When the payrolls were made up the names on them were called and those whose names were called reported at once for physical examination. If a man happened to be away when his name was called he was very likely to be out of luck for an indefinite time.

The physical examination was a joke. Provided that the soldier had made no claim for disability, he went

through so fast that the various clerks had hard work getting his name and number. For instance when one came to the dentist the dentist asked, "Your teeth alright?" "All but two that—" the fellow started to reply but was cut off by the D. O. who snapped out "Get them fixed at the lower end of camp. Next." If a man made a claim for disability it meant a prolonged stay in the army until all the red tape had been untangled and his claim adjusted. Needless to say that the prospects of an early return home versus an indefinite time in the army kept the claims down to a minimum, and, of course, many who should have claimed disability did not do so.

After the examination we returned to the barracks to wait until we were called for pay. This finally came, for the ones being discharged at Camp Dix, on the 18th and 19th of May.

All of C company was taken to Camp Dix from New York and then the men were grouped according to the states in which their homes were. The men from Virginia, West Virginia and all the states lying north of these two were discharged from Dix while the balance were sent to camps nearer their home states. Many of the men destined for southern and western camps had not left Camp Dix for some time after the eastern bunch had been discharged.

However, long before this book goes to press, they will all have settled in the old job again and be thankful that at last it is "finis le guerre."

Just a Thought

And just to think—
A slap of ink
Embroidered the world in war!
A fleet of ships
Through U boats slip—
A kaiser is no more.

STORY OF COMPANY HEADQUARTERS SECTION



Company Commanders

Lieutenant Sultz
 Captain H. E. Brabant
 Lieutenant Paul L. Rittenhouse
 Lieutenant E. F. Roosevelt
 Captain Morris E. Strieby
 Captain Luther A. Hagar
 Lieutenant Harry E. Olsen
 Lieutenant Leroy N. Suddath
 Lieutenant George Sauerhoff
 Captain Morris E. Strieby
 Captain Gill E. Pagan

ON AUGUST 27th, 1918, the headquarters' section of the company bade good-bye and good luck to the last of the platoons leaving to join its regiment of infantry.

The headquarters detachment then became the S. O. S. of the company and made all of its moves with battalion headquarters. The company C O was also battalion C O, so the headquarters' section saw but very little of him.

On August 28th the headquarters' section was reduced by the loss of Murnane, Greene and Lee, who were sent to the Division Signal Supply Officer for special duty. Upon leaving Bourbonne-les-Bains on the 28th, the section included George Koehler, Harry Sanford, Billings, Kaufman, Langford and Watt.

After marching from 2:30 P. M. to 10 P. M., we pulled into Breuvannes, and bivouaced there for the night with battalion headquarters. Resumed the march the next day at 1:15 P. M., and made St. Thiebault at 5 P. M. Pre-

parations for an indefinite stay were made here. We actually staid but eight days. That gave us ample time, however, to make up the monthly rosters and returns under convenient conditions as headquarters had been established in a good billet. Kaufman took over the work of repairing lame signal equipment, and Burke came in from his platoon to work with him.

Up and away again on September 4th, marching at night and keeping under cover during the day. Aside from the fatigue and hardships of such a march, it proved uneventful. Arrived at Chatenois on the 7th after passing through Neufchateau. After a three-day stay at Chatenois, we were loaded on French Lorries driven by Indo-Chinamen, and transported to a piece of woods, the Bois de la Cote en Haye. We were not here long before we heard our artillery banging away just ahead of us and could even hear the explosion of some incoming shells, so we began to realize that we were at last going up the line. Early next morning we ran a line from our battalion headquarters to division headquarters, located in a dugout just outside of Regnieville, and division headquarters was, in turn, connected with a line that was being run in from corps headquarters. Then we established company headquarters in a bell tent we had salvaged up in the British sector and made preparations for a few days stay. At 8 o'clock, though, we received orders to move forward, and at 9 we were all set to comply. We moved out in a pouring rain and re-established ourselves as best we could in the Bois de Langmois. This piece of woods had a thick undergrowth of scrub and small trees, and we surely used some choice language trying to find space enough to pitch a tent



with the rain making conditions all the more miserable. We weren't the only ones to cuss, though, as after we had pitched our tents and crawled into our damp blankets, we could hear cussing—beaucoup cussing—on all sides. We couldn't use lights or flashlights, either, as we were now pretty close to where Jerry held forth. Some of the boys gave up the job and just flopped on the wet ground in the rain, and rolled up in their blankets for the night. To add to our difficulties, the big barrage that opened up the St. Mihiel drive was started at about 1 A. M., and we were wakened by it. Then some big naval guns, emplaced in our piece of woods added their bit, and we resigned ourselves to a sleepless night despite our fatigue. In the morning we saw some of the results of all the hullabaloo, as a continuous stream of captured Jerries poured by our woods enroute to the P. C. in the rear. At 9 o'clock that night we were again on the march and kept at it until 2:30 A. M., when we pulled into Limey. In the morning we established headquarters alongside of a truck in what used to be Limey's main street, and cleared up the accumulating paper work.

At this place some mail from the States caught up to us and was sorted out to platoons on the main street of Limey. The next day it was sent to each of the platoons and distributed to all the men.

The few nights we were located in Limey were clear moonlight nights, so Jerry planes were ever dropping their loads around on all sides of us. We were sleeping in our pup tents alongside of old trenches, which proved to be quite an advantage for some. No damage was done in our immediate vicinity, but quite a few bombs were dropped in the other end of the town.

From Limey we moved a long way with division headquarters and our battalion headquarters to the edge of Loge Mangin facing Thiaucourt.

At this place another open air headquarters was established for two days. On account of being under direct observation of the enemy we were ordered further into the woods and established a permanent headquarters in the bell tent which we camouflaged with branches of trees. We sal-

vaged a table and some chairs from a dugout and fitted up an orderly room and repair shop and sleeping quarters all in the one tent.

Koehler, with a few of the headquarters detachment men, began the salvaging of old German wire, Sergeant Sanford handling all the paper work which was quite a problem getting all the casualty reports and changes, dropping men from the rolls, forwarding service records to the central records office, and sending the mail up to Regimental headquarters for the distribution to the platoons. There was no night work in this line of duty, for absolutely no lights could be lit in the tent.

Early in September, Sergeant first class Koehler left the detachment to attend the 2nd Corps school at Chatillon-Sur-Seine.

On the night of October 5th the headquarters detachment was relieved by the 90th Division and started to the rear. After a two nights' hike we were transported in trucks from Pierrefitte to Beauchamps Ferme. Two days' rest here and we started up into the Argonne. Established a P. C. at Varennes for two days and moved from there to Le Mihel Ferme establishing headquarters again. No work was done for this place was under artillery fire almost continually day and night. From Le Mihel Ferme we moved about one kilo to Chatel Chehery and established our headquarters in a house on the main street of the town. At this place we experienced several mine explosions, artillery bombardments and air raids. Headquarters detachment had its hands full with work at this station, getting caught up in the work that had accumulated since leaving the St. Mihiel front. On the advance November 1st headquarters moved forward with the advancing division through Grand Pre, Briquenay and Authe to Brieulles where the division was relieved and started back for another rest, returning to Chatel Chehery and from there to the Crown Prince's dugouts near Varennes. After a day and a half here we moved to Camp Boise near Florent. It was at this camp that news of the signing of the armistice was received. From Camp Petit Boise we moved to Varreriers and from Varreriers we hiked to St. Meneholde, where we entrained and moved to the Semur Area.

FIRST PLATOON LOG



Aug. 27—The first platoon left the company at Bourbonne-les-Bains and hiked five kilometers to Serqueax, where it was attached to regimental headquarters of the 309th Infantry.

Aug. 28—Left Serqueax at 2 p. m., hiked until 5, when we fell out for chow served from the rolling kitchen. Continued the march until arriving at Levecourt at 9:30 p. m. Bivouaced in field after the 26 kilometer hike made since leaving the company.

Aug. 29—Left Levecourt 10 a. m.—had mess 12 to 1 from rolling kitchen. Arrived at Gencourt 4 p. m., 19 kilometer hike, pitched tents. During our stay here indulged in a bath, the last for many a day.

Sept. 4—Had regimental problem until 2 p. m. Returned, rolled packs and left at 9:15 p. m., hiking until 2:20 a. m. Pitched tents in woods near Vudercourt.

Sept. 5—Left woods at 11:15 p. m. Arrived at Belmont 2:00 a. m., where we were billeted in hay loft. Our hostess treated us to beaucoup plums.

Sept. 6—Left Belmont 8 p. m., and hiked to Dommartin-Sur-Vraine. Arrived at 11:30 p. m., where we were billeted.

Sept. 8—Handed rifles again. Salvaged extra clothing.

Sept. 10—Left Dommartin at 5:30 p. m., in pouring rain. Hiked about 4 kilometers and boarded trucks driven by coolies. Had instructions to crowd 16 men in truck, but ended up with from 20 to 26.

Sept. 11—At 6:30 arrived north of Toul and pitched tents in woods, but had no kitchen until supper time. Had a slice of bacon and two prunes, but all the bread we wanted. Left woods at 7:30 p. m. and hiked in drizzling rain with mud

over our shoe tops, carrying dixies of coffee, sugar and bread until midnight, when we pitched tents in the mud. Just turned in when barrage started which wiped out St. Mihiel sector. 14 inch railroad gun located about 100 yards away. First gas alarm! Fake. Dick Warren evacuated to hospital.

Sept. 12—Moved a few hundred yards to the Bois De La Cote D'En Hoge. The different sections were assigned to their battalions from here.

Sept. 13—Left the woods about 7 p. m. and hiked through shell-torn Limey and over the trenches where the lines had been before the drive. During this hike we were used as guides at all cross roads. Arrived about 4 a. m. at the Bois Du Beau Ballou, where we bivouaced. Had gas alarms every 10 minutes till morning.

Sept. 15—Took over the lines. Relieved 5th Marines. Regimental Headquarters located $2\frac{1}{2}$ kilos from Thiaucourt in abandoned German camp in a valley. Second battalion in lines at Jaulny, third battalion in support and first battalion in reserve.

Sept. 16—Took over the telephone system—all grounded circuits—so had to put in new lines, salvaging the wire for this purpose.

Sept. 22—Third battalion took over lines, first battalion in support and second battalion in reserve.

Sept. 26—Third battalion participated in a raid centering near Rembercourt, keeping communication by phone all the time.

Sept. 27—First battalion took over the lines, second battalion in reserve and third battalion in support.

Sept. 28—Stark and Reilly evacuated—sick.



Oct. 4—McDaniels and Hornberger evacuated—gassed. Relieved by 82nd division and hiked to Bois Du Beau Ballou.

Oct. 5—Started our own kitchen with Paur as cook, celebrated with a wonderful feed of steak, Pomme De Terre Frites, French toast, butter and prunes, coffee. Judd, Johnson and Philiber evacuated—gas.

Oct. 6—Left woods 6 p. m. and hiked till 3:15 a. m. Slept in abandoned dugouts. Shiblea evacuated—gas. Near Gironville.

Oct. 7—Were ordered to have packs made up by 2 p. m., stood around until 6, when we started that never-to-be-forgotten hike to Nicey, where we bivouaced in an open field, lying in puddles and a pouring rain.

Oct. 8—Were ordered to make up our packs at 5:45, had a slice of bacon and boarded trucks at 10 a. m., arriving at Raucourt at 4:30 p. m., from whence we hiked to Camp Robeveau, a French camp, arriving at 6:30.

Oct. 11—Continued the march to LaClaon, arriving at dusk. Practically the whole brigade was camped here and all exhibited lights, causing Jerry to pay us a visit. Luckily his bombs did little or no damage.

Oct. 12—Left LaClaon at 7 a. m. and hiked 7 kilos into the Argonne, where we pitched tents.

Oct. 13—Advanced 5 kilometers further into the woods, camping about 1½ kilos south of Chatel Chehery.

Oct. 14—Received men from Bn Hq to fill up. Reassignment of sections made. Parker evacuated.

Oct. 15—Relieved 77th division, third battalion in lines, second in support and first in reserve.

Oct. 16—Third battalion attempted to take Champigneulle. Retired. Schuler evacuated, G. S. W.; W. A. Smith G. S. W.; Presly, Page and Smested—sick. Oliver and Morris, shrapnel. Morris, G. S. W.

Oct. 17—First battalion advanced P. C. about a kilo along St. Juvin—Grand-Pre road and attacked Bois De Loges. Retired. First battalion in support.

Oct. 18—First battalion took over the lines, and laid telephone line to P. C. Ruttstien evacuated—G. S. W. and Kirshner evacuated.

Oct. 19—First battalion attacked Bois De Loges, trying to keep up telephone communication for 36 hours, but shrapnel was falling too fast. Retired. Rector evacuated—sick.

Oct. 20—Changed Reg. P. C. from St. Juvin to Marcq. Steele evacuated G. S. W.—sick.

Oct. 24—Third battalion in lines, second battalion in support and first battalion in reserve.

Oct. 25—Replacements arrived to fill up.

Oct. 27—Pils and Sams evacuated—G. S. W.

Nov. 1—5:30 p. m., after a three-hour barrage started Hun-chasing. Bergquist evacuated—G. S. W.

Nov. 2—Battalion signalmen carried and laid fourteen reels of wire, having P. C. near Ruzelle Farm, the most advanced regimental telephone exchange in the division.

Nov. 3—Spent the night at Beffu, a detachment going ahead with the advance to act as runners.

Nov. 4—Headquarters established at Germont where we operated relay station and maintained lines. Sent out shifts patrolling lines.

Nov. 5—Were relieved by the 42nd division and hiked back to Marcq, arriving at 2 p. m.

Nov. 7—Hiked to Argonne woods and pitched tents.

Nov. 11—Were rudely awakened at 1:20 a. m. and had to take a bath in a cold barn. Left about 9 a. m. for Sevry-Sur-Ante, passing through St. Meneholde as the church bells sounded “La Guerre est fini.”

Nov. 12—First section assigned to second battalion to operate telephone. Located at Dans Prerre-Le-Chateau.

Nov. 13—3rd section assigned to 1st Bn.

Nov. 16—Boarded train at Villier-Dancourt.

Nov. 17—Arrived at Semur and hiked to Epoisses, where we were billeted.

Nov. 25—Thanksgiving Day! One long to be remembered. Bought turkeys and had a baker cook them. Some feed!

Dec. 24—Had a big time at Y. M. C. A., each soldier receiving a present of cigarettes, candy and tobacco.

Jan. 27—Rejoined company, all “loaded” on truck.

SECOND PLATOON LOG



Aug. 27—The platoon, under command of Lt. Sauerhoff, left Co. C at Bouronne-les-Bains and hiked eight kilos to Fresnes to join the 310th Regiment.

Aug. 28—We rolled packs and hiked 18 kilos with 310th Infantry and pitched shelter tents at Toulaincourt about 9 p. m. Were rationed with 310 M. G. Co.

Aug. 29—Had reveille at 5 a. m. and started at 7 on a 15 kilo hike, then we stopped for dinner. After dinner we hiked eight kilos to Sommerecourt.

Aug. 30—Established communication with first and second battalions.

Aug. 31—Hooked up third battalion and salvaged wire.

Sept. 2—Went on brigade manoeuvre.

Sept. 4—Recovered all telephone lines and left Sommerecourt at 11 p. m. and hiked 18 kilos in rain and camped in woods.

Sept. 5—Left woods at 10 p. m. and hiked 18 kilos to Vaudancourt.

Sept. 6—Left Vaudancourt woods at 9 p. m. in darkness, mud and rain and hiked 10 kilos to Gironcourt and pitched tents at 2 a. m.

Sept. 7—Put in regimental telephone net connecting second and third battalions in next town.

Sept. 8—Platoon was issued rifles. Beaucoup mail from home.

Sept. 10—Left Gironcourt at 6 p. m. on motor lorries and traveled all night to a point in woods 16 kilos northwest of Toul. Lots of rain.

Sept. 11—Moved into reserve lines at dusk and advanced all night through almost impassable mud.

Sept. 12—At 1 a. m. the great St. Mihiel drive started. We advanced 8 kilos at night through trenches and barbed wire and shell holes over the ground taken from the Huns. First section of platoon was attached to first battalion of 310th Infantry, second section to the second battalion and the fourth section to the third battalion and the third and fifth sections to Regimental Hdqrs.

Sept. 13—Advanced again through Limey to Bois de Envesin and stayed in old German trenches.

Sept. 14—Stayed in reserve all day and salvaged a large quantity of Jerry wire from trenches. Fake gas alarms were ringing all night.

Sept. 15—Left Bois de Envesin at 8 p. m. and marched into Thiaucourt at 12 p. m., where 310th Regimental headquarters was established and relieved the Marines. The platoon was under the first actual shell fire as it crossed the bridge into Thiaucourt. The Huns had marked the bridge well on their map and made several direct hits.

Sept. 16—The town was heavily shelled all day. We picked out a route by daylight and ran out a line to forward battalion—a distance of about 3 kilos—and one to support battalion at night under heavy shell fire and gas.

Sept. 17—Ran additional lines, under continuous shell fire.

Sept. 18—Heavy casualties around Thiaucourt. Moved exchange to a better dugout. Lines continually cut by shell fire.

Sept. 19—Henry Wolfe killed. Big shell hit in house above cellar where our exchange was located and cut all wires and blockaded entrance.

Sept. 20—Ran new line to artillery. Ensminger wounded.



Sept. 21—Located a spot for an O. P. and ran line out at night. We sent over a heavy barrage at 1 a. m. and sent over raiding party. The Huns answered simultaneously by sending over a creeping barrage and our O. P. line alone was cut in 17 places in a distance of half a mile.

Sept. 22—No let-up for Sunday. Jerry pounded away on Thiaucourt all day with about three H. E.s to one gas.

Sept. 23—Germans had the range on our water reservoir and almost prevented us from getting our water supply. Foote taken to hospital.

Sept. 24—Our engineers blew up Thiaucourt church steeple, thinking the Huns were using it for a landmark.

Sept. 25 and 26—Quiet during the day but beaucoup heavy shelling during the night and beaucoup work on the lines.

Sept. 27—American and French batteries poured over a heavy barrage all night. Douglas sent to hospital.

Sept. 28—Usual routine of fixing the lines as they were knocked out until October 5th.

Oct. 4—Bock sent to hospital.

Oct. 5—Were relieved by 89th Division under heavy shell fire. Left Thiaucourt at 4 a. m. and hiked 18 kilos to Beaumont woods at 1 p. m. Left woods at 12 midnight and hiked 20 kilos to cross roads near Gironville. Reached there at 10 a. m. and had light dinner. Ehlers fell out and was taken to hospital. Left Gironville at 4 p. m. and hiked 25 kilos and landed in open field near Nicey at 2:30 a. m. October 7. Slept in puddles of water and pouring rain until 5 a. m. and had light breakfast. These had been forced marches and the road-sides were strewn with all-in soldiers. We left Nicey at 8 a. m. in lorries and rode 30 kilos to Rarecourt, arriving there at 2 p. m. and then hiked 4 kilos to Camp Robeveau, where we were in reserve behind the 77th Division for three days. Bockmann sent to hospital.

Oct. 11—Left Camp Robeveau at 12:30 p. m. and hiked 9 kilos to La Claon and pitched shelter tents in woods on a steep hill. Jerry dropped beaucoup bombs, causing some casualties.

Oct. 12—Marched out of La Claon at 7 a. m. and went 6 kilos forward. Were now in support of the 77th Division.

Oct. 13—Advanced 5 kilos and camped at La Viergetie cross roads until the 15th. Leo and Burgenson sent to hospital.

Oct. 15—Ready to move forward at half an hour's notice. Left cross roads in mud and rain and hiked 7 kilos forward and relieved 77th Division at 12 midnight.

Oct. 16—Worked on lines and established communications for 62 hours without any sleep. Ditmer gassed.

Oct. 17—Carried wire from cross roads, through a foot of mud to advance P. C. above Marcq. Walker and Adams gassed. Clarence Brooks captured a German, only one captured by the Signal Corps.

Oct. 18—Heavy shelling during these days and many of the boys sick. J. H. Billings gassed.

Oct. 19—Ran a line to brigade.

Oct. 20—Abandoned exchange at rear P. C. and went to new P. C., until November 1. When the big drive started, we were kept on the jump splicing lines as fast as Jerry's loads of loose iron dropped on them. Wade gassed.

Oct. 22—Received replacements.

Oct. 26—Received more replacements.

Nov. 1—At 3:30 a. m. the great homeward-bound barrage opened up. Bois de Loges taken by 310th Infantry.

Nov. 2—Left Marcq at 1:30 p. m. and advanced 8 kilos to Beffu et Le Mort Homme and installed one telephone line to the Colonel's billet at night.

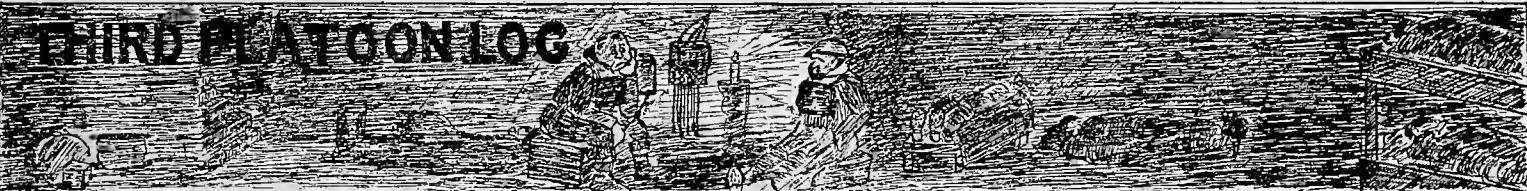
Nov. 3—Advanced 8 kilos over congested roads and spent the night at Bricquenay.

Nov. 4—Advanced 6 kilos to Authe and spent the night.

Nov. 5—Ran line with brigade linemen from Authe to Brieulles. Relieved by 42nd Division and left Authe at 10:30 p. m. and hiked back to muddy field near Germont and spent rest of the night in a standing sleep. Second battalion, 310th Infantry, advanced to the Village of Sy after relieving 1st and 3rd battalions at Verrieres.

(Continued on page 35)

THIRD PLATOON LOG



Aug. 5, 1918—The third platoon marched from Herlin-le-Sec and joined the 311th Infantry at Roellecourt, continuing with this unit to Habarcq Wood, near Hermaville, west of Arras. Maneuvered with the regiment at Habarcq Wood. Established our first telephone exchange at Hermaville, the net extending through the reserve trench system established by the British back of Arras.

Aug. 8—Returned, a pieds, to our camp at Herlin-le-Sec, upon completion of maneuvers.

Aug. 10—Engaged in a divisional maneuver near St. Pol.

Aug. 11—Third platoon marched to Foufflin-Ricametz, making camp there for the night, preparatory to rejoining the 311th Infantry in the morning.

Aug. 12—Rejoined the 311th Infantry at Roellecourt and marched with it to Lattre-St. Quentin, the headquarters section establishing the regimental exchange at Lattre-St. Quentin; another section going with the first battalion and establishing a station with it at the same place. Other sections performed the same service with the second battalion at Hauteville and with the third battalion at Fosseux. Some light communication was also established and operated.

Aug. 18—Another payday.

Aug. 20—Marched with the 311th Infantry to Tincques and entrained. From then on until detrainment passed through St. Pol, Amiens, through the outskirts of Paris at 6 a. m., August 21, through Chateau Thierry at 10 a. m., August 21, viewing the battlefield upon which the second battle of the Marne was fought. Also went bathing in the Marne at 11 a. m.

Aug. 22—(9 a. m.) Detrained at Passavant. Went into billets and began the installation of another regimental telephone net. Headquarters section at Passavant, first battalion at Crochette, second battalion at Martenville, third battalion at Corre. In this area until Aug. 28.

Aug. 28—Marched out of Passavant, about noon, making camp that night at Fresnes, in newly-made Yank barracks.

Aug. 29—Continued the march from Fresnes, through Bourbone-les-Bains to Merrey, making camp just outside the village for the night.

Aug. 30—Continued the march from Merrey. Headquarters detachment going to Breuvannes, first battalion just outside of Breuvannes, second battalion to Damblain, third battalion to Colombey. Another regimental telephone net was laid out here.

Sept. 4—(9 p. m.) Marched out of Breuvannes, arriving at Saulxuries at 10:30 a. m., September 5.

Sept. 5—(3 p. m.) Resumed the march, arriving at Viocourt at 10 p. m. Headquarters detachment took up its position at Viocourt, first battalion at the same place, second and third battalions at nearby towns. Another net was laid out with light communication to second and third battalions.

Sept. 10—(1 p. m.) Hiked from Viocourt to a village just beyond Chatenois, and took motor lorries—French machines driven by French Indo-Chinamen. Rode all night, passing through Neufchateau.

Sept. 11—Arrived at a point a few kilos outside of Domevres, left the lorries, and made camp. Broke camp as



soon as it became dark and marched closer to Domevres, making camp in the Bois de la Rappe.

Sept. 11-12—(Midnight) Arrived in the wood last mentioned and made shelter for the night. Heard the barrage that began the drive that wiped out the St. Mihiel salient—our first experience, at close hand, with artillery. Were encamped next to some French railroad artillery, which was bombarding Metz at the time. Had our first gas alarm—a false one.

Sept. 14—(4 a. m.) Left woods and started hiking and were still on the go at 4 a. m. the next day, with only short rests, little to eat, and no sleep.

Sept. 15—(4 a. m.) Arrived at abandoned German dug-out camp—abandoned since Sept. 12. Had good sleep and spent the day looking for souvenirs. Put in two or three telephone lines.

Sept. 16—Hiked from camp after dark, headed for our place in the lines.

Sept. 17—Arrived in the woods south of Vieville-en-Haye, relieving the 11th Infantry and the 9th Field Signal Battalion at noon—our first time in the line. Second battalion in line, first battalion in support and third battalion in reserve.

Sept. 20—Hedloff wounded by shrapnel while he and Leas were repairing line to 312th Infantry. Hedloff sent to hospital.

Sept. 25—Exchanged our rifles for automatic pistols. From this date until Oct. 5 we were holding these lines, each battalion taking its turn.

Oct. 5—Were relieved by the 357th Infantry, which had been on our right and which spread over to take up our position also. Marched back about 12 miles and encamped in the woods. Met the 78th Y. M. C. A. girls for the first time. They served cocoa and passed out eats.

Oct. 6—Resumed the march at 4 p. m. and marched through Sampigny where we slept, without shelter, in a drizzling rain. Went to sleep about midnight.

Oct. 7—Resumed the march and encamped near Pierrefitte, just after dark, in an open field again.

Oct. 8—Took motor lorries, about 2 p. m., at Pierrefitte and rode until about 8 p. m., when we went into some French barracks in the Argonne forest, just below Les Islettes.

Oct. 9—Laid telephone lines to brigade and the 312th Infantry.

Oct. 10—Left barracks at 7 a. m. and marched further up into the Argonne forest, behind the Yanks who were pushing the Huns out of the forest. Encamped in the woods for the night. No village nearby except some abandoned German shacks.

Oct. 11—First anniversary of the 303. Moved up 10 kilos farther in the Argonne forest and pitched tents.

Oct. 14—Left camp at 7 a. m. and marched all night, reaching La Besogne before daybreak. A small detachment of signalmen went forward as an advance party to La Folie Farm.

Oct. 15—Advanced to position to rear of La Folie Farm, where the 311th Infantry P. C. was established. We took over and improved the telephone system established by the 77th Division, whom we relieved.

Oct. 23—Leo J. Billing of the 3rd Bn. Signal Detachment killed by shrapnel. Ludy, Willette and McPhee were wounded by the same shell burst.

Oct. 29—We gas-shelled Jerry and he retaliated with beaucoup shells.

Nov. 1—(5:30 a. m.) 153rd Artillery Brigade (78th Division) put over a tremendous barrage—no retaliation. Fritz beat it, with infantry and artillery hot after him. This was the start of the great drive toward Sedan. Advance made through Grand-Pre, Bricquenay, Germont, Authe, Brieulles to Tannay.

Nov. 3—Signalmen reached Bricquenay and slept there for two hours in a barn. Called again and marched to Germont where they slept for the balance of the night.

Nov. 4—Arrived at Authe—installed 4-line switchboard as relay on division line. Stayed overnight in billets.

Nov. 5—Division relieved and marched back toward rest area. Our leading battalion was relieved at Tannay by the 42nd Division.

Nov. 6—Reached La Folie Farm, where we put up for the night.

Nov. 7—March resumed—made tent camp for night in Argonne Forest at Varennes. Heard rumors of end of war—beaucoup fireworks and small arms firing.

Nov. 9—March resumed. Arrived at Florent and went into billets.

Nov. 10—Received news of Kaiser's abdication.

Nov. 11—Resumed the march. Heard news of Germany signing the armistice as we passed through St. Meneholde. Arrived at Dommartin-sur-Yevre. Went into billets.

Nov. 16—Red divisional half-moons issued.

Nov. 17—(6 p. m.) Left Dommartin, via foot, and hiked to Givry-en-Argonne where we entrained.

Nov. 19—(4 a. m.) Detrained at Les Laumes. Hiked ten kilos up hill to Flavigny-sur-Ozerain, department of Cote D'Or. Went into vacant houses.

Nov. 27—Were entertained at the Y. M. C. A. hut by the Carkeek Musical Co. from Paris.

Nov. 28—Celebrated greatest Thanksgiving Day in world's history.

Dec. 2—Went out on problem most of day. Passed through Semur, Pouillenay, Champ D'Oiseau, Chevigny. Rode in auto truck most of the time.

Dec. 6—Problem again—to Pouillenay.

Dec. 7—Another problem—Pouillenay again.

Dec. 9—Encore problem. How we do enjoy them!

Dec. 14—Left via truck for Chevigny to join 303rd Field Signal Battalion for review and inspection. Met all the old gang for the first time since leaving Herlin-le-Sec for Hermaville.

Dec. 15—303 F. S. B. inspected by a colonel from 1st Army Headquarters. Balance of day and evening spent in Semur—sight-seeing and eating "biftek avec pommes de terre frites et vin rouge avec citron et seltzer". Yum!

Dec. 16—Left Chevigny on foot for Semur; boarded a train there—rode first class, too, as far as Pouillenay. Then we marched up the hill to Flavigny.

Dec. 19—Maneuver in close vicinity of Flavigny.

Dec. 20—Maneuver again. A hike to Marigny and back to Flavigny.

Dec. 21—First Christmas packages received from States.

Dec. 23—Major-General James H. McRae, commanding the 78th Division, presents D. S. Cs. to members of the 311 Infantry.

Dec. 24—Had our clothes deloused. Peace from the cooties at last—maybe.

Dec. 25—Went to the midnight mass at Flavigny Church—read by a French interpreter attached to the 78th Division. Received Christmas packages from the Y. M. C. A. Mail from home, too. Had a fine dinner: roast pork, mashed potatoes, boiled onions, stewed carrots, dressing, brown gravy, bread and butter, coffee, pumpkin pie, walnuts, malacca grapes, candy, cigars and cigarettes. In the Y. M. C. A. package was a cigar, can of tobacco, two bars of chocolate and two packages of cigarettes.

Jan. 27—Join company at Menetoy.

SECOND PLATOON LOG—Continued

Nov. 6—Left Germont at 8 a. m. and hiked 18 kilos back to Marcq, where we spent the night, but without shell fire.

Nov. 7—Left Marcq at 7 a. m.; hiked back to cross-roads.

Nov. 8—Hiked back to old German headquarters. Stayed in Crown Prince's old dugout.

Nov. 9—Hiked 18 kilos to Les Islettes at 12 noon and connected up battalions in p. m.

Nov. 11—Left Les Islettes at 9 a. m. and hiked through St. Meneholde to Daucourt, 16 kilos. Connected up battalions and brigade.

Nov. 17—Left Daucourt at 8 a. m. and hiked 3 kilos to Villiers-Daucourt to entrain—forty men to a car.

Nov. 18—Detrained at Les Laumes at 3 p. m. and hiked 27 kilos through Semur and on to Vic de Chassenay at 11 p. m.

Nov. 19—Connected up battalion and French line to Semur.

Nov. 28—Platoon had big Thanksgiving feed and three months' pay, and mail from home. Wow!

Dec. 11—Platoon went back to 303rd Headquarters for inspection.



The Army Grouch Speaks

NOW the "guerre" is over, why, it's time to take a slam at those who fought in clover whose middle name is Ham. There's lots of jinks with shiny puts who tried to run this war. Say, I'd have to have a lot of guts to work them in my store. They don't know much 'bout anything, and all they've got is pull. A senator is on their string; they keep his pockets full. It's politics, I tell you, that gave these muts their jobs; the right to sport a bright dress shoe, while we jogged 'round in hobs.

And all those sucker N. C. Os., they're pretty snakelike low. Why, I can tell you how they rose and how I come to know. They wanted me to be one, but say, I'm pretty wise; I'd rather be a dirty hun than mingle with those guys. They kissed some upstart shavetail's feet, they pleaded hard for rank. They tried the army game to beat. In degradation sank.

Then there's that gang of office nuts. They think they're just the cheese. They keep our records in the ruts. Believe me, they don't please.

Most every buck will realize why details are so frequent. It's just because the topkick tries to look just like a regent. And when we have assembly, say, it sure does nab our goats, 'cause he, to be contrary, prefers blouse to overcoats. You've heard some bunk 'bout army steeds, so gallant, gentle, true. But Kelly had the mangiest breeds, and flees were none to few.

You'd comb and scrub and freely sweat, you'd brave the flying hoof, but Jimmie's ire you'd surely get, a'thundering to the roof.

The doughboys have their troubles, the artillery has a few, but the signal corps just doubles the troubles of those two.

They fed us up on sempahore, we wagged from many a stone, but when we hit the seat of war, it was all telephone. And talk about your hiking fools. Without regards to

weather, we tramped about like common mules. We wasted beaucoup leather.

And, by the way, I wish to say, while speaking of the army, if you've the nerve to try to serve an army feed, bar me! For it sure is the rottenest, a cure for appetite. When one partakes he chances chest and stomach in dire plight.

The posters say we're finely dressed; they picture us in serge; there's campaign badges on each breast; they cause a tempting urge.

But boy, one gets an awful bump, when clothed in coarse O. D. It's mostly from some salvage dump and has a pedigree.

It's much too large around the neck, too slim around the waist, and one appears to be a wreck when in these rags he's cased.

If I was running our canteen, I'd give them reg'lar service. I wouldn't be a dumb "has been" like him whose s'posed to serve us.

They claim the Y. M., K. of C. and Red Cross have done wonders. The only things that I could see, were hymn books, prayers and blunders.

A lot a pups got D. S. Cs., citations and high praise. On bended knees, they sprung their pleas, that's where their success lays. A chap I know's got one to show and I can't figure why. From his dugout the hun he'd rout. He was a cautious guy.

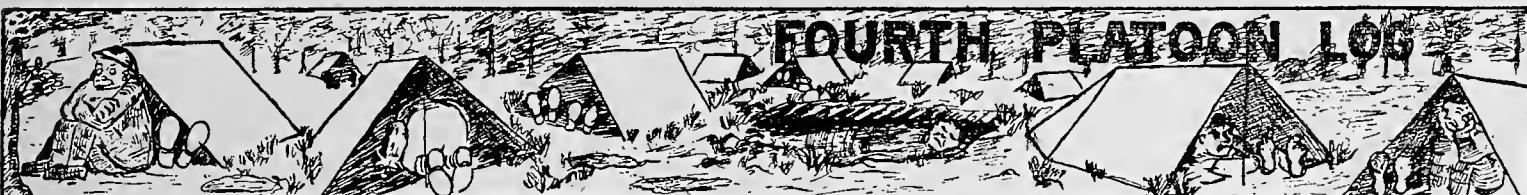
The Frogs, they said, were glorious; the British were sublime. Believe me, bo, they looked to us like dirty, yellow slime.

They rob the Yankee every chance, short change him when he's stewed. And though his blood means life for France, they show no gratitude.

It's finis this and finis that. You're always in a line. I drowned my sorrows in a vat of sour, poisoned wine.

The army game is mighty tough, they beat you, curse you, treat you rough, and I'm not pulling any bluff, when I say, kid, I've had enough.

FOURTH PLATOON LOG



Aug. 15—The fourth platoon, in command of 1st Lieutenant Leroy N. Suddath, leaves Herlin-le-Sec for the town of Habarcq where it is to join the 312th Regiment of Infantry and be a part of that unit—the liaison part—as long as the war continues.

Aug. 17—We arrive at Habarcq where we are given a good meal and are quartered in British barracks. Our regiment is in reserve of the 6th British Division and we expect to go into the lines in a few days. Jerry pays us a visit, unloading one bomb 300 yards from our billet—killing a Frenchman.

Aug. 20—Receive orders to move immediately to an American sector. No one knows where or why we are going, but we pack up and board the familiar “40 hommes” trains. After two days’ riding, passing through St. Pol, Frevent, Bouvais, Paris, Chateau-Thierry, Chaumont, Langres and seeing many new and strange sights, we arrive at the town of Passavant where we detrain and bivouac for the night.

Aug. 23—March 22 kilometers (will any of us ever forget those heavy packs, those steep hills and the hot sun?) and arrive at Chatillon-sur-Saone, pitch tents and go swimming in the Saone river. Lay telephone lines to the 156th Brigade and the 311th Regiment at Passavant and to Division Headquarters at Bourbonne-les-Bains.

Sept. 1—Begin a hard two-day march to Blevaincourt where we are again quartered in wooden barracks, and again establish telephone connection with the other units of our brigade (the 156th). Systematic and rigid training in all branches of signal work with the infantry signallers commences and we participate in several manoeuvres.

Sept. 5—The first, second and third sections of the platoon and the same number of men from the infantry signal platoon are assigned to the three battalions of infantry—one section and an equal number of infantry signallers going with each battalion. The fourth and fifth sections (26 men) and the same number of infantry signallers are assigned for work with the headquarters of the regiment.

Sept. 6—We begin to learn what it is to soldier: Eating only when we are lucky, marching day and night, always in the rain, sleeping (when we sleep) on muddy ground, usually in the edge of some woods, we realize that Sherman was right. Arriving at Balleville we establish telephone liaison throughout our regiment, also a relay Lucas lamp system connecting with our second and third battalions located in nearby towns.

Sept. 10—March to Chatenois where we board lorries driven by Indo-Chinamen and ride through Neufchateau and Toul—through what is known as Jeanne d’Arc’s country—to a point near Domevres, where we unload about 10 p. m., bivouacing again in a large piece of woods.

Sept. 11—Resume the march under cover of darkness, and—

Sept. 12—At 1 a. m., cold, hungry, too tired to know or care where we were, we march single-file into another piece of woods—the Bois de la Rappe—and are told to make ourselves comfortable. Fifteen minutes later—remember how the earth seemed to open up, the guns roared, the shells screamed and the artillery flashed all around us?—the drive which was to wipe out the St. Mihiel salient began and we were in the war at last.



We were instructed to get out of our blankets and had to stand in the rain for the rest of the night—because Jerry might counter-attack. We get a good breakfast from a company of Marines nearby, sleep when we can during the day, and at 10 p. m., Sept. 13, move forward again, marching all night and all next day. We pass hundreds of German prisoners going to the rear under guard. Finally we arrive at a point which was No Man's Land only a few hours before. Death and destruction had tramped through ruthlessly, leaving in their wake the muddy clay trenches strewn with tangled barbed wire, mangled bodies, unused ammunition, guns, shattered dugouts and desolation, with shell holes everywhere. We move on slowly for the roads are full of shell holes and at dusk we fall out for a little rest on a hillside. Take up the march again at 11 p. m., marching all night and passing through piles of smouldering debris—remnants of towns sacrificed to the god of war.

Sept. 14—Arrive at another piece of woods, which had been a German stronghold since 1914. We passed the time during our brief stay here by exploring the wonderful Boche defensive system: the dugouts, trenches, observation posts, pill boxes and abandoned equipment. Watch Jerry shoot down one of our observation balloons, also witness two airplane battles—the Jerry plane coming down.

Sept. 15—A pitch dark night, smoking forbidden, marching ten feet apart we move forward to our position in the front lines, relieving a regiment of the 5th Division. Regimental Headquarters and the first battalion are in dugouts in a little valley in the Bois de la Bon Bon—the third battalion is forward. We begin at once to establish our liaison—by means of the buzzerphone (Lizzie), T. P. S., Lucas lamps, radio, telephones and pigeons. By the time we have finished our net the Germans have our range. Every night he gives us a bombardment and it is then our trouble begins for communication must be maintained. Lipman is our first casualty, being gassed while out repairing a broken line. Then Tracy Taylor is shot through the arm. A shell hits the dugout which houses the second battalion telephone exchange, wound-

ing two infantry signalmen. Several raids are made by our doughboys and much valuable information and some prisoners are taken. Jerry flies over our positions daily, giving us beaucoup rifle practice. The cooties and German fleas are bad. Water is almost impossible to get, but we salvage enough food to eat. Dysentery hits us hard.

Oct. 1—Linemen's dugout at Regimental Headquarters is hit with a gas shell. Two men slightly gassed.

Oct. 4—Our regiment is relieved by a regiment of the 90th Division. We march all night until 10 a. m. Oct. 5. Bivouac in the woods, resuming the march at 5 p. m. and march until 1:30 a. m. Roll packs at 7 a. m. and march until 10 p. m., when we reach Pierrefitte. Bivouac in an open field in a drizzling rain.

Oct. 7—Board lorries and ride all day, reaching some French barracks, about midway between Clermont-en-Argonne and Les Islettes, at 5 p. m. Are quartered in the French barracks. Establish telephone communication with the colonel, 311th Regiment and the 156th Brigade.

Oct. 10—Pack up and march through Les Islettes and further into the Argonne, from which the First American Army is driving Jerry. Make camp at 5 p. m., laying a telephone net throughout our regiment and connecting regimental headquarters and second battalion with the T. P. S.

Oct. 14—German mine explodes at 5 a. m., 1000 yards from our camp, tearing away whole side of a hill. No casualties. Lieutenant Suddath leaves for the U. S. A. McCarthy and Lipman are evacuated to hospitals.

Oct. 15—A dark, rainy night. We move forward into the lines and relieve the 77th Division. This outfit had no communication forward of regimental headquarters—just one line working back to brigade. The 77th was supposed to have taken Grandpre, but only one small part of the town was occupied by it.

Oct. 16—400 men—infantrymen and machine-gunners—caught in artillery and machine-gun barrage while taking our position in the front lines. Begin establishing

complete liaison throughout our regiment and with the 311th regiment and brigade using telephones, buzzphones, Lucas lamps and pigeons.

Oct. 17-20—Continual shelling and bombing from Jerry. Casualties of our doughboys very heavy. Line maintenance very difficult, one line to forward battalion being shot out seven times in one night. In our entire telephone system we averaged 15 breaks every night. Jerry sends over great quantities of gas—some mustard—but mostly phosgene. We have put over two bombardments, made several raids and captured nearly two hundred prisoners. One infantry signaller wounded by shrapnel.

Oct. 21—Gumbrecht and Wiltse wounded. Sixteen signallers gassed and evacuated today.

Oct. 22—Captain Hughes is killed and Lieutenant Littig wounded by shell fragments at regimental headquarters.

Oct. 25—Herlan and Crampton gassed and evacuated. Shell hits exchange at railroad station, breaking all lines. Communication re-established within 10 minutes. Gallichio and four infantry signalmen gassed and evacuated.

Oct. 27—312th regiment relieved by 311th regiment. 312th marches back to Senuc for rest and replacements—all but Lauffenburger, Kroencke, O'Kane, Vernon, Watt and four infantry signallers, who stay behind to operate the exchange.

Nov. 1—311th takes over our exchange and we move into Grandpre. Our artillery puts over a 12-hour barrage on Jerry, using 30,000 shells. 312th advances two kilos to Bellejoyeuse Ferme. Communication kept up by continuing our lines from Grandpre to the new P. C. and O. P. Sergeant Kaiser is killed at entrance to new P. C. dugout. Our artillery puts over another barrage which puts Jerry on the run with the doughboys hot after him. We advanced with them stringing wire along the way. Encounter some machine-gun fire, but the doughboys soon flank their positions and we move on again. See terrible sights where our artillery has made direct hits on German troops and horses. Arrive at Le Mort Homme with our line, giving our colonel communication

back to brigade and division. Sleep in barns and at dawn move forward again. Encounter more machine-gun nests and some light artillery fire. Arrive at Bricquenay at 11 p. m., where we dispatch two important messages by pigeon, back to corps headquarters. Jerry shells us here for two hours, after which we again move forward. See 5 mines explode on road, which holds us back some. Arriving at Germont we are billeted for the night in barns. See another air battle, the American coming down in flames. Just at dusk 200 Allied bombing planes pass overhead, Germany-bound.

Nov. 4—Move on, avoiding main roads. See two road bridges blown up by German mines. Pass towns of Boult, Authe and Belleville. White flags on the church steeples of these towns show the artillerymen that civilians are living in them. Reach Brieulles-sur-Bar at 4 p. m. and are shelled as we enter it. One lieutenant killed. Jerry is two hours' march ahead of here. French civilians in these towns have been prisoners of war in them since 1914. They tell us many strange stories of cruel treatment at the hands of the Germans. Our first battalion goes forward as far as Petites Armoises, where it is again shelled by Jerry. Our regimental, brigade and division commanders arrive at Brieulles in automobiles and establish their P. C.

Nov. 5—Relieved at 2 p. m. by the 42nd Division and begin a happy march to the rear for we know we are going to have a rest. Pass the 6th, 77th and 82nd Divisions, which had been in support. Pitch shelter tents in large field for the night.

Nov. 6—March back over our route of advance through Grandpre to Chevieres, where we billet for the night.

Nov. 7—March all day in rain. Arrive at dusk at a negro labor camp where we billet in dugouts. Participate in premature celebration of the end of the war.

Nov. 8—March to town of Florent, where we get good eats, good champagne, baths and new clothes.

Nov. 11—Learn armistice has been signed and that hostilities are to cease today. March all day, passing through St. Meneholde, Dampierre and Nieuville-aux-Bois, where



we billet in barns. Operate French telephone exchange, holding communication throughout our regiment.

Nov. 17—Board train at Vier Lampierre, for a two-day ride.

Nov. 19—Arrive and detrain, at Les Laumes. March to Bussy-le-Grand where we billet in barns.

Nov. 20—Operate the French exchanges at Bussy-le-Grand and at Les Laumes, also lay a line to our first battalion at Chateau Rabutin, making complete communication throughout our regiment and connecting our system with that of the rest of the division.

Nov. 26—Lieutenant Clarke is assigned to our platoon. First batch of men leave on the regular seven-day leave to which each member of the A. E. F. is entitled every four months.

Nov. 28—All men of the platoon assemble at Bussy-le-Grand and are billeted with the regimental headquarters section.

Dec. 1—We move out of barns into houses.

Dec. 13—Platoon rejoins company at Chevigny for first time since our separation from it in August. After one day of glorious celebration the fourth platoon is returned to Bussy-le-Grand.

Dec. 24—Christmas eve was celebrated by the fourth platoon—nuf sed.

Jan. 1, 1919—New Year's eve was also celebrated with a good feed and plenty of "everything."

Jan. 27—The platoon is ordered to join the company at its headquarters in Menetoy, Cote D'Or, four kilometers from Semur, and we bid good-bye to our friends, the doughboys of the fighting 312th.

Gettin' Camouflaged For the C. O.'s Once-Over

Scene—A billet in France.

Time—7:30 a. m. to 9:00 a. m., Saturday—any Saturday. The boys are all very busy dolling up for inspection, some are shaving, some are arranging bunks, others are occupied in quests for misplaced articles.

Kenlon (who never puts any water on the stove): "Whose water is this? Can I borrow a little to shave?"

McMahon (who shaved every day when he operated at Bussy-le-Grand, now he shaves every other day—we wonder why): "You cannot! What's the matter? Are you crippled?"

O'Kane (who never does anything that he can get out of): "Has anybody seen my slicker?"

Kenlon: "That's enough, Pawtucket."

O'Kane: "Whose helmet is this on my bed? Get it out of here."

McMahon: "This blade is a bird. Who has a new blade?"

O'Kane: "Now who in the hell took my towel? I wish you fellows would stay away from my bunk."

Vernon: "What's the matter, Jimmie, do you want me to help you?"

O'Kane: "Why don't some of you fellows get wise to yourselves? Whose shoes are these under my bunk? Get them out. Say, Henry, give me a shoe lace."

McMahon: "You're out of luck, James."

Vernon: "Whose dubbin is this?" (It's on the stove.)

O'Kane: "Where's my knife?"

Kessler (who butts in on the stove in the next room): "That's my dubbin. I'm going to put it on my shoes."

Vernon: "Pardon me, I thought you were going to shave with it."

O'Kane: "How do you fold your blankets?"

Kenlon: "The same way you did at Dix."

McMahon: "You can bet your sweet life inspections won't bother me when I get out of this man's army."

O'Kane: "Henry, have you my gun?"

King (who gets away with anything and everything): "What's the matter, O'Kane, haven't you anything at all?"

Kenlon: "King, give me a match."

O'Kane: "When you are through, Henry, lend me your razor and soap, will you?"

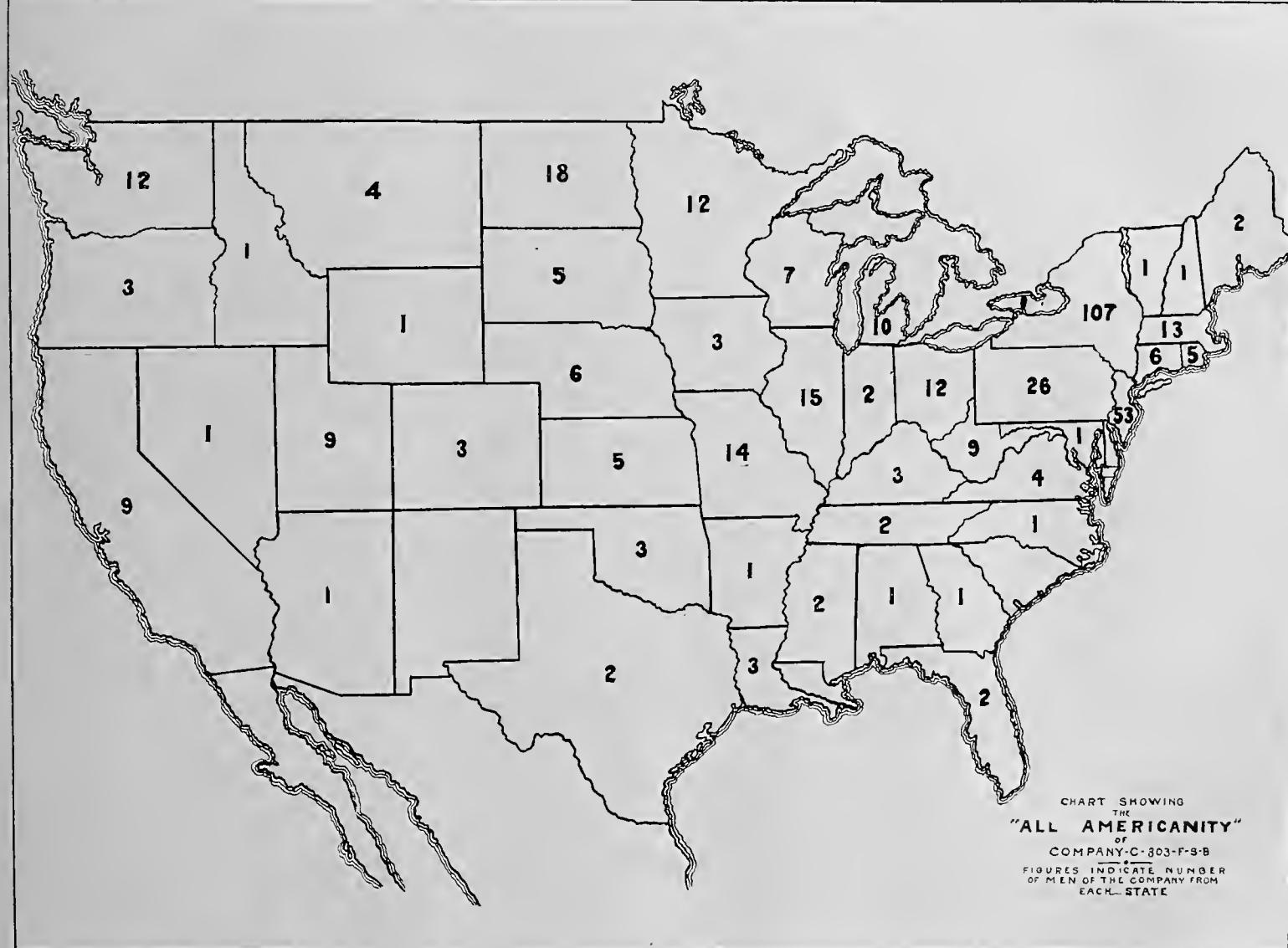
Vernon: "Who has a cigarette?"

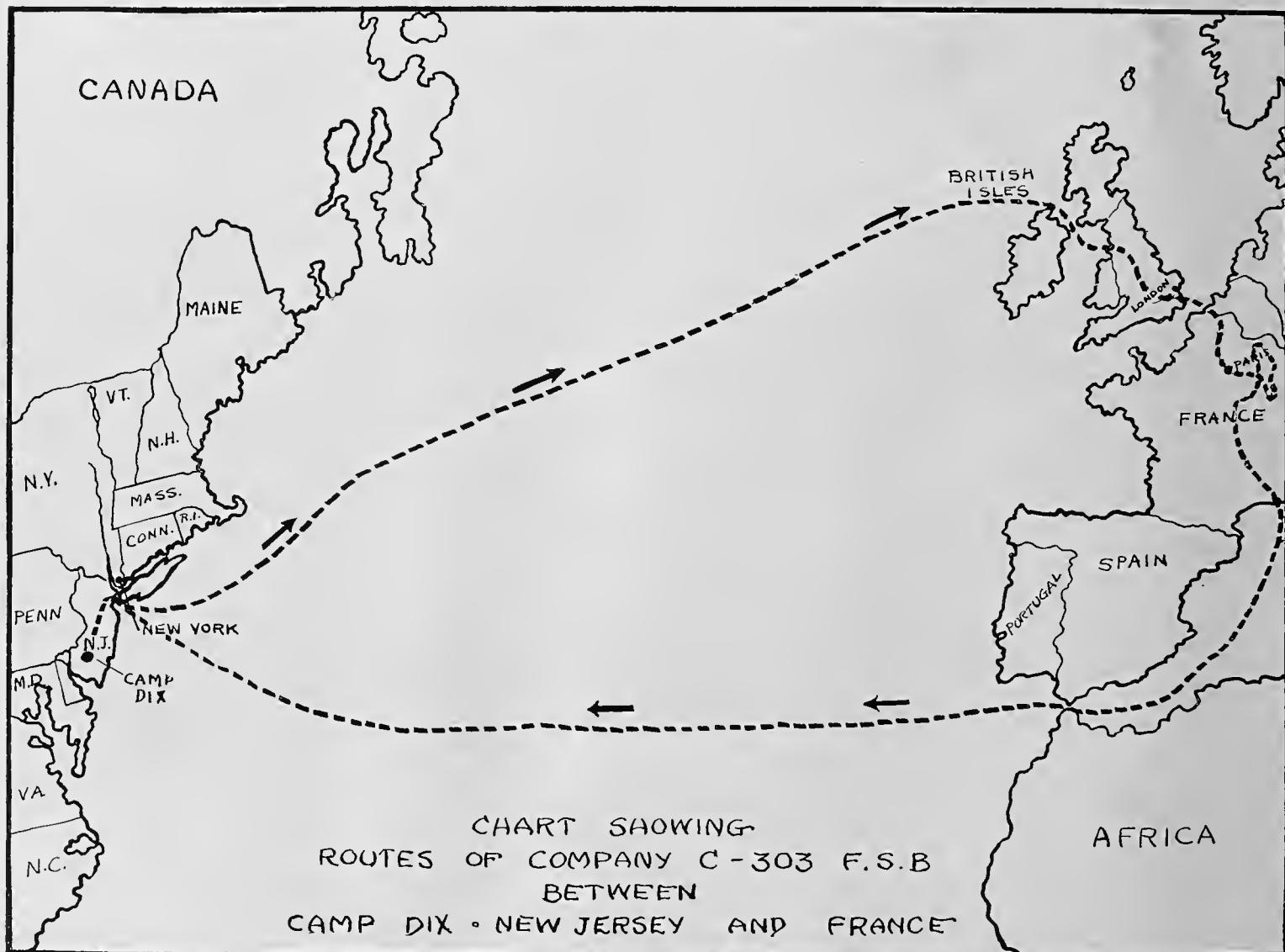
O'Kane: "Who has my mirror?"

Kenlon: "Here is the water, James." (It's cold.)

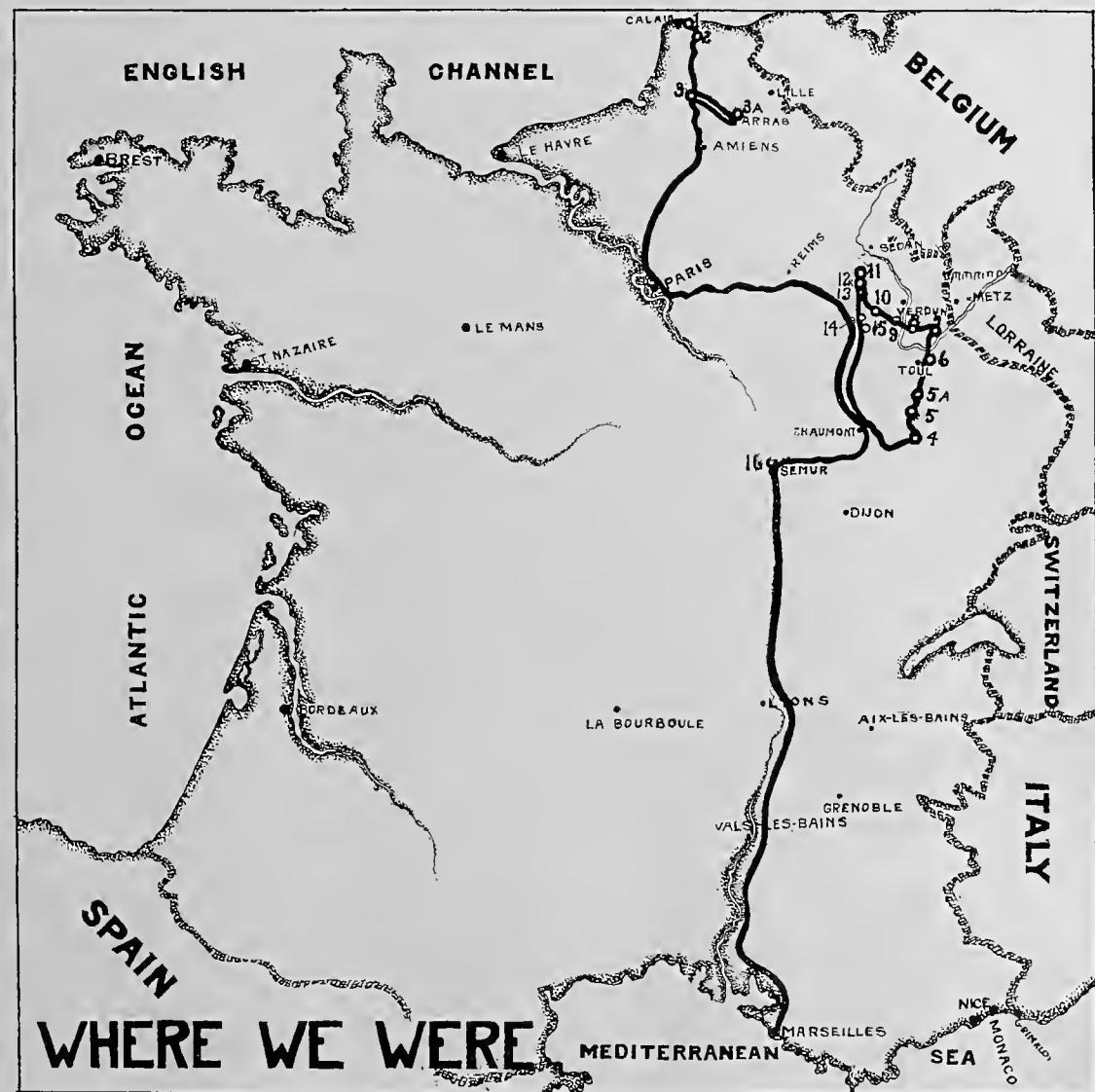
All together: "There goes the bugle."

The bunch turns out as if it were going to a funeral.

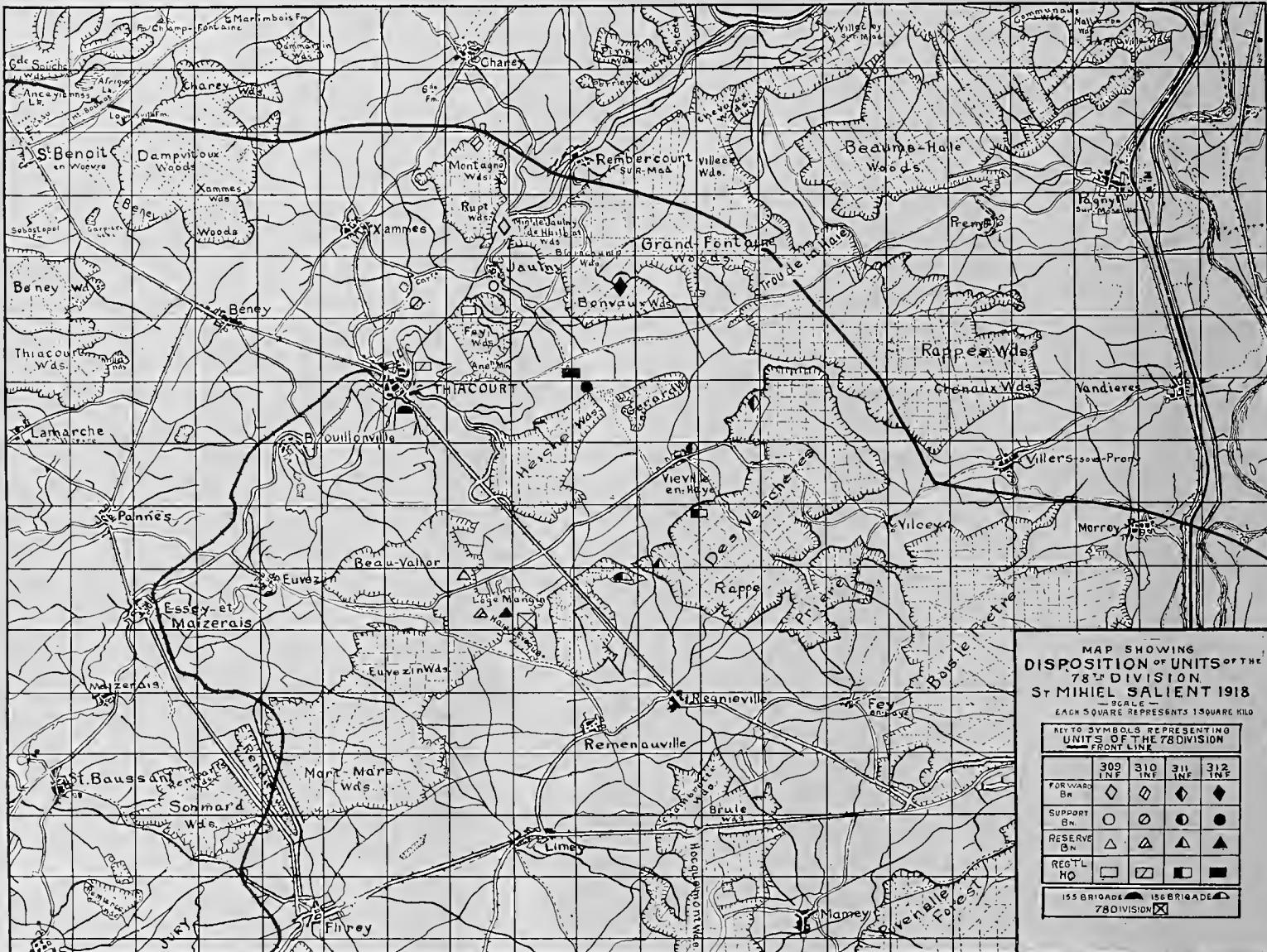




0 Calais
1 Art
2 Metz les Blegnes
3 Herlin le Sec
4 manuevers at Normaville
5 latte-St Quentin. One night at Roufflin + Jours infant at Rebarde
6-7 Ha CO C Bourdonne Bains 1 and 2 Bourdonne Bains 3 Passavant + Chatillon 3 Soane
8-9 Ha St. Jhebault Levecourt and Goncourt 2. Domercourt 3. Mervy and Stevannes 4. Bie Yancourt
10-11 Ha Chatanois 1. Domercourt 2. Bie Biecourt 3. Saulvurie & Vicourt 4. Bieville
12-13 Ha of all platoon in woods S.E. of Dommervies
14-15 Ha. in Bois de les Loges Mangin 1. Jauvin 2. Thiaucourt 3. Vicville-en-Haye 4. Woods west of Vicville-en-Haye
16-17 Ha. of all platoon 1 and motor traffic at pierrefitte
18-19 Ha. Bouchamps ferme French camp 1. French camp near Clermont 2. French camp near les Islettes 3. French camp near les Islettes



10 Ha. La menil fm and Chatelet Cheh
1-2 Cornay
2-Argonne St. Juvin
3-La Folie Ferme
4-La Rue le Coe
11 Ha-Brieulles
1-Germont
2-Authe
3-Germont Authe
4-La mort Homme
Germont and Brieulles
12 Ha-Chatelet Cheh
1-Marce
2-Marce
3-La Folie Ferme
4-St. Juvin
13 Ha-Verrennes
1-Verrennes
2-Verrennes
3-Verrennes
4-Verrennes
14 Ha-Florent
1-La Ciaon
2-Les Islettes
3-Florent
4-Neuville aux Bois
15 Ha-Verrieres
1-Sivry sur Ante
2-Davcourt
3-Dommartin
4-Neuville-a-Bos
16 Ha-Chevigny
1-Epoisses
2-Vic de Chassen
3-Flavigny
4-Bussy la Gras
Ce C' assembles
at Menetoy



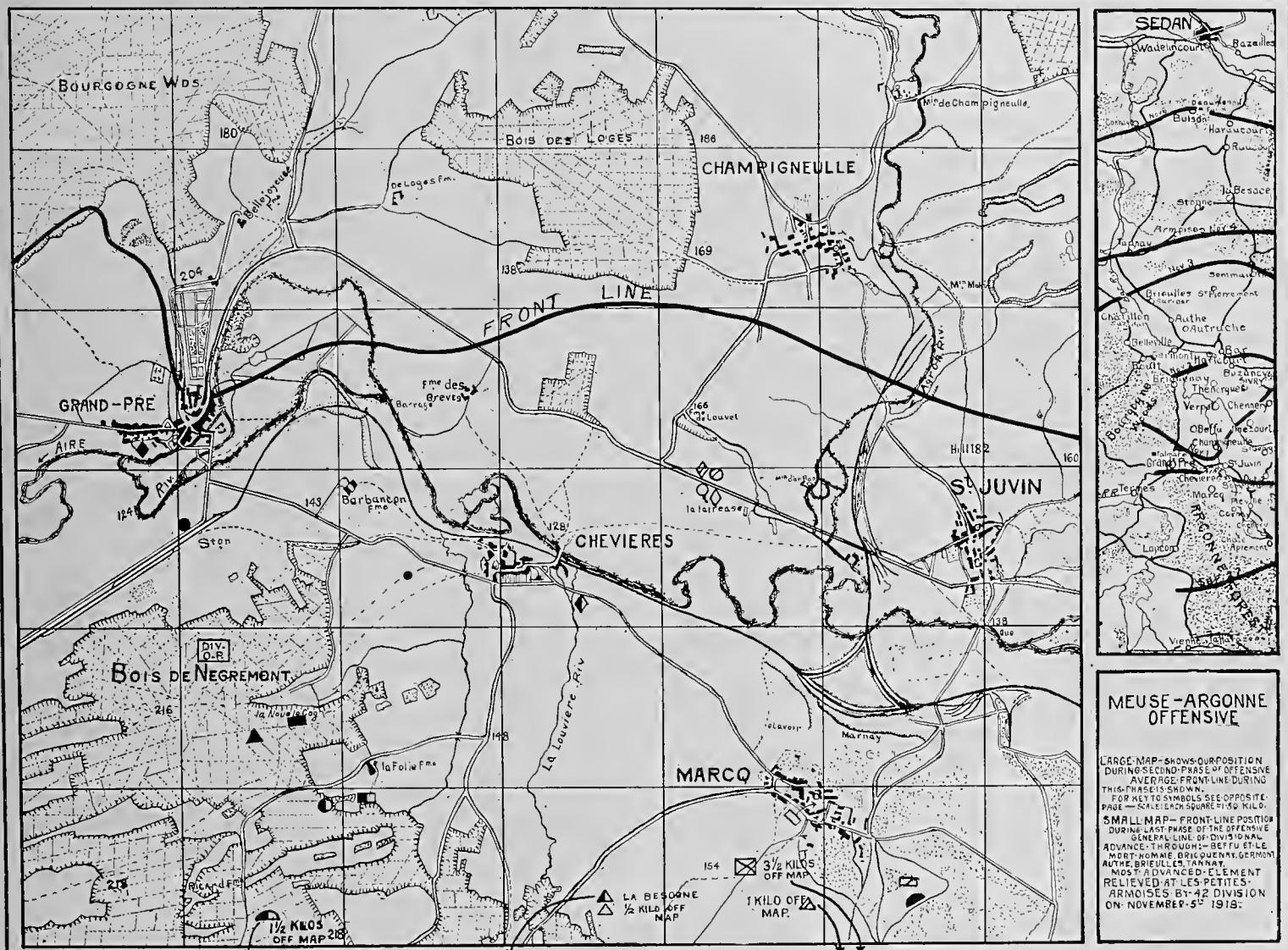
MAP SHOWING
DISPOSITION OF UNITS OF THE
78TH DIVISION
ST. MIHIEL SALIENT 1918

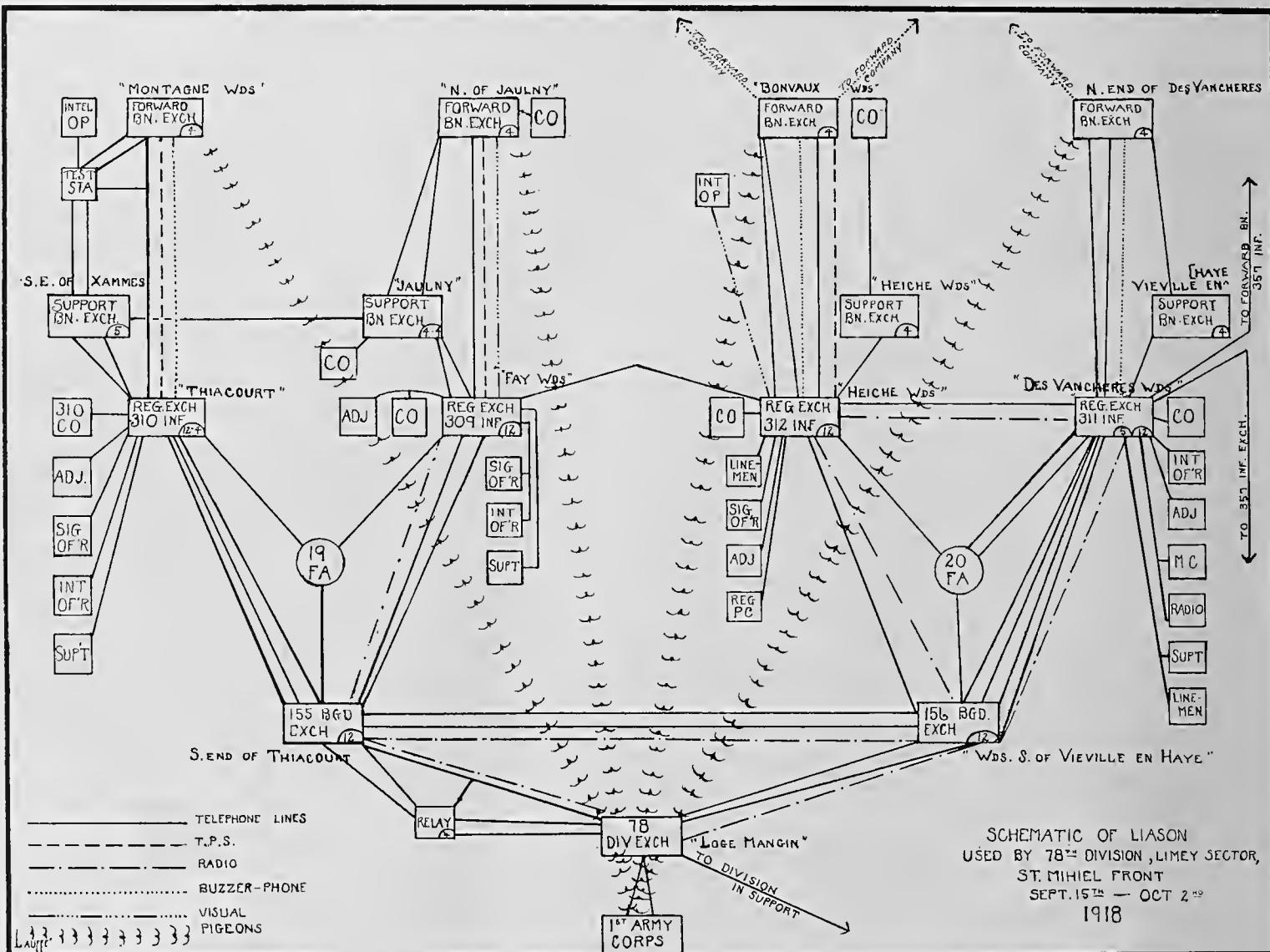
SCALE
EACH SQUARE REPRESENTS 1 SQUARE KILO

KEY TO SYMBOLS REPRESENTING
UNITS OF THE 78TH DIVISION
FRONT LINE

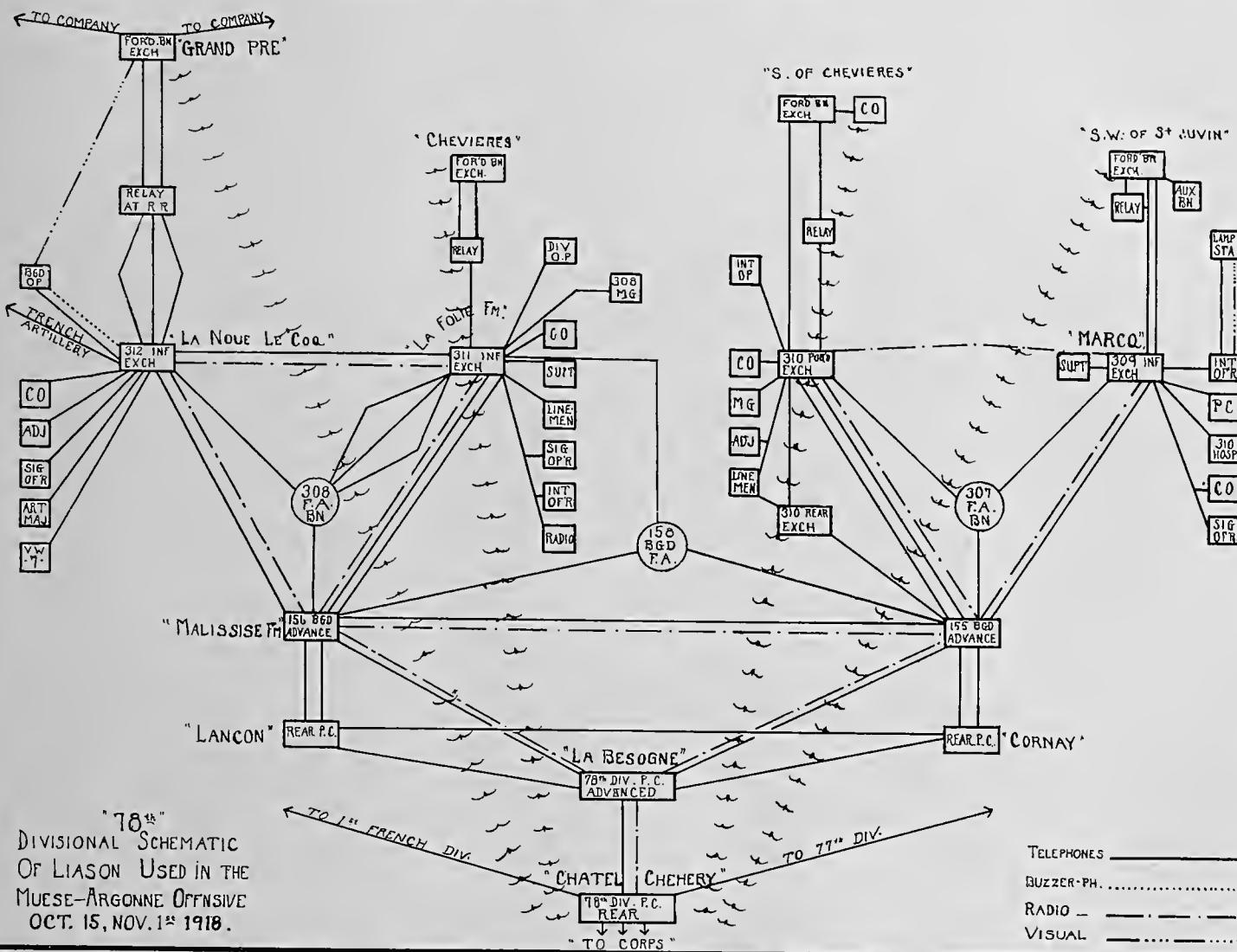
	309 INF	310 INF	311 INF	312 INF
FORWARD BN	◆	◆	◆	◆
SUPPORT BN	○	○	●	●
RESERVE BN	△	△	▲	▲
REG'TL HQ	□	□	■	■

155 BRIGADE 156 BRIGADE
78TH DIVISION





SCHEMATIC OF LIASION
USED BY 78TH DIVISION, LIMEY SECTOR,
ST. MIHIEL FRONT
SEPT. 15TH — OCT 2ND
1918

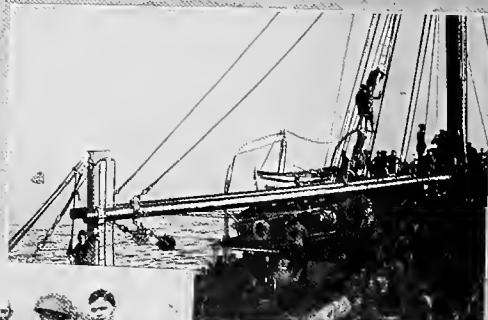




SOME OF US



LOUIE



ON THE
MEDITERRANEAN



BILLETS AT LART



FATIGUE



CLICKETY CLACK



HASH
HANDLERS



ANY COOTIES ?



LUCEY



LEO



HOLMBERG

LANGFORD - CROSS



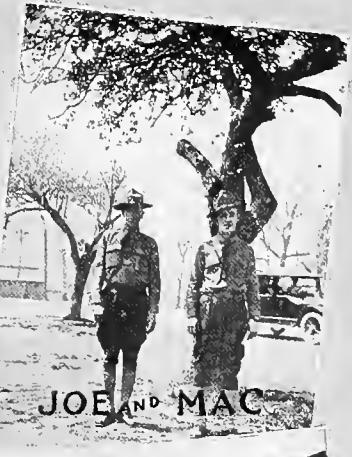
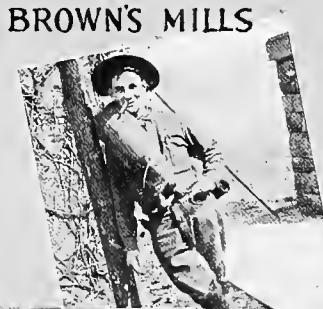
DONNIE



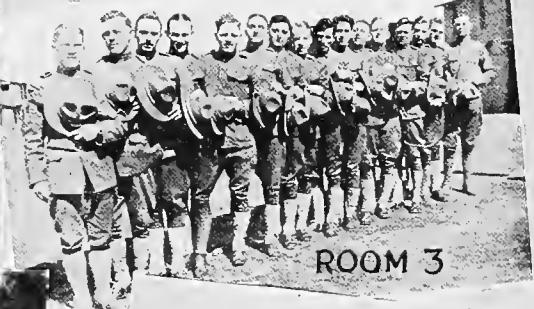
DONNIE



IKE



BENNIE





BILL
MOWERS



THE SHOW TROUPE



BURNAP



BILL
LOFTUS



JAKE



GEORGE



HOW WE LOOKED



BILL
JOHNSON



GRENoble
TONY



HARMON 'TENSHUN!'



PART OF
ROOM 1



PRACTICE
CAMP



(MARSEILLES)
EMBARKING



PART OF ROOM 2



PRACTICE CAMP



A BILLET



BOURBONNE
LES BAINS

A HOLDUP

JOE



WANT
SWAP?

THE DRUM



MALONE
ALBERTSON



LEAVING



CALAIS AND THE
SILVER QUEEN



BUZZER



JOE



ENGE



SUNDOWN ON THE
MEDITERRANEAN

MARSEILLES
HARBOR



MAJOR
KELLY



ON DECK



IKE



FATIGUE



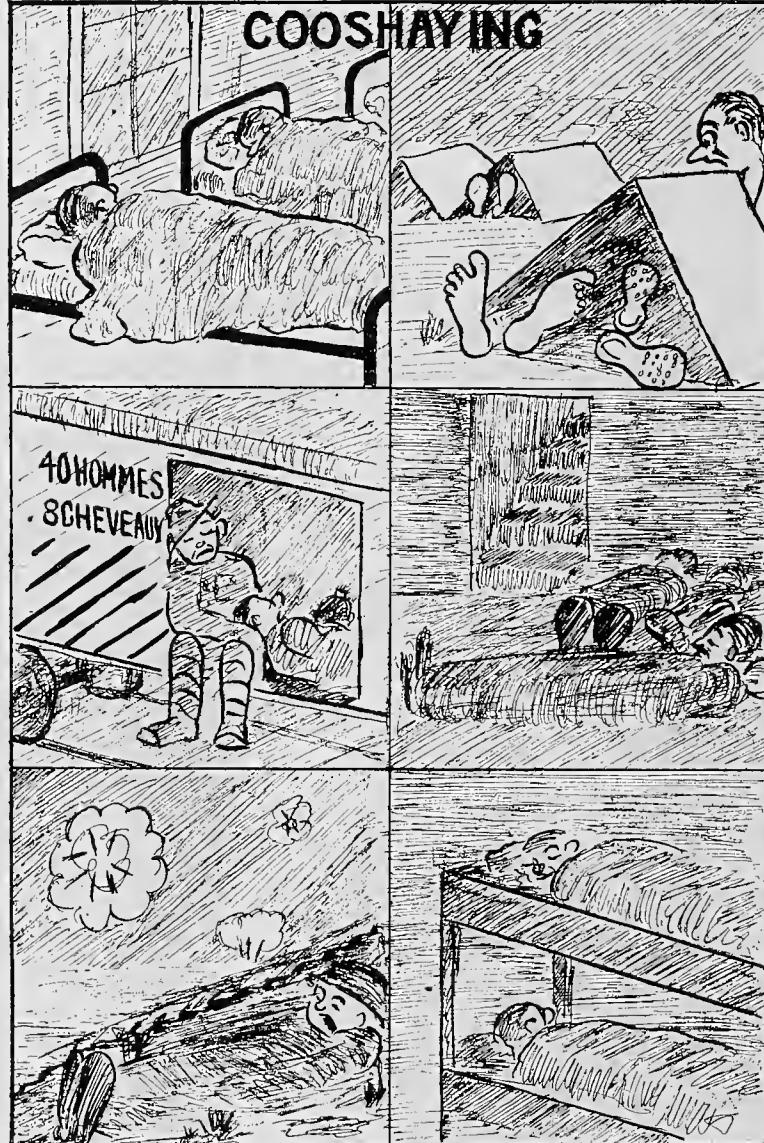
MESS ON
SHIPBOARD

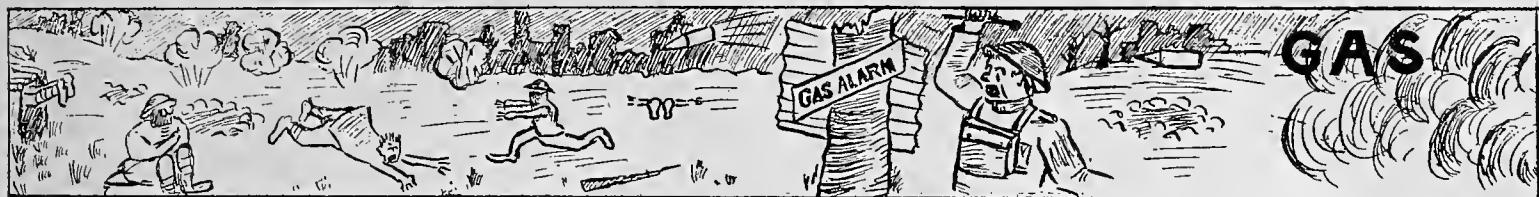


MENETOY
OUTSIDE OF THE ORDERLY ROOM



THE OFFICERS





GAS!" Maybe that alarm didn't make us do some tall hustling to put it on in six seconds or less when we were up the lines. Then, that word meant tear gas, chlorine gas—mustard gas.

Now, with nary a sound of a gun, birds singing in the trees and thoughts of going home soon, "gas", as we knew it then, exists only in memory.

But now we have another kind of gas—protection from it is obtained by the use of sound-proof ear muffs. We're going to put over a gas attack of the present kind (you see, we're more merciful than Jerry used to be with us).

This gas works on the minds of its victims. When it strikes a person who has lived through similar experiences, it brings back old memories; when it strikes the folks back home, it paints mental pictures of A. E. F. life for them.

"All ready—Gas!"

Speaking of Cooties

California Jackson had twenty-nine big whoppers penned up in the face of his watch, and was kicking because it didn't keep correct time. These gigantic seam squirrels had pushed the minute hand forward an hour with the result that Jackson got out of a warm bunk one morning and wondered why the bugler hadn't blown reveille. Guess they must have been rather numerous in Jack's bunk, because his bunkie, North Dakota Joe, has also made a collection. He had a big red one, a yellow one and one with a blue back and searched the seams of his undershirt for a green one, when this little ditty was being written. He seemed anxious to get all the colors of the rainbow or find enough to form a patriotically-colored squad. He was advised to wait a day or two because yellow mixed with blue makes green.

Pay

PAY—What is it? Rather a difficult proposition for a soldier, with only twelve months' army experience, to explain. Why? Because he has such small quantities of it and so very few of those quantities.

The first pay I remember seeing was after I had served three months, signed all the papers in camp, passed about six physical examinations, had one tooth pulled, one filled, and just been issued a new pair of overshoes.

That pay looked like the price of a French hair cut—75 centimes. I'll never forget that first pay day. The Top Kick lined us up and, after keeping us at attention for about 37 minutes, announced that we were to be paid. Then, after about a 10-minute wait—guess he thought it would take about that long for the good news to soak in—he explained that pay day was quite an event. He was right, too, and as it only happened around every (?) months we had better look our best which meant shave, haircut, teeth cleaned, shoes shined, leggins washed, clothes cleaned and pressed and, that day, it included a general policing of the ground around the barracks. No need to tell you that the boys were all present at that formation. We were and right there is where I began being discouraged with pay.

Instead of the paymaster bringing the pay in a truck as I expected, he carried it in a very small bag—a very, very small one. It was plenty large enough, though, for after deducting insurance and allotment and pay for a pair of sox I had lost he had to have a microscope to find my pay.

He could have carried enough pay in that bag to have paid all the soldiers in the army.



The next pay I met was in Sunny France and as I had been lucky and had lost nothing the paymaster handed me a few francs. Some experience we had with that French money—we didn't know the value of it and, worse yet, we couldn't make the French people understand that the sooner we got it exchanged for wine or something to eat the better we'd like it. We were up against it for fair when Maxwell came to our rescue. He taught us to say "Vin Blanc" and "Vin Rouge," "Du Pain" and "Ouefs." After we learned that, it was an easy matter to dispose of the francs; it wasn't long until pay day was only a pleasant memory.

Maxwell is entitled to special mention also on account of his valuable assistance in exchanging our francs for Vin Blanc. Pay has almost the same elusive ability as the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

It always seems just a short way ahead and we never quite reach it.

There have been times when I thought we would be paid, in fact it seemed almost certain we would, but we would get orders to roll packs and, instead of pay, we would get a 60 kilo hike.

We still have some hope of getting one more pay in France. Hope we do, 'cause the francs, although not an absolute necessity, are rather handy to have around especially if you happen to be thirsty.

The boys each have their own way of disposing of the francs. O'Kane gets a lot of satisfaction out of handing his francs to Giggoliotti while Giggie says "Seven or eleven." Kingie and I are fond of lightning, the name of our division, so our francs go for that. Vernon and Kenlon are always talking about the star they bought, think it's Three Star. Crampton invests in Du Lay while Yam Peterson says "Cookies for me."

Finn says, "Good old Star chewing tobacco for mine." Ted Davis invests in Camels, Al Watt in ink, Sharp, service stripes, Iggie Kelly says "Beer and more beer."

Cooshaying—The Army's Many Ways of Doing It

WHEN the time came for us to leave home for training at Ft. Leavenworth we left the nice comfortable beds, china dishes and white table cloths and all the many other comforts of home expecting, on arrival at camp, to be introduced to tin dishes, picks and shovels, rifles, etc.

But, by gosh, it wasn't as bad as we thought. We had steam-heated barracks, nice cots, soft mattresses, shower baths, and ate our meals at big, long tables. The dishes? Yes, they were tin, but we didn't have to wash them. We just ate off them. The cooks and K. P.s did the rest.

Well, they then sent us to Camp Dix, N. J. Ah! but this place was different. First place the barracks were wooden, there was plenty of mud and we found that we washed our own mess kits—or they weren't washed. They also had K. P.s here, but we took our turns at it. Army life looked a little different.

After being at Camp Dix awhile we went on a hike to Mt. Holly and put up our shelter tents in the pouring rain and slept on the wet ground and ate our chow well seasoned with half a barrel of rain water. Got up the next morning, ate our hard tack, bacon and coffee, and hiked back to Camp Dix. Now we are soldiers, thought we; this is what we expected.

Next came the boat. As soon as we got on we were shoved along to our different places on the decks. All we could see was a long line of tables with some more of the tin dishes. Well, where are we going to sleep? Gee, I don't know, perhaps all berths are upstairs. Next thing we heard was the command: "All line up facing this way." Which was toward the stern of the boat. Then the deck steward handed us each a piece of canvas with a rope on each end and told us that was what we were to sleep in. "Yes, but where do we put them?" Oh, just hook them up on those hooks in the ceiling and climb up into them." Right away visions of broken necks and falling hammocks loomed up mighty large. It was a good acrobat that got into one alone

and a wise man that, once he was in, stayed in till morning. We got off at Liverpool and slept all night in the side-door English train until we reached Dover. Here we were dumped into a lot of houses and told to make ourselves comfortable. We looked in the cellars, the attics, back yards and all over the place trying to find something in the line of bunks to sleep on. Well, it finally dawned upon us. We got wise that it was the floor we were to sleep on, and we did, but gee whiz, it was hard sleeping. Those boards wouldn't budge an inch. We had to do all the budging. Next place was Calais, France. They had a lot of round holes dug in the ground with a lot of sand bags piled up around the sides and a tent covered it with the pole in the center. They would hold eight comfortably, but they crowded 15 and 16 men in each tent. It would be all right if you had no legs or feet, but with all having feet, it was all wrong. Once you got your feet placed by that pole they were just simply lost until all the rest got their feet off and gave you a chance to get up. In case you would like to turn over on your other side it was quite simple, you would just wake every one else up, then all turn over together by the numbers and go back to sleep again.

Gee whiz, we thought, this is so darn far behind the lines and if it is as punk as this, what the dickens must it be like up nearer the front.

Then we were taken to a railroad station where we saw a long train of freight cars on the tracks. We hung around awhile expecting the freight to pull out and make room for our passenger train. We thought, but thought in vain, for the next thing we knew we were lined up in front of these freight cars and told to hop in. We rode until night and landed in a camp near Lart and found it a lot better, nice green grass, larger tents and more room for all of us. But the next day we were taken to Lart and stuck in barns and hencoops; became associated with all the chickens, cows, pigs, who, each morning, from 4:30 on, would treat us to the barnyard serenade. We also got the chickens' goats by catching chicken lice, nice playful little bed fellows (maybe).

Our next place was Nielles, where we were again stuck into barns, still on friendly terms with all the barnyard quartettes.

From there we went to Herlin-le-Sec where we put up our pup tents among the trees. Every night or two we would be treated to an air raid and the first night it happened quite a few of the neighbors tried out their gas masks and helmets. You know—just to see how they would work.

A little later found us back of the Arras front. Well, there were barns to the right and barns to the left. Back to mules again for us, so we thought. But we got a surprise for there were real bunks there made of boards and chicken wire and were real comfortable—the first time we slept in bunks since leaving the States. There were some anti aircraft guns here and when they sent out a shell these bunks would rock like row-boats in a storm. It was good while it lasted but it didn't last long, because, as usual, just as we were getting used to it we had to move.

The next place was the territory around Bourbonne-les-Bains where we were put into hay lofts for a change. They looked as if a hurricane had paid them a visit by the time we were ready to leave.

At our next place we slept on the ground floors in newly made Yank barracks. The ground in this part of the country is very hard (on us).

At the next stop we were again treated to a sleep in all of the first class Chevaux hotels. Funny thing, the poor animals didn't mind our company at all.

We left Chatenois later and took to a new method of life, namely French lorries, 16 men and 2 Indo-Chinese drivers to each lorry. We would sit up, smoke and talk until the bumping of the lorry over the roads would jar us into semi-consciousness, when we would doze a little now and again and look at our watches to see what time it was. Five minutes was like an hour to us.

After leaving the lorries, the woods was our next camp.

From this on until we struck the lines our tents got much wear for we would march all night and put up our tents and sleep there all day. Just before going into the lines



we salvaged all our blankets, tents and all unnecessary articles, carrying only a combat pack and our rifles. We again camped in the woods with the ground for a bed and the sky for a roof—all that we had for cover was what we wore and it was always sure to rain—couldn't beat it.

At the St. Mihiel front we occupied the abandoned German dugouts and slept on the floors. They were comfortable but not shell proof, but a miss is as good as a mile and Jerry missed our dugouts. Thanks, for that little favor, Jerry.

After leaving St. Mihiel we camped in the woods, open fields and Chink lorries—any place that we could lay our heads down.

But we had a treat coming and didn't know it, for the next place we camped, which was back of Les Islettes, we had French barracks with honest to goodness bunks with straw mattresses and just to top it off our old friends, the cooties, gave us a warm welcome. Oh, yes! we were by this time very well acquainted with the cooties; too much so—they were too affectionate; couldn't drive them away. Once again we took to the fields and woods on our way to the Argonne. As usual, it rained. Finally we got into the lines and were surprised at what we saw. All about us the hills resembled ant hills, with hundreds of little pits dug into the sides of them and big enough for one man each. These were what we slept in in the Argonne. The holes, or dugouts, as we called them, were about three or four feet deep and we would stretch a rain coat or shelter half over the top and cross some branches over that, just leaving an opening large enough for us to crawl into the holes. This is what is called digging in. For 21 days these dugouts were our homes. When it was quiet the fellows would stick their heads out and yell to their next neighbor, "bow-wow-wow, come over to my dog house."

After the drive started we slept and camped in open fields, barns and shelled houses.

On our way back we were friends with nature as we again slept in the woods every night till at last we landed near St. Meneholde, where we were put into hay lofts. At the next stop we had bunks.

Our next place was in the Semur area. We were billeted in empty houses—the same at Menetoy.

There are but two more ways left for us to camp—in airplanes and submarines.

Guess Little Al Wants to be Comfortable

Dear Ma: Menetoy, France, March 1, 1919.

As we are going home soon, I would like you to have things ready for me so I will be able to rest with perfect comfort and ease and feel at home.

First of all, take the window shades and curtains down, break all the windows and tear all the wall-paper entirely off. Next, smash up the bed and throw it out the window. Tear the door off its hinges; take up the carpet and throw it down the cellar steps. Rip up every board in the floor, replace them with three-cornered stones about the size of a cow's head. Now make a lot of artificial cobwebs, hanging them about forty-five degrees away from the ceilings and corners. Put a barnyard carpet about an inch thick on the floor, stick a piece of candle about a half inch long in one corner (no matches), fill two old burlap bags with wet hay and put them in another corner, being careful to place several of the large stones under the bags. Drive one large spike into the wall to hang my clothing on and put an old rusty tin can, a piece of laundry soap, a towel and toilet articles (very few) in another corner. Arrange the spout of the can directly over the bags (bed) for a shower bath and ventilator. Then tie a bundle of twigs together—this is the broom. Get a platoon of large rats to run relay races from one side of the room to the other and be careful to have their route cover the bed above where my head will lay. I'll furnish the cooties myself. I'll have Brother Bill stand guard over me with a gun, and call me each morning at 6 a. m. Fix up my mess hall as follows: Get a large quarter of beef (make it look like India rubber), hang it in the woodshed in such a manner that I can get in or out, dig a small trench for a fireplace and have it smoke so as to blind you and bring said food out there. Call me for chow at least thirty

minutes before it's ready to serve, slam it at me and then set a pail of cold water in the barnyard for me to wash my mess-kit in. Never put milk or sugar in the coffee as it only spoils the flavor; never call me to any meal; simply blow an old tin horn; always try and burn the stew a little. In rainy weather always serve the stew out under an old tree. Never cook enough for every one and tell the last in line he is S. O. L. (soldiers out of luck). Never cut the bread in slices but always in three-quarter chunks. Never mind about a place to wash in or anything of that sort as I can use the creek. Always serve bully beef on holidays.

By doing these little things you can make me feel right to home.
Your loving son,

LITTLE AL.

Signal Sensations and Experience

During the abbreviated but eventful trench life of the outfit a series of sensations and impressions were recorded by each element partaking thereof.

The doughboys had just completed a revised edition of front-line landscape when we stepped forth from a perfectly sane S. O. S. sector into a seething cauldron of violence.

We had seen a turgid, stormswept sky converted from a state of sullen restlessness to a wild, heaving, inferno of blinding flame, all in the flicker of an eyelash. We had harkened to the accompanying crashing and thumping of the war orchestra, and had watched the bobbing phantasy of shells a'bursting o'er the hazard zone. In the aftermath of battle we had gazed upon the stark and bluish figure of a fallen Yank, huddled, as he died, clutching his shrapneled abdomen as though to staunch the oozing life fluid.

And, as the procession of strifes' grim scenery filed past before our bewildered stare, doubt challenged courage, dragging our minds a few kilos ahead to destruction's lair.

And so we went in, ducking and dodging as we proceeded, besieged by all the imps of fright and super-

stition. The faintest whistle and one was instantly alert. The thud of a "dud" and instinct advised a gas watchfulness. One moment one would be a jaunty, carefree, son of adventure and, in the next fraction, would cleave to the ground like a layer of soil, panting and breathing as though he had but recently abandoned some furious scuffle.

Our work commenced. Over imperilled roads and trails wire snaked along the surfaces, from one headquarters to another, from some desolate, shell-stricken village to various underground hideaways far out on the brink of Dead Man's Land.

Communication was imperative at all times and for this reason, whether the state of operations be quiet or bristling, always, after an enemy shell had severed a connection, plier partners would venture through the dusk or daylight to repair the damage.

With star-shells mingling with the cloud-drifts, air-plane finders streaked across the skies, bands of fire a'glaring in the distance, and all the world just one incessant uproar, the sensation of finding oneself alone in some miserable little excavation where one had plunged to escape the furies of a shrieking projectile oftentimes gave rise to thoughts of home and mother, past performances and deeds, and, perhaps, a mumbled word of prayer would sneak forth from its camouflage of pride.

On one occasion, an observation post was established on a level territory just beyond Thiaucourt for the purpose of reporting on the markmanship of the artillery support. At the pre-arranged hour the barrage commenced to play havoc with the Prussian outposts but the counter-fire was equally terrific and it drummed the stretch of land confronting the observation station. The huns continued to elevate their range until the bombardment assumed the proportions of a creeping barrage and to the S. O. Ls. lying flattened close to the telephone it assumed the proportions of their anticipated executioner. Fragments of shells, and chunks of hardened dirt began zipping around and over the procumbent beings. The rows of dropping shells were steadily approaching. Hel-



mets were being dented. It was damp and clammy but an August sun could not have squeezed a drop more perspiration from their bodies than they had already shed. By mute consent, they exchanged handclasps. One tried to laugh but his effort sounded more like an hysterical sob.

They had five minutes to remain before the period of their attendance would expire. By all appearances, they had two minutes to remain before they died. So, they split the difference, held out one minute, unhooked the telephone, then sped pellmell to protection over entanglement and ditch, dead man and shell-hole, with a chorus of hurtling metal singing wickedly behind them.

Every choice word in sensation's vocabulary was theirs that night and promises to linger until the day of eternal forgetfulness.

Coincident with a doughboy surprise movement a certain detachment of signalmen was summoned from its mud-holes one night to supply and maintain lines of communication between the advancing invaders and their battalion post of command.

It was a clear case of "Over the Top" and, in the estimation of the section, a very appropriate moment to think of wills, and tombstones, and obituaries.

They were waterlogged from continuous exposure to weather inclemency. They were ill, and stiff, and weak. Their nerves were strained to the breaking point. So they damned the army thoroughly and then set forth to preserve their "Give 'em hell" ritual.

Their physical resources had been drained to the low-water mark of power but the dregs were endowed with an almost supernatural ability and determination to achieve and it was prodded to a vigorous action by the responsibilities of their duty, the visions of a harrassed infantry—the men who daily risked sacrifice—out there in the wilderness minus the security of even a single binding link.

So they made their grail at the telephone the stopping place, and, tagging on the heels of the doughboys, stepped off, unwinding reel after reel of wire as they trudged along.

The storming contingent was spotted. Fireworks were unleashed. Machine-gun traffic swished and lashed over their heads. Sometimes a toll, an odd little gasp and a contorted shape sinking to the ground. Bedlam all around. A flurry of whizbangs exploding nearby, rocking the earth with detonation. Far off, the bass barking of the heavies as they launched their cased volcanos. Then the steady, rhythmic, whurring of some prowler of the sky. The doughboys continued to swarm ahead. Their means of communication continued to follow.

Gradually the put-put-put and spit of the machine guns lessened in volume. They were rapidly being incapacitated which meant that the dead line had been passed. The boys were going through. The belief was confirmed by the appearance of a brief array of scarred and scared Heinies doing a "To the Rear," chaperoned by a gentleman in muddy O. D. who commanded a bayonet with remarkable persuasiveness.

The Jerries had constructed some fairly good trenches at this point and since a stiff shell-resistance was being encountered a halt was called, the objective gained. The telephone was connected and, miraculous of all facts, the line was intact, for they were able to exchange messages without hindrance. Then in the lull of after-battle the boys began to think, to realize that they had paced the fields of dread, "where angels fear to tread." They had upheld their organization and though it had cost them all the agonies of weariness, though they had brow-beat their bodies to the final push of energy, there was something glorious in the accomplishment of going "over the top" with a reel of wire that made their fingers itch for a pencil to tell it all to the folks back home.

A million and one incidents stepped unheralded into our histories. The majority of us had, at times, burned midnight oil to follow some Daredevil Dick's flirtations with dark and dreary death, and had been thrilled to the bone when he had, singlehanded, rescued the heroine heiress from the ruffian's rendezvous.

But here was something that outclassed even the most imaginative writer's imagination. Here was the real

thing, the pinnacle of adventure, of sacrifice, of fate and chance and destiny. It was here that even the bravest were afraid and few hesitated to confess the fact.

The idea of a real, tried, true and reliable American soldat making a bee-line for a petite bramble bush for protection against an incoming H. E. was about as sensible an action as that of a whole regiment diving into their pup-tents when a Jerry bomber menaced the area.

Yet they all did it, weak and strong alike, from General down to buck. One excited Yank sought refuge from heavy shelling in an old, supposedly-deserted, shack. After the state of affairs had eased up, he discovered that he had been sheltered in an ammunition storeroom.

On their initial excursion to a forward position an entire telephone section isolated themselves from their headquarters by wandering far out ahead of the doughboys in search of a suitable dugout. Needless to say they did not linger long when they discovered their error.

Inspired by an alarming shriek, a pair of cooks apparently found comfort and safety under a table where they had flung their quivering bodies.

Then, there was the face-to-face tension between a line-man and a hiding enemy. And, because the encounter bore every indication of an America versus Germany repetition, and because he was painfully familiar with Yankee tactics, the Hun wisely capitulated.

"Stand to" meant the severest of mental ordeals, a sneaky hunch that the Prussians had pierced the outer defenses and were weaving a network of invaders around one's dugout. It meant watchful waiting, occasional doubts concerning the powers of one's own fighting forces, and repeated pondering on the vital subjects of bayonet drill and prison camps.

And so it went on. Each day a fresh experience, a weird, curdling tale, a humorous happening, or a depressing note of pathos.

But we were toil-worn, tired of perpetual wire-lugging, tired of being aroused from our slumbers in the wee small hours to resurrect a dead line or to figure in some sudden scheme against the boche.

We were calloused from hardship, numbed by exposure, weakened by lack of nourishment when, out of the din and turmoil, came the first reports of an armistice. Unbelieving, we watched the spectacle of a thousand dazzling pyrotechnics illuminating the heavens, and listened to the salvos of pistol fire and the glad bellowing of a rejoicing throng.

The world was topsy-turvy and the spirit of the era of celebration begged tumult from our throats.

The crowning sensation to all those inner feelings and convictions that we had nurtured under stress coursed through our veins.

The nightmare was over. Our dreams were coming true.

Relaxed and readjusted to circumstances we turned our faces southward, away from that barren bed of brutality in quest of a more fascinating field of endeavor, in a more fascinating land where the inhabitants would understand and all the walks were paved with happiness and delight.

This One Wasn't Addressed to Bill, Tho

Ye raymembr whin we're at Chevieres or some sich place with the divil's own name. We're all sittin' out enjyin' the sunshine fer it's seldom do we git the chanct fer the Dutch divil across the way. Well, as I wuz afther sayin', shure here's Bill Loftus as big as loife on the front door-step of his dugout, schmokin' away like a amminition dump on fire. Awl of a sudden the Dutchmin lands a shell across the road and shure we awl made a dig fer the holes. Bill is jist afther gettin' on his hands and knees, fer he couldn't get in his palace any other way. As I wuz sayin'—he jist gits that way—when a piece of sthone, of somethin' it was, shot Bill in the seat of his pants, and Bill went in the bivvy some fast. I'd be supposin' that Bill thought sure he was shot through the heart fer it didn't take much to scare a man them days.



The Capture of Grand Pre

You've read with avid interest and perhaps a thrill or two,
How those hell-fer-fightin' Yankees bade the fleeing hun
adieu,
In their final come-together—near the Village of Grand Pre.
And you couldn't help rejoicing when you heard the news
that day.

But upon investigation, we find there's still some doubt
As to who it was that took the town and drove the Ger-
mans out.
The Seventy-seventh Division, from Camp Upton, may tell
you
That their lads performed the job. We'll show this can't
be true.

The facts about this matter—which will prove without
mistake—
Upon whose head the glory rests—we now will undertake
To place before a listening world, confident that you
Will justly judge and freely praise where praise is really
due.

On the morning of November first, the year nineteen-
eighteen,
The Yankee boys had struck a snag, machine-gun nests
unseen.
Were spitting right into their ranks. Their comrades one
by one
Were slowly carried to the rear. Yes, something must be
done!

'Twas then our hero, James O'Kane, of the fighting fourth
platoon,
Decided it was up to him to end this slaughter soon.
Although he was a private, he knew that work like this
Is always left up to the bucks. Such jobs they never miss.

For fourteen days without his grub—except for a small lot
Of chocolate from division, brought up there by Al Watt—

(I quote his words) he chanced his life, his duty must be
done.

He knew that little Rhodey must be protected from the hun!

So, ere the day had broken, with its secret-piercing dawn,
Private O'Kane crept forward through no-man's-land that
morn.

He crept, he squirmed, he rolled, he crawled until he had
come close

Enough to slip this info to the German advance post.

"Say, hun, now let me tip you off, before it is too late.
That fourth platoon of the three-o-three you're bucking at
this date

Is led by Teddy Davis, the fighting M. S. E.—
You'd better kinda start for home while there is time—
Compre?

"At present he's not feeling good and likely to get mad
And if he does, he's sure to use you German boys real bad.
And many a fraulein waiting for a late-lamented Boche
Will realize he kinda beats that famous general—Foch."

So when the Jerries heard this, they all started on a run
And no one seemed quite anxious to take along his gun.
They just headed toward the eastward—every one was
traveling light
And the way they covered ground, they must have reached
China that night.

Then the 312th Infantry advanced and occupied Grand Pre.
There wasn't any fighting, that is quite needless to say.
And the war-news correspondents, arriving three days late,
Reported, "Grand Pre taken. Everything O. K. to date."

Now that the war is over and we've quit the battle's strife,
Corporal O'Kane is leading a quiet, soldier life.
And when not ducking reveille, our hero, cool and calm,
Is chasing up for seconds. Yes, there's two stripes on
his arm!

A Few Impressions of Rural France

IN the days of watchful waiting, who among us had not pictured a country of imposing chateaux and picturesque farmhouses, where the cows were attended by musical comedy maids in glistening silken hose and high-heeled shoes; where the natives were a volatile, pleasure-loving lot who spent their leisure time in gay folk dances or, seated about the tables of an out-door cafe, sipped the delicate wines which could be had so cheaply; where bread, milk, eggs and cheese could be had almost for the asking, from the generous, open-hearted natives; a land where one could wander through the vineyards and eat his fill of luscious grapes, the wondrous product of many centuries cultivation?

Fate having allowed us to survive the submarine, the rest camps, and the French transportation, we were in due time allowed to view this rustic paradise. The thrill of viewing a real chateau at long range even though on closer inspection the roof is found to be in a bad state of repair and the whole ensemble appears slightly run down at the heels. The large iron-gated farmyards, a playground for a motley collection of chickens, geese, ducks—and before the large American transfer of francs at Thanksgiving time—turkeys.

It is a pleasure to see the friendly relations existing between the farmer and his feathered possessions. No meal would seem complete without at least half a dozen chickens strolling about the kitchen floor.

It is difficult for the average soldier to acquire some of the niceties of table etiquette practiced by the French farmer. Among these are the easy manner in holding a loaf of bread against one's chest and whittling off chips as wanted; and the deft flipping of inedible bits of food to the floor, and, despite our mess-hall training we cannot attain the same Wagnerian effects with a bowl of soup.

The barrier of language has prevented our finding the reason for invariably placing a large manure pile, close to, and in full view of the front door. Perhaps a man's prosperity is judged by the size of the heap, or it may be an esteemed form of scenic beauty. The frank, sim-

ple, sanitary arrangements are also a bit of a shock, when first encountered.

The sabots worn by all the natives are no doubt a necessity due to road conditions. A pair of these miniature arks would serve very nicely as a one-man catamaran in an emergency.

A touch of romance is added to the picture by the sight of a chic, but somewhat broad-shouldered and thick-waisted Amazon tripping lightly down the road, the heroic footwear being suspended from ankles modeled in exact proportions. She may be propelling a wheelbarrow loaded in violation of all good union principles or perhaps she is attending to the family's heavy trucking, all under the direction of a sturdy male enjoying a cigarette.

A search for eggs leads one to believe that the hens are far in advance of the humans in the very low and declining birth rate of this land, while the price fosters the idea that les oeufs are made of a substance rare and precious. The hills are covered with vineyards and the vines are heavily laden with grapes, which, a G. O. informs us, are not to be taken but must be purchased, this usually at a very modest price of from one franc up per pound.

The condition of the wells and the total abstinence of the French in regard to water, leads the involuntary resident to experiment with the wines. A few experiences with the acid and astringent twins, Vin Rouge and Vin Blanc, almost forces one to take the cause of prohibition to his breast and the disturbing after-effects cause a profound respect for the native constitutions which can imbibe these beverages habitually.

A wonderful country it is, which has fortified against all argument, the belief generally held by Americans that there is no place like home in the U. S. A.

Compre, Jim?

Gigliotti: O'Kane, youa goa Lay Loam?

Jimmy: Sure, John.

Gigliotti: Youa getta me some kicki tread?



Rumors

IT sure makes you smile, when you think of the pile of rumors that man can conjure. There's Davis, O'Kane and Harrisburg Lane—chief victims of tattler's lure. They'll hold a debate, pick a place and a date—then tell you they know it is sure. They are birds of a kind, but behind them you'll find the balance of Company C. Even now you will hear, passing from ear to ear, the day that we're going to sea.

For three months or more we tried semaphore, wig-wag, buzzer and code. And they hiked us galore 'til our feet were sore from pounding the endless road. But there wasn't no hitchin' 'bout gainin' condition, 'cause absence without meant three weeks in the kitchen. And with pans soiled and large, and Kahaly in charge, it sure had one's temper a-itchin' an' itchin'.

Now each night about ten a gang of the men would visit a favorite shack to swap late reports and tales of all sorts and figure out just when we'd pack. Enter Ted Davis! Oh, somebody save us! For Ted's got a rumor to tell. He's commencin' his tale—he knows when we sail—so we yell, "Very well—go to hell."

But at last it came true, as few rumors do. We were ordered over the foam. So we crated our stuff—though we thought it a bluff—and we smuggled our farewells home. Then came the trip to that gallant ship, Toloa, accus'd of the deep. We rambled aboard, a restless horde, but the smell soon put us to sleep. Rumors there—most everywhere—floating in the brine. A submarine! An airship seen! We've just missed a mine! Poisoned food! The captain's stewed! Wear masks, is the new rule!—all throughout that treacherous route—up to Liverpool.

Then for a while we traversed the Isle of Britain—over to Dover. A stay of a day, then across to Calais while establishing fame as a rover.

Here, a shriek and a boom a-piercing the gloom, gave rise to the rumor of death. And the Chinks sheltered near would raise bedlam, in fear, and catch their Mongolian breath. Here, our first training task was to master the

mask—designed to frustrate gasses dread. If on the sixth second, it was on, you were reckoned alive, and if not, you were dead.

At Lart we had rumors—the biggest were bloomers—and they traveled like fire, group to group. Now, it isn't no fake, and it wasn't no steak, that we had for each chow—it was soup.

In the region of Arras we heard strange things of Paris; of air bombs and captures and spies. And Edison's gas had at last come to pass and had taken the huns by surprise.

At Bourbonne we found that Yank fortune had frowned—that the Boche was beating us back. And the following day, news the other way, threw our dopesters off of the track.

True to ominous signs, we entered the lines—in time for the drive at St. Mihiel. And whenever a chance, a wild rumor would dance forth from one's fancy and oddly appeal.

A barrage tonight! There's peace in sight! The general is coming to town! The kaiser's killed! His blood was spilled, when an air bomb knocked him down! Austria's through! Germany, too! Turkey has come on our side! Our colonel is humming "I wonder where I can hide."

Wilson is dead! The crown prince has fled! The Toloa was sunk last week! And we all believed, when we were relieved, that the Prussian no more we'd seek.

But we went in again, at the Argonne then, and battled for days and days. And when we came out and heard many a shout we thought 'twas the rumor craze. But 'twas true, so we knew that our work was through and was toot sweet finis France. For we'd done our bit and the hun had quit. Say, boy, we were in a trance!

Now please be assured that our outfit is cured of falling for rumors and lies. By the way, have you heard? Oh, boy! It's a bird! I got it from one of those telephone guys.

We're sailing in May! I'm wise to the day, but won't tell it for fear you will spread it. And we're goin' to be paid on the day we parade—Pershing said it—so, boy, gimme credit!

Our Vaudeville Troupe

ONCE upon a time at Camp Dix there was a quarantine. Orders read "that no man leave the barracks without permission." Woe betide the man who dared break this ruling. Those weary days penned in with nothing to do but play checkers and penny-ante became a bore. Then suddenly someone suggested a musical evening and the Y. man from hut No. 2 invited us to come and spend an evening there. The next thing was to find talent to make up a program. Our top-sergeant, at that time being Dudley Merrill, lost no time in getting up a topnotch vaudeville bill. We marched over to hut No. 2 and were surprised. Boxing bouts, monologs, songs, violin solos, recitations and stunts on the piano provided a delightful evening. The next thing was the getting together a battalion show to play at the Liberty Theatre. Company C was well represented on this occasion, and from reports received was one of the best shows at any time given at the theatre. At a little later date orders were received to go overseas and on the ship Toloa the boys helped to cheer many a long evening with their music. After the armistice was signed, division headquarters started to arrange amusement for the entire A. E. F. The amusement officer immediately put the 303rd Field Signal Battalion on the chart, having in mind the quality and ability of the entertainers. The result being sixty performances to its credit. They played Semur four times and were well represented at the special performance given for General Pershing. After playing four days for the first army corps at Tonnerre, the following telegram was received:

303rd Field Signal Battalion show a big hit. Good, clean-cut show. Congratulations of commanding general and myself. Conduct of troupe both from military and theatrical standpoint excellent. Thanks for sending them here.

(Signed) LIEUTENANT-COLONEL NELLY.

This telegram voices the sentiment of those who have witnessed their efforts. They were invariably asked to "come again," which alone proves their popularity.

On the joyful homeward-bound trip aboard the Re d'Italia the evenings were given over to songs and musical selections. Our vaudeville troupe again to the fore. It's little the 303rd cannot do—fight or sing—well, it's immaterial.

Jake and the Two Duds

Sam Jacobson—Jake—had been sent up to regimental headquarters from battalion headquarters, and the boys at battalion were counting the minutes he had been gone and were speculating as to the probable time he would return. They were interested in Jake's early return for he had gone for the MAIL! When all of a sudden, Jake rushed into the dugout, threw down the mail sack, while he breathlessly unburdened himself:

"Harmon, Harmon, I vant to dell you, Harmon. Oy, I got such a fright! I'm comink for the mail ven I hear a vhizz and a thud. I give a look and right at my feet, oy, so close at my feet, it landed. I kent help it, my shakink. I go a little further and I hear it another vun. Oy, Harmon, two of 'em—both duds—right at my feet. Ain't I lucky? I ain't kiddink you, Harmon. I'm tellin you. If you don't believe me, Harmon, I'll show you right vare dey are. Oy, such a scare!"

At the Mess Tent in Nielles-Les-Blequin

Corporal of the Guard (Cross): "Guard, the O. D. orders fixed bayonets tonight."

Guard (Douglas): "I hate to stick this bayonet up in front of one of the boys, but what else can I do?"

Corporal of the Guard: "Oh, just shift your bolt—that will wake them up."

A man saunters towards the mess tent.

Guard: "Halt! Who's there?"

The man: "Who's wants to know?"

Guard: "Halt!"

The man: "'at's sall sright."

The guard shifts the bolt of his rifle.

The man clicks his heels together, comes to attention, and says, "Yes, sir, Private Lane."



When That Bugle Blows for Chow

When that bugler blows for reveille
How you cuddle up in bed;
You pull your blankets higher,
And you wish that he was dead.
All day you hearken to his calls:
Drill, retreat and taps.
You wonder how such music
Ever could please army chaps.
For when he blows you've got to ramble,
Fall out quick, and look just so.
Can you help but hate like thunder
To hear the bugler's bugle blow?
Just one call in all his buglin'
Do we like, and this is how
All the Yanks act on the moment
When the bugler blows for chow:

You are settin' in your billet
And your belly feels so thin,
After drillin' hard all mornin',
That you feel like cashin' in.
There! The bugler's blowin' chow call—
You could bless the day he's born!
'N' while you're runnin' for your mess kit
This is how he blows his horn:
"Soupee, soupee, soupee, 'thout a single bean—
Porkie, porkie, porkie, 'thout a strip of lean—
Coffee, coffee, coffee, 'thout a bit of cream."
Now that's the end of chow call.
But say, boy, it's a dream!

You fall in line—it's raining—
But somehow you don't care,
The kitchen's just up yonder,
'Twon't be long till you are there.
Step by step you get up closer
Till you can get where you can see
The fiendish look on all the faces
Of the men that do K. P.

"Pomme de Terres," they call potatoes—
One of these and a pan of stew
A piece of bread and a cup of coffee—
That is all they give to you.
Sometimes "seconds" are in season;
If they are, you'll always see
Every signal man is eating
"Seconds" in the 3-0-3.

Detail Duckers

On the rooftops they lay, flattened,
Playing possum in the sun,
Praying for some happy Godsend
To relieve them, duties done.
Some are hiding in the hallways,
Others crouch beneath their cots,
In the canteen there are, always,
Beaucoup soldats hatching plots.
Some are overalled to disguise,
Some walk post with two-by-fours,
And a bunch on illness relies
To excuse them from their chores.
There are those too weak to shovel,
And who cannot use a rake.
On their knees they fairly grovel
To convince it's not a fake.
And the topkick sure is raving
'Cause the bucks have disappeared,
And the non-coms are behaving
Like a gang whose cinch is queered.
But, when recall's air is blowing,
And the time for toil is o'er,
Then the absentees are flowing
Towards the barracks' unscrubbed door.

Fall Out and Make Yourselves Comfortable

SOUNDS good, doesn't it? According to Hoyle, cigarettes and a highball should be issued with this command. Picture a beautiful spring day, sun shinin' an' all. C Comp'ny of the Three O Three is marchin' along a dusty Jersey road bordered on both sides by regular green fields with here and there an honest-to-goodness shade-tree makin' a nice cool spot where a feller could laze around, smokin' a pill and thinkin' about that little gal back in Hackensack. Gosh, but that pack is gettin' heavy. I wonder if that guy in the back is ridin' on it. I guess I'll have a drink. Wow! the canteen is empty. Gee, ain't the cappin ever goin' to stop and call a halt? I gotta blister on the off hind foot. Gosh that pack's heavy. What's that? Halt? Fall out and make yourselves comfortable! Bet chu I will. Looka the farm house. I wonder if she's got any water. Gimme a drink, lady? Thanks. Oh, boy, that's good. Now for a smoke under that big tree. Oh, hell, the army ain't so darned bad.

But, there's another picture on t'other side. There's a road in France. What time is it, Buck? Must be darn near one o'clock, ain't it? Holy smoke! but that pack is heavy. Someone musta put some bricks in it. An' there ain't no water in the canteen. Gosh I'm tired. Hope the cappin stops soon. One, two, three, four; one, two, Lord, but I'm thirsty, three, four. My feet are all blistered. One, two, three I wanna drink. Gosh, but it's rainin' hard, four, one, two, hang it, I nearly fell over that blanked pile of stone. Why the deuce do the frogs dump the Irish confetti right where a feller can fall over it? Lord, but it's dark. I can't see the side of the road, three, four. Wonder who that was layin' on the side of the road. One, two, three—What d'ye say, Buck, is the guy that's leadin' ridin' a horse? Gosh, that must be a darned good horse, one, two. Ain't we ever gonna stop? Three, four, one, two. Man, I'm thirsty, three, four. There's more fellers layin' on the side of the road. One, two, Gosh, this is killin'. What's that? Halt? Yeh, and right in a mud puddle. Huh, fall out and make yourselves comfortable? Who's the comedian? Gosh,

he's funny. What's he doin'—kiddin' us? Oh, boy, it's muddy, but I gotta sit down—I gotta lie down, toot sweet. Wow, that water's cold on your back. Wish I had a drink. I wanna smoke but they won't let us. "Make yourself comfortable"—GOOD NIGHT!

Mud

A MIXTURE of honest, French terra firma and beaucoup H_2O , kneaded by the hobnailed dogs of the many doughboys of the A. E. F. That is a definition never used by Webster, but nevertheless is a true description of French landscape, otherwise known as "that damn mud." The word "mud" when reviewed by a gentleman sitting back in his Morris chair with cigarettes and a case of Cologne nearby and a "Bon" fire burning in the open fireplace, brings back memories of his younger days—the good old days when he and little six-year-old Mary used to go out in the barnyard and make mudpies. With a far-away look in his eyes, he remembers how, when the beautiful pies were finished and drying in the warm sun, he used to throw them against the barn, bringing down the righteous wrath of his father. And, then, the unpleasant half hour in the woodshed. Yes, most certainly, "them WAS the good, old days." But the word "Mud" to the doughboy is like a red flag to a bull, like the smell of blood to the man-eating tiger. Have you ever walked along a road in sunny France at midnight, with someone working overtime on the rain pump? Did you ever take a stroll with a 150-pound pack on your back and 10-pound gun on your shoulder, with the mud so deep that it tickles that dimpled knee of yours and when you tried to lift a foot it seemed as if there was a strong magnet holding it down and, when it did give way, it sounded like a lover's goodnight kiss? You have? Well, then, shake pal.

I remember reading in my English history one day in that dim past before the war about Sir Walter Raleigh receiving the D. S. C. or the Croix de Guerre, or something, because he laid his cloak in front of one of those English queens so she wouldn't get her dancing pumps.



muddy. It is an almighty good thing that Walt didn't live in France. Why, it would take a whole Q. M. supply house full of O. D. blankets to cover one of these French mud puddles and then it would be better for the queen if she wore rubbers. "Oh, France, thy name is Mud."

It Always Happens

"Fall out for ten minutes"—and nine chances out of ten it's at one of the many small cross-roads somewhere in France, on a dark, rainy night. The company halts and the usual map-consultation at the head of the column follows and after a hot argument as to which road should be taken, we commence the dreary march again. About that time, some one at the rear of the column sings, "Cheer up, boys, from now on we're lost." We would probably drag along for another five or six hours, stopping at every wagon-track that crossed the road to consult the maps—and, in the mornin' find that we had hiked unnecessarily only about ten miles! Boys, oh, boys! It's a great life if you don't weaken!

Compre?

THE O P line was dis. I followed it right up to the O P and repaired it where a 77 had made a D H on it. I returned to the P C and found it all mussed up. Jerry had landed a G I close by and K'd O three runners and an N C O. The C O had an important message for 1st Bn Hq and so he P T B with an "allez toute suite." It was dark when I reached the Bn P C and delivered my O F M. I was just ready to start on my return trip when Jerry showered the place with gas and H E. After masks were adjusted, someone gurgled in my ear that he was making a counter-attack. I looked towards the lines, and—sure enough—we were sending up S O S's for the Art, which immediately responded with 75's. After a bit the hubbub relaxed and I started back. I made directly for the F K but there I found another tragedy! A 210 had struck the G S wagon, killed the big, black horse, blowed up the slum, and shell-shocked an M P. The mess sergeant, K. P's and cooks had vanished. I gathered up some O D blankets and crawled under a limber, tired, hungry and S O L.



Mail

Man, take off your hat when you hear that word spoken! Why, even back in Dix, that little, old, pigeon-holed soap box built over by Ted Davis for a mail box, influenced our lives. We would walk up, take the letters out of the Xs and look through them. If we got a letter we could do a day's K. P. with a grin, we could laugh at fatigue, and we could even eat Kahaly's slum. And then we came over here and for nearly three weeks we didn't receive any mail. Man, it was tough. Hiking or out in the fields with the lights—no interest. But then one day along came the mail. There was more laughter in Company C that night than there would have been if it was pay, instead of mail, that was handed out. Up at the front, Jerry's shells didn't hit quite so hard and the cooties didn't gambol quite so freely when we received mail. Now the war is over and we are hid away in a little, one-cylinder town known as Menetoy, waiting for our turn to use a west-bound ship for a week. It's hard work, this waiting. It seems as if we'd been forgotten. But when your bunkie says, "Hey, Buck, here's a letter for you." Oh, boy, you feel like kissing him. If anyone ever asks you who won the war, don't hesitate, just say, "Uncle Sam won it and the mail helped him."

Air Raids

THE first taste of war that the American soldier got upon landing in France was usually an air-raid.

Jerry delighted in dropping his bombs on the cities and training camps in the rear, to bring war to our boys soon after they landed and shake their nerve, perhaps. We were no exception to that rule and, soon after landing, were encamped near Calais, to which Jerry airplanes paid special attention.

At night, about dusk, the sky was swept with big searchlights trying to spot airplanes. It was a great sight to see the beams of light criss-cross in the sky. Suddenly the lights would go out and all would be quiet and peaceful. Soon after dark a faint hum would be heard in the distance, gradually growing louder.

"Jerry over head, lights out," cried the Tommies stationed there, and all the lights would disappear as suddenly as if some one had turned off a series of electric lights with one switch. Then the crowd would get outside in time to see the searchlights come to life again and throw their beams skyward, searching for the source of that throbbing sound peculiar to German airplanes.

The ability to tell an enemy airplane from an allied one was claimed by many, but was always the source of an argument. After a while we could recognize a friend from a foe very quickly. One way was by the sound made by the engine, the German machine making a throbbing sound different from the allied machines.

Suddenly two beams of light would be crossed and at the junction could be seen a silvery speck which was recognized as an airplane high in the air.

"There he is," shouted some one and, as he spoke, the anti-aircraft battery opened up and the shells could be seen bursting around the unwelcome visitor. Suddenly he dropped from sight.

"They've got him."

"No, he just got out of the light."

"There, he fell that time."

Such were the excited remarks made by the spectators, but

the enemy aviator had only dropped down a short distance to get out of the lights that made him so conspicuous. Soon the lights found him again in a different location, and once more he was surrounded by bursting shells.

Suddenly another plane, flying low and escaping observation, dropped a flare lighting up the ground as bright as day and then followed it with two or three bombs which made a tremendous explosion. Standing in that bright light every man felt as if he was the particular target the bombs were aimed at and with one accord all sought shelter. There was a sudden rattle of tin helmets as our brave lads tried to camouflage themselves under the doubtful shelter and one well-known member of the company got badly damaged in trying to get over a barbed-wire fence in double time. Another six-footer crawled from under a wagon some time later with the remark that he had hardly had time to get that much shelter. Others felt perfectly safe in their little shelter tents, regardless of the fact that they offered protection from sun only.

About this time some of the boys decided to have some fun at the expense of some Chinese coolies camped near us. That night when Jerry paid us his usual visit they sent over a barrage of tin cans, which, falling on the corrugated sheets covering the Chink huts, caused a stampede of flying pigtails in various stages of dress and undress, but the only explosions caused by the "bombs" were the explosions of Chinese language, which, happily, no one could understand. After leaving Calais our next experience with enemy bombing planes was at Herlin-le-Sec. Arriving there at night we pitched tents in an open field, but the next day when enemy planes began flying overhead, it was deemed advisable to move our camp under some nearby trees where it would be invisible to the aviators. For the same reason strict orders were given to avoid making paths across the open fields. In spite of all the precautions our division headquarters and the nearby town of St. Pol were bombed frequently.

On one of those occasions the enemy was forced to make a hasty retreat and in order to lighten his machine he dropped three bombs in quick succession in a neighboring



field. The only casualty was a peaceful cow belonging to a French farmer, but after seeing the size of the holes made in the ground, we all had a greater respect for bombs. During those times pieces of the shells that were bursting in the air would often fall in our camp, but without thinking of any danger, the whole company would stand with upturned faces watching the drama in the sky, and it was more thrilling than any five-reel feature.

After leaving that area, in our tour of France, we were not bothered with bombs for some time, when suddenly one night, while camping in the open with lights and fires burning cheerfully, we heard the loud, deep-toned explosion of bombs and everybody got busy extinguishing lights and fires. Little damage was done but that ended the campfires for the rest of the war.

On November 7 some troops camped near us at Varennes received news that the armistice had been signed and they proceeded to celebrate in a manner similar to an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration, but when they started our first thoughts were that our old friends, the bombing planes, had found us again. When the truth became known, it brought great relief.

There is always a dread of being bombed by airplanes because of the helpless position you are in. The only protection is a good dugout, but they are not always to be found, so the only thing to do is to hope for the best and then trust to luck.

Poor Jake

The boys, seated around the fireplace as usual, were exchanging rumors picked up during the day's travels. Suddenly, in rushed Jake, commonly known as Raab Schmulik. Pale, out of breath and excited, he related a terrible tale. He had been at the Y. where he had picked up a Chicago newspaper, and looking over the casualty list, found his own name! There it was, staring him in the face:

SAMUEL JACOBSON

2527 WEST DIVISION STREET, CHICAGO

KILLED IN ACTION

Well, we had an awful time to convince the poor fellow that he was really alive. His buddy, Sol Fersky, suggested that he cable home and ascertain the truth.

As Walt Mason Would Say It

WE'VE learned a lot of things, you know, when half way 'round the world we'd go to get into a bloody fight to show the Huns that we were right. The knocks we got were mighty tough, but we were made of the proper stuff, and looked upon them with a grin—then placed our goal right in Berlin! 'Twas many kilos we did go before we struck the vital blow, that knocked Fritz from his Grand-Pre stand for forty knots, back towards Sedan. We're satisfied 'twas this alone that made the Boches think of home and realize that we were sore, so signed the pledge to fight no more. The kaiser dropped his crown and robe, and lost all hope to rule the globe because he knew that Yankee stuff was far from being any bluff. Yes, we are from the Signal Corps, and will be proud forevermore, for we have all right to be as members of this Three O Three. Our homes are scattered o'er the States—from northern Maine to Frisco's gates. Yes, all-American are we, who came from far across the sea, with everything we had to give so that again the world might live, in peace and happiness once more, and not be bothered with a war. We're now three thousand miles away from the homes we dream of every day, and mother's cooking; memories bring, of pie an' cake 'n' ev'rything. When I get back to loved ones dear I'll do my best to make it clear that I've not come home to die but for much eats I'll loudly cry; then on my bed I'll lie me, prone, with all the comforts of a home, and oh! how happy I will be, with no disturbing reveille! Oh, boy! what joyful bliss it is for us to think of this, but with these happy thoughts in mind, we've got to fight Old Father Time with cheery word and broadened smile, just simply have to wait a while until the higher-ups of state, and each important delegate, with peace conferences are done, and cinched the vict'ry we have won. Maybe—perhaps—before that time, we will have left this muddy clime, if our Uncle Sam sees fit, to put us all upon a ship, and then we'll sail across the pond—now won't that really be *tres bon*? Sailing swiftly o'er the foam, and arrive at last at Home, Sweet Home!

K. P.

K. P. is somethin' which probably our loved ones think is some kind of pill we get when reporting on sick call, but nevertheless, he who has been one of the most useful of those very needed men knows better, and that if it can be called a pill or medicine, it surely is real in every respect, and we will say here that there is only one instance on record of any man working out of the ranks on K. P. This man is our genial friend, Luke Burns. Luke extended a pass a trifle—only 14 days—was given a sentence of about three weeks in the kitchen, and he used the broom so hard on the floor, that the Indian thought he would have no floor in the kitchen if Luke was permitted to go on with his pranks. He also nearly scrubbed the bottoms off the boilers, so after spending two weeks in making himself useful on the 1,000,000,000 jobs which are to be found by a wide-awake mess sergeant, he was given the rank of corporal of the K. P. squad and much valuable information has been derived by the members of this command by having a short consultation with Luke on the subject. The art of K. P. is something which, since this great war has started, has been much written about, but we dare say that we had a sergeant who could find more jobs in one day than Noah found for those of his flock who helped to put up the much-heralded ark. If you will delve deep enough into books, you will find that among the Indian's traits was the blessing of good eyesight and he, as an Indian, did not go back on his race when it came to having two real eyes. When you come to pare potatoes for a company of 280 men, it is no small task and, of course, it used to hold up the visits to the canteen for ice cream cones and the many delicacies which it used to have for us. Of course, approximately 150 pounds of potatoes had to be pared each day and while some of the men used to do them without saying a word, all are not given the same spirit and so others used to figure a trifle ahead. Ben Herr, Fisher and Herlan were in there on one occasion when they thought that by filling the G. I. can with a box and then putting the potatoes in on top of the box, they could get out of a great deal of hard work of paring, and as Kahaly had a trip to Trenton on that day,

they did about one-third of the job—the box filled the can so that the cooks said it was O. K. and the laugh seemed to be on the cooks, but when they discovered that the trick had been put over on them the next day, they surely made it hot for the trio—but you know that bunch. The kitchen is a place where a good many of the A. W. O. Ls. go to on the first offense and we surely had quite a few on that first trip the boys took to New York State. We had about nine of them, who thought that it was time for the summer vacations to be in order, so they stayed at home as long as they desired and when their money was gone and they had their fill of the doings back home, they started to straggle their way back to the army, if that is what this might be called. A few of them were lucky and landed in the kitchen and orders were that they were such criminals (as you know A. W. O. L. is surely something awful to do in the army) that they were to be worked to the limit, but as long as they had the good time home, a little work did not hurt their spirit. A few of the more unfortunate landed in the M. P. guardhouse and had to be escorted back and forth each day, as there was not enough room in the guardhouse for them. We know that they had a hard time of it down there by the way the gang used to sing, "Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here," when they used to come back at night.

The Ultimate Bliss

"I shall be happy all over,
I'm going to bed in a bed."

These lines from the pen of Carolyn Wells express the sentiment of every man in Company C. The many sleeping places we have "enjoyed" in beloved France are not to be forgotten; in fact, the memory lingers. Our pride and dignity were wounded, even before the days of Lart. The humble stable, clean in some respects, was the first coo-shay, and expressions of regret and disgust concerning it, were exchanged—intermingled with words not in the dictionary. However, we grew accustomed to almost anything, and slept innocently and peacefully even in the mire. "I'm going to bed in a bed"—thoughts of home—will we appreciate bed? Well, I should say "Wee."



Our Little Guests .

Listen, my friends, and you shall hear
About the cooties we have over here.
They are a louse-like creature
With many feet,
And they congregate most
Where our shirt and pants meet;
But they don't all stay there
As I sure well know
For all over my body they run to and fro.
They find a nice place and,
Bite out a patch—
And then, by golly, you've just got to scratch.
But as soon as you scratch 'em
Their location they change,
'N you're diggin' away
Like a dog with the mange
Oh, these little friends' company is certainly bad
'N this continual itch'in' is drivin' me mad.
Each morning will find us
All seated around
With our undershirts neatly
Spread out on the ground.
We carefully search them
From the tail to the neck
And suspiciously examine
Each queer little speck.
Some of the specks—as you would suppose—
Are those mean little devils that spoil our repose.
We stealthily grasp one
Between finger and thumb
And then Mister Cootie is just about done.
On one thumb nail we place him
With a great deal of caution,
Then on top with the other and cootie is—"nawthin."
That night tho, we have them
The same as before,
Or, where we had one,
There are seventeen more.
I lie on my back, a tossin' and pitchin'.
But no rest for a human

With this scratchin' and itch'in'.

No, the coots are not choicy upon whom they feed;
Non-coms and officers have the very same breed.
O, it's tough out here mid the shot and shell,
But you've a chance to come through
If all things go well.
These cooties, though, no one can escape
There's no luck about it;
It's not ruled by fate.
If we ever get back in the rear of the lines
Where clean clothes can be had
And a bath at all times—
Well that's just the place where I want to stay
An' soak in hot water for a whole bloomin' day.
So much for the cooties—I've got to go now
As I hear a voice calling: Come on get your chow!

The Souvenir Craze

Shorty, the souvenir king (as he gives the hole in his breeches the once over): I'd like to keep this hole for a souvenir, but I have nothing to wrap it in.

Sure, Jim, You're a Regular Regular

O'Kane: Got a letter from the girl today, Hughie.
O'Brien: And what did she have to say, Jim?
O'Kane: She says Henry is in the *regular* army at Texas.
O'Brien: Well, perhaps he is.
O'Kane: Sure, but what the hell kinduv an army does she think I'm in?

WANTED—To know why the men of the Naval Reserve got all the women.—McKendrick. (Advt.)

FOR EXCHANGE—A fresh-water life belt to exchange for a salt-water life belt. Also wanted some extra cork for same.—Lipman. (Advt.)

FOR SALE—A perfectly good second-hand shed. Can be used as a dog-house or a telephone booth. Apply M. S. E. Meyer. (Advt.)

Delivering Messages Toot Sweet

REMEMBER how the courier in the civil war play used to rush up to his commanding officer, deliver his message verbally and then drop, exhausted and covered with dust and blood?

Well, we had couriers in this little fracas, too. Only our couriers were mounted on motorcycles. Their names were Oda Boling and George Romberger.

Josephat Vandal did some courier work, too, but his specialty was truck driving. They gave him a one-ton Ford truck and told him to use it in carrying supplies from battalion and company headquarters to the various scattered units of the company. It's a rule that Fords never get stuck—ain't it? But, up in the shell-torn battle area where there are no roads, or, where there are roads—they are all broken up by shell holes—and where there is beaucoup wire 'n'everything—there were many exceptions to that old rule. But not in the case of Vandal—no, siree!

If his old bus took a plunge into a shell hole, he just got out, picked it up, set it down on an unblemished part of the road, stepped on her and went rattling along—until she took another dive, in which case he just repeated the performance.

But we were talking about couriers, weren't we? Well, our pair of daredevils worked out of the division message center, and carried messages, orders, etc., all through the division. They covered the same sort of country that Vandal did. And many's the time a weary doughboy took a leap for his dugout, mistaking the sound and speed of one of the machines for a big "un" passing over.

And how'd you like to take a motorcycle joyride in No Man's Land? That's what Romberger did once when his map double-crossed him.

These lads never had lights, of course—even on the darkest nights. Boling was couriering down a road at full tilt when he suddenly—and darned suddenly at that—came to a halt and took a dive through the windshield of an army Dodge going in the opposite direction. That sent him back to the hospital for many weeks.

Oh, yes, Sam Codispoti did some A. D. T. work, too. A truck ran up against him and put his steering gear out of business. So he ditched the damaged machine, checked it with a nearby M. P. and continued his errand on foot. When he came back to redeem his noble charger, it had vanished!

Sam never found out what became of his velocipede. But—sh-h-h-h—the second platoon was the only platoon that had a motorcycle and Bock once salvaged a whole side car. Maybe that's the way the second platoon got the rest of the machine. We dunno, of course.

These are some of the interesting things that happened to our mounted couriers.

But, every day they were on the job and had plenty of all manner of troubles. It was almost invariably raining, but the 'cycles and riders kept up their work over all sorts of roads and under all sorts of conditions. You're all right, boys—you sure did your bit.

Railbirds

In the bow a mob is huddled,
In the stern there's misery, too,
And at midships, brains befuddled,
Leans a writhing, choking crew.
In each nook and in each corner
"Fore" and "aft" the gallant ship,
Fallen warriors do adorn her,
Holding on with iron grip.
Some, near dying, are a'flying
Towards the rail upon the decks.
Then are crying and a'sighing
O'er the sides with straining necks.
They've forgot they're homeward going.
For the floors are sadly stained,
And a sickly stench is growing
Turning those as yet unpained.
The Atlantic's bounding higher,
Beating madly as they spill,
And to someone's droll inquire,
"Once again?" They never will.



In the Repair Shop

REPAIR shop is a good name for a war hospital or it might appropriately be called a human reconstruction depot—it surely was in my case. Fortunately or unfortunately (as the case may be) I was sent to the hospital just as the party started, with typhoid.

The A. E. F. was not so well established then (June, 1918) as now, especially in the matter of hospitals, so I was sent to a British hospital where I had a little party all my own. It was known as General Hospital No. 30 and it surely was a general hospital, not only in the various diseases to be found there, but also in the number of different nationalities represented.

I was transferred in the course of a week to the isolation ward and in this ward were Australians, New Zealanders, Scotchmen, a Newfoundland and some English Tommies.

It was a splendid hospital—medical staff, nursing staff and orderlies—and we were all given the very best of treatment. Owing to the fact that I was the first and only Yank there the English nurses fussed over me a good deal. This was very gratifying, of course, but at the same time embarrassing.

There was one nurse in particular—the night nurse—and every time I looked at her (and it was often) I just naturally thought of that popular song, "I don't want to get well, I don't want to get well, for I'm in love with a beautiful nurse." I did want to get well but, believe me, with a regular nurse like that it wasn't half so tough as it might have been. Some nurse! and I'm writing to her yet.

This hospital was located just outside of Calais and as a consequence we experienced a good many air raids. German planes came over regularly on clear nights and made life miserable. Warning of their approach would be given about fifteen minutes before they arrived. First, the lights were shut off, next a gun fired—three shots—and a siren whistle gave warning blasts at intervals of one minute until the "all-clear" signal sounded.

If we had slept up to this time then we would be awakened by feeling our folding cots being lowered to the floor.

All patients able to leave their beds were ordered into a dugout a hundred yards distant.

The rest of us would sit up in bed, light fags and listen to the zum zum overhead, and the anti-aircraft guns, and try to guess in what direction the bombs were dropping.

One night a Jerry uncorked three bombs that landed in a field fifty yards from the end of our hut and the next morning the orderly wheeled me out on a cot to look at the holes they had made.

That's the closest I ever came to being under fire and the only time I was near to a Jerry was when two Jerry prisoners, acting as stretcher-bearers, carried me from the ambulance to the hospital ship at Calais. Across the channel and back to Dover for the second time in less than three months, aboard a Red Cross ambulance train and on to Faukham, between Dover and London, where American Base Hospital No. 37 was located.

From the station into a Ford ambulance for a twenty-minute ride to the hospital. A Brooklyn Medical Unit was stationed here and the Yank that drove the ambulance was the first I had seen in two months. He gave me an American cigarette and both he and the Fatima looked pretty good to me.

From the ambulance into the receiving ward, where a bunch of "long-hairs" gave me the once-over, took away my travelling card that the Britishers had given me (it was marked thus: No. 999, typhoid, U. S. A.) and gave me a highball to "J" ward, where I stayed for the duration.

I will never forget the first night I spent in that ward. A Yank in the next bed to mine died and when the two orderlies came in to carry him out they looked at me and I overheard this part of their whispered conversation: "Guess that guy will be next." And when the nurse started taking my temperature every half hour and the doctor came around and wanted to know who should be notified in case of—well, boy, you know I could almost smell the flowers and hear 'em blowin' taps. He later reassured me, though, with the knowledge that if my illness didn't leave me with rheumatism or heart trouble, I'd be as good as new. He also told the nurse that I looked kind of hungry and

told her to feed me plenty of fat bacon so that I could be fed up before I ran down. Well, I started in eating beaucoup bacon, rind and all, and by the time the armistice was signed I tipped the scales at 125 lbs.

All joking aside, this hospital was as nearly perfect as an army base hospital could possibly be.

After I got off light diet and on light duty, I started cooking for about 36 light-diet patients in the same ward and got my revenge. I also dished out medicines to help the nurses when they were very busy. One day the nurse gave me a flock of capsules to give to a rheumatic patient and a handful of pills for another patient suffering from dysentery. Well, something or other took my mind off the job in hand and I shuffled up the medicines so that the rheumatic got the pills and the other fellow the capsules. I expected to be charged with murder in the first degree, but it must have worked out all right in both cases as neither of the patients "kicked in."

One example of the efficiency there: A Yank, from the 30th Division, was brought in on a stretcher with his left leg amputated just above the knee and looking very pale. One week later he was walking about with the aid of a crutch and looking much better and just 21 days from the day he was hit, he left for Liverpool to board the hospital ship for home.

Culinary Success in the Army

Mooney: Is an army cook ever successful, Leo?

Cain: Sure, Dan, when he can so camouflage bully beef that the customers like it and come back for thirds.

The Lure of the Mess Call

Scene: P. C. 309th Infantry.

Time: Midnight.

Music: Jerry's Whizz Band.

Lighting Effects: Star shells and skyrockettes.

Officer: Sergeant, get a runner to deliver this message.

Sergeant (half an hour later): I can't find one, sir.

Officer: Go outside and shake a mess kit.

It worked.

The Chocolate Soldier

TO begin with, Eddie was disconsolate—for some one had told him that at the mess line he would receive a large bar of sweet chocolate, and, upon arriving at the mess hall, he found out that that some one had been kidding him. No chocolate was to be had for love nor money, and, as I say, Eddie could not be comforted. Oh, it was a sad, cruel world. Nobody cared for him. It was a hell of an army!

Sadly, he wandered about his billet that day. Nothing could cheer him for it was a sad, dry, chocolateless world and there was nothing from which he could derive any happiness. Never mind, some day he'd show them. Just wait 'till he got home. He'd eat chocolate until he died and then he guessed they'd be sorry they kidded him.

That evening Eddie stood in the mess line once more, but it contained no interest for him. What did stew, or even steak and onions amount to when a man could not even get one little bite of chocolate. What? They were actually passing some sort of stuff done up in tinfoil. Instinctively Eddie knew what it was—CHOCOLATE!

When Eddie came up to where Habel was passing out the goodies, Eddie received his share—about a dozen of the tinfoiled pieces. He opened one, and so great was his eagerness that he had to bite into it. Ah! That was it, the real stuff! On the whole this wasn't such a bad world after all and the army really did its best for the boys, and say—wasn't that great stew?

History doesn't record how many times Eddie went in the line for another helping, but it certainly was a wonderful smile that decorated his face that evening.

Just Bennie! That's All

B is for Bennie, beginning his name
 E is for each little prank in his game
 N is for nuisance, but Sultzner would say
 N stands for never care, laugh and be gay
 I for intentions to duck work and stall
 E is Kid Einson—Bennie—that's all.



England

WE hailed the shores of England as only sea-weary voyagers can. Afghanistan or Baluchistan would have looked good to us after a trip on his Majesty's ship, the *Toloa*, and England seemed like the first step to all good things on earth.

We disembarked, manifesting our joys by several varieties of horn pipes, perfected by our sea-legs, and hurling "good-byes" and compliments at the *Toloa* in choicest words of a soldier's vocabulary which had been enriched by fourteen days of companionship with British sea-faring men.

On the quay at Liverpool we resumed our all-too-familiar role as pack horses, loading ourselves with rations calculated to last three days, but, in truth, sufficient to keep the wolf from the door for a good week or more.

We marched along the cobbled pavements, assailed on all sides by demands from the infant rabble for souvenirs and pennies—and boarded third-class coaches at three o'clock in the afternoon. With one section and its packs to a compartment, we were about as comfortable as a detail under machine-gun fire.

Settling ourselves, we immediately fell upon our stores of delicacies and ate thereafter at half-hour intervals all the way to Dover.

Upon leaving Liverpool we struck the open country. For miles on each side the panorama was wonderful. An immense sweep of utilized country—green pastures, meadows and clumps of foliage; here and there a village or a group of white farm buildings with their tile roofs shining in the sun. Every fence, straight as a die; every road immaculately white; every dwelling, no matter how humble, gay with its patch of white flowers.

Passing through towns we were greeted by enthusiastic civilians who flung a "Good Luck" or a "God Bless You" after us, and to whom many of the fellows threw their addresses, which, in some cases bore fruit and started an interesting correspondence.

The sun did not go down until 10 p. m. and set with a gorgeousness we shall never forget. Beautiful as was the landscape in the sunshine, it yet showed more wonderful under a radiant moon. The streams gleamed like silver, the woods were clear cut against the deep sky, the buildings like bright specks—every object clearly defined and given a gem-like lustre by the brilliant moon.

Early on the trip Kilbourn was taken with the unfortunate malady, which later landed him in the hospital at Toul. His groans were heartrending and his suffering terrible, but we were powerless to help him. Even Lieut. Olsen's remedy and Gally's soothing words proved poor relief.

About midnight we stopped at Derby and were served coffee and sandwiches by two hearty English girls. After which we tried to make ourselves comfortable in our comfortless compartments.

Just as day was dawning we arrived at Dover and were marched up a forty-five degree grade to Victoria Park—a row of houses which had sheltered many of the English gentry in bathing seasons gone by—and the property of the Duke of Connaught. Our first breakfast made us think we were back on the "Good Ship", and by supper time we wished we were.

Under the strict surveillance of our worthy sergeants we were permitted to review the quaint old town. Many a "tuppence a penny" we spent in the shops for sweets and lime juice, and a few of us had a Hooverized meal in one of the immaculate little restaurants.

Unfortunately, all of the squads lost their sergeants—accidents of course—but we managed to get along fairly well. We hung around street corners watching the crowd—English, Scotch and Canadian soldiers—the women in their mourning, and boys just out of their cradles swinging canes and wearing derbies.

In the afternoon we explored the towers and dungeons of the historic Dover Castle—rich with the stories of mediaeval wars and monarchs.

Early on the trip we heard the first rumble of the guns in

France, and passing through the towns in the night, lighted factory windows gave evidence that the munition workers did not cease their labors at the close of day. On every hand women were doing men's work—everywhere war was in the air and it was at Dover that we first saw the work of the Boche's plane.

We left England for France on the third morning.

Le Claron

It doesn't seem quite fitting that such a time-honored institution as the bugler should escape his just share of praise (or ancient vegetables) in this chronicle of glorious deeds. So, I take mon crayon in hand to do full justice to this much-abused, but modest person. Upon entering the army, one of the first questions put to us was, "Is there a bell-hop or bill-collector in this bunch?" A few said, "Yes," and were told that they were to become buglers. Just think of it—such a splendid opportunity right off the bat! With some misgiving they took the little horns, and with Stetsons pulled over their eyes, slunk out to the woods. In a few days they made their debut as buglers. How very sweet they started it, but oh, how sour it came out. Suitable reward was duly received. Verily, theirs is a hard life. Instead of answering the call for squads east, they go to the woods to practice Ted Davis' specialty—fatigue call. They then start on a more pleasing subject—chow call. And then to the hundred and one other calls that help to make the soldier's life miserable. By the time the calls were learned, peace was declared. We'll all become ordinary civilians with nothing to wake us but old bens. Then the bugler will be out of a job. It's a tough life!

How's This One?

A big Yank drove his truck up in front of a Y. hut, stopped and went inside. A bunch of French youngsters, playing in the street, were soon climbing all over the truck. The Yank appeared in the window of the hut and bellowed: "Hey, you tadpoles. As you were!"

Finis la Guerre

Now they say the war is over—
Gosh, we hope the news is true,
For we've had our share of troubles
Since we sailed the ocean blue.

Sunny France may please some people,
But, to us, it seems pas bon,
When it comes to praising nations
We are for the U. S. strong.

Now we've bunked in sundry billets,
Some were bad—and some were worse
And we've entertained the Cootie
Whose attentions made us curse.

Yes, we've hiked through France's byways—
Eight thousand kilos more or less—
O'er her hills and through her forests,
Till we were a mud-soaked mess.

Corned Bill, we ate a plenty,
Gold-fish, yes, and Hard-Tack, too.
Cussed the cook's strange blend of Boot-leg,
Filled up on Slumgullion stew.

And we've laid out there at nightfall,
Everything pitch dark and still,
Jerry's bombing planes above us,
Seeking out their nightly kill.

We've been up where the G. I. cans,
Whistling loud their hymn of hate,
Made us stop and slowly wonder
Which one bore our name and fate.

Where the dull, low-whining shrapnel,
Potato-masher and grenade,
Machine-gun bullets, rifle-fire,
Flares and gas-shells ply their trade.

Do you wonder that we're happy
When we turn our backs on this,
Looking far off to the westward,
See but Home and Peace and Bliss?



Maneuver Today

Rise and shine? Now, what cha mean, bud?
It's only 5 o'clock. What's that?
Divisional maneuver scheduled
For today? Hell, where's my hat?

Wish some guy would tell them moguls,
Who dope up this stuff at Corps,
That along 'bout last November
We concluded this here war.

Bacon, coffee, bread for breakfast,
Same old stall—cooks had no time—
Gulp it down in seven minutes,
Ain't these problems sure a crime?

Fall in promptly at five-thirty-five,
Slickers, helmets, combat packs,
Rations for one meal and gas-masks,
Don't forget to wear your gats.

Come on—get aboard that lorry,
You first fifty-seven men.
Lay off that stuff. Quit cha shovin'.
Hope we don't get there till ten.

Pouring rain to beat the devil,
Been like that the whole week past,
Ain't these frog roads rottin' ridin'?
Here's where we get off at last.

What's that! Open a lamp station
On that hill two miles away?
When we've carried this junk up there
Guess we've earned one full month's pay.

Damn it, boys, that gas I swallered
Up there in that Argonne push
Makes these hills damn heavy goin'.
Sit that lamp behind that bush.

What's that? This Division's movin',
To a seaport, sure as sin.
Why the hell don't that guy answer?
I'm wet clear through to the skin.

How'd you like to be in New York
With a Yankee Mademoiselle?
When I get these hobs on Broadway
Ah! boy, won't I raise some hell?

There's that damn fool started flashing,
Dash, dot, dash, dot. What's he say?
"Close your station; this war's over."
Grab that lamp, let's get away.

Wonder if there's any place where
We could get a glass of wine.
Watch your step, here comes a Looey.
There's the lorry, hop right in.

Hope the cooks will save us dinner,
What! you say it's half past three?
Well, that's just another meal that
This Army's ahead on me.

Holy smokes! why here's our billet,
Right 'long side this stack of wheat,
What is that the top kick's yelling—
We don't have to stand retreat?

Believe me, bud, these post-war battles
That we fight from morn till night,
Make us realize quite fully
Gen'ral Sherman sure was right.

Line Up For Matzos

Top Kick Elliott (making announcement at retreat): The following men will report to the orderly room: Kahn, Jacobson, Fersky, O'Brien and O'Kane. Also all others of the Jewish faith.

On Guard

Have you ever walked on guard?
 It surely takes the card
 In rainy France.
 It's just one persistent flood;
 You wade knee deep in sticky mud—
 Some circumstance.

But—you do a lot of good
 All around the neighborhood
 About the camp.
 You hear the dogs bark and growl
 And the hoot! hoot! of the owl,
 While you tramp.

In the winter it was cold
 And you shivered as you strolled
 On your post.
 You thought of comrades all warm and dry,
 While the long, long hours dragg'd by,
 Endless—almost.

Your heart leaped high at the shadowy form
 Of the stern O. D., and you feared a storm—
 A bawling out.
 For your general orders were vague in mind
 Besides, your wits were hard to find,
 Without a doubt.

Some day you'll laugh, in civilian clothes
 With turned-up pants and silken hose
 And gandy ties.
 You'll tell the folks all kinds of yarns
 How you bravely guarded the billets and barns;
 They're not wise.

When in perilous times your guard you kept
 Fearless and brave, while your comrades slept
 In ignorant bliss.
 Without your help on this sentinel post
 You tell them the war we'd surely lost.
 Good stuff—this.

To the Whole Battalion

Here's to the health of the three-o-three
 We were once five hundred strong.
 May the rest of our life
 Be free from strife
 Though war's memories linger long.
 We left a few, somewhere out there,
 But they died like men in the fight.
 They played up well
 In that game of hell;
 Gave their all for the cause of right.
 We all have had our work to do
 And we know we haven't failed;
 The kaiser's done,
 And his place in the sun
 From his vision has ever paled;
 We've heard the bullets mournful whine;
 Machine-guns sputter, bark and snap,
 While whiz-bangs screamed
 And big uns seemed
 Inclined to blow us off the map.
 Then we battled with the cooties, too;
 They were with us to the last;
 Couldn't quell them
 Nor expel them
 For they multiplied too fast.
 Experience has taught us much.
 Thrilling times; we've all had some,
 And so we're proud
 We joined the crowd
 And did our bit to beat the hun.
 Now that the war is over
 And the dove of peace is found;
 There's not a man
 Doesn't wait the command,
 "Come on—we're homeward bound."
 But before we leave
 Let us give a hearty yell.
 For the Poilus in blue
 And the Tommies, too,
 And the rest who fought so well.



The Old Mess Kit

"Your mess kit must be shined—
So your face you plainly see."
Lack of this, you'd likely find,
Meant a week or two K. P.
C. O.'s orders—and they go.

Your mess kit must be scrubbed
With hot water, brush and soap,
And from it all specks rubbed,
If a week-end pass you hoped.
Camp Dix stuff.

Your mess kit may be rusty—
Or with smut and soot be black—
And chow all spoiled and musty,
Caked in corner, edge and crack.
Who cared—at the front?

Your mess kit could be washed—
Water, mud, or—any way,
And if by chance 'twas lost,
Your helmet saved the day!
'Twas so different there.

And now la guerre est finis—
Mess kits gotta shine like new,
And you have the tale of mess kit—
Yes, and every word is true.

Ike Takes a Backward Glance

I SHOULD start this bit of foolishness off as Ham Turner used to start off the 4th platoon in the days spent at Camp Dix and I know the most of you remember the way that was done. If not, the following is a good sample of what took place many mornings. Like a chaplain who has buried a good many soldiers

and has his prayers by heart, Ham did not have to read it from a book. I am going to ask you to get Walt Colville to say that this is the way it was done, as he and I used to rehearse it in the little barracks: "Fourth platoon—Attention! count off; right by squads; Warren act as file closer and McDaniels count the step." Then the old reliable "1, 2, 3, 4," and the day's work was on its way. Of course the 4th platoon used to have a few of the lads who used to fall out, but you know unless that was done it would not be C Company and speaking of C Company, I believe that there are a great many of the boys who would like to be back in Camp Dix now and those utterances of "We will be here when they go," etc., would cease to be, as most of the lads have seen nearly enough of Sunny (get it) France. I do not think that even Fisher would think of refusing to clean a horse's foot, and any one who has ever heard the story of him refusing Major Kelly's order will ever forget it, and personally, I might say that Ike was just across the runway from him looking through January's front legs and enjoying a good laugh, and should Jim have asked Ike to start in on the manicure job, I would have had to say that my set was over next to Frank Wade's girl's picture on the shelf that he had back there. Met Frank the other day and he said that he did not have to parley with any of the French dames as his little wifie was good enough for him. I am not going to say anything but leave it to Frank, that's all. The French class which used to be on at Camp Dix could come in for a little comment and, boys, in your old age, that is, any of you who were in that class, are surely going to have some happy thoughts even if you but recall the time that Dud Merrill asked Aldrich how to say, "We are from the same town in the United States," and Ike slipped it to him easy, "Jem ma pell Smith"—but that was not bad considering that I had yet to hit these sunny shores and had no idea whatsoever of cinquante centimes or the many other French phrases—cognac, vin blanc, etc., so you see as long as Aldrich did not have to hit the kitchen, it was all right.

"Gas!!"

GAS!" What a start that word used to give us while we were in the rookie period. "Gas!" Pronounced by an instructor with all the sharp imperativeness of a starter's "Go" at a horse race. "One, two, three, four, five, six seconds—that was very good with the exception of a few men who used up about eight seconds getting their masks on," would say the instructor, "Try it again. Those men will have to get some speed or they will surely be casualties when they hit the lines."

Thus we had it in training—day after day—mask drill in fresh air; mask drill in real gas; mask drill on hikes and this one, too—we wore masks during time that we were "on our own"—until we wondered which would wear out first, the face or the mask.

With all this drill we firmly believed that if a man were a second late getting that mask on, his people would collect \$10,000.

Going into the lines we found a nice place to sleep (about one hour), but false gas alarms kept sounding all night, making a continuous performance of donning masks. After those sentries had had some experience with gas they let us sleep more peacefully.

When the men had been in the lines a while; seen, felt and smelt gas; seen men gassed and gas shells explode without damage to anything but the ground, they were not so much disturbed when a gas alarm was given. The following dialogue is typical of the attitude of old timers toward a gas alarm:

Bill, just waking up, to Jim who is sound asleep:

"Say, Jim, there's a gas alarm."

"Can you smell any gas?" asks Jim.

"No, can you?"

"Not a bit, maybe some one changed his sox on the windward side of the sentry."

Whereupon Bill and Jim roll over and carry on their slumbers.

Mustard, phosgene, sneezo and H. E.—they all came our way.

Mustard attacks both inside and outside. A man may have his mask on only to get his hands in some mustard gas and be severely burnt.

The most aggravating is sneezing gas. This stuff makes a man sneeze, sneeze, sneeze, get sore actually and figuratively so that he will fight even his own bunkie, and if he could get the one who is putting over the "sneezo" it would be a wooden cross "somewhere in France" for him.

After a heavy fire of high explosives the air becomes blue with the gas from the explosives. Although not of high enough concentration to be fatal, this H. E. will put a man out of commission and put a husk in his voice for weeks afterwards.

Now it is "finny lee gare" and we have had our last gas, but the old watchword remains with us to be used by the mice when the cat approaches. For instance, when the "flu" held us in its deadly clutches, and the "pest house" was full of masked "flu" suspects, the pseudo fatimas wore the mask over the second button of the blouse while the doctor was not around. Upon the signal, "Gas," which announced the approach of the M. D., they were returned to their proper position. May the signal stay with us but the gas perish in obscurity.





The Wonder Week

SEVEN days leave—seven days out of the army—a whole week in which you can be “you” and you can get up when you feel like it, go to bed when you please, drink cognac, flirt with mademoiselles, promenade, or climb mountains!

Remember when they told you to get your pack together—you were going on pass? How your head swam, your feet got light and you pranced with joy at the thought of getting away from the army for a whole week?

And such wonder places to spend that week! Surely there must be a human heart back of our army after all. Vals-les-Bains, the city of baths; Aix-les-Bains, with its wonderful springs; La Bourboule, the resort tucked away in the mountains; Grenoble, the historic old Roman town; Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, the cities on the beautiful Mediterranean—every one different and every one full of interest.

Let's forget about the hikes to the stations, the uncomfortable trains and the M. P.s and we'll take a dream trip on a permission in France.

We have left the foggy, hazy, rainy country of Central France and are headed south. Sunny fields, orchards, flowers, vineyards fly by and you are in the hills, those great rolling hills covered with vines and crowned with fleecy white clouds. Your train rolls into a station and someone yells “All out.” Now, let's forget again how those whadyecallems lined up and marched us through streets to our hotels, let's begin at the hotels, or rather, with those wonderful beds—remember how you'd pull off all your Q. M. property, and, with nothing but nature's dress, jump into the pile of feathers, and as you lay sprawled out with a bottle of beer on one side of your bed and cigarettes on the other, you'd make a wish that you could die that way? Then you'd doll up for a promenade. You'd get out on the street and for the first time you'd realize you were out of the army. There was nothing on your mind but your cap, and you didn't care

if it fell off. If you are guilty you can tell in your own way how you hunted out the beverage shops, or how you'd spy a petite mademoiselle dressed as only she can dress, and how you'd try to tell her in your perfect French that she was the sweetest, loveliest thing on earth and would she promenade with you, and how she'd come back at you with “Why sure, kid, I'd be glad to” in perfect Yank.

Yes, and you can finish the rest of that dream of seven days' bliss, but, at least I've got you started.



Bon jour M'sieur

His'n or Our'n

This takes place in a well-protected dugout, situated at the edge of the woods in which division headquarters was located at the St. Mihiel front.

Brady, Watt, Young and Menaker are the happy family who have taken possession.

9:00 p. m. (Brady)—Well, fellows, I guess it's time to turn in.

They make preparations for the night—put out the fire, let down the gas curtain and assure themselves that their gas masks are handy.

10:00 p. m.—Whiz—z—z—z—zzz—bang!

Brady (starting up from tranquil dreams of Seneca Falls)— My God! What's at? Was that his'n or our'n?

Young (reassuringly)—That was our'n, King, go to sleep. They all turn over and are immediately back in the States again.

10:10 p. m.—Whiz—z—z—zzz—bang!

Brady, encore (pounding Young and kicking Menaker)— Vic, Menaker, listen! Is that his'n or our'n?

Chorus—Shut up and go to sleep—that was our'n.

They make another attempt.

10:30 p. m.—Whiz—z—z—zz—bang! bang!

10:30½ p. m.—Bang! Whiz—z—zz—bang!

10:31 p. m.—Bang! bang!

10:31½ p. m.—Bang! Whiz—zz—z—zz—bang!

10:32 p. m.—Whiz—zzzzz—bang!

Brady (still awake from the last interruption)—Vic, Menaker, that's his'n, that's his'n, that ain't our'n, that's his'n.

Young (waxing mean with semi-hourly interruptions)— Yes, that's his'n all right.

7:00 a. m. (next day Menaker shakes Young)—Say, Vic, where's Brady and Watt?

Young—Darned if I know. Brady was still talking at 5 o'clock this morning.

Menaker (discovering evidence of a hasty departure)— Maybe they've found a dugout that's their'n now, where shells of his'n and our'n won't bother them any more.

Ye Brave Toloa

Oh, hail Toloa, we sing your praise!
Our memories of bygone days
Are not complete, until we bring
You back into our memory ring.
May twenty-seventh you ventured forth
Bound, with us, for an unknown port.
Remember how we loathed you, when
We boarded you that day? But then,
Remember with what halting stride
We left you on the other side.
Your buffeting and tossing, true,
Had taught us to rely on you
And perhaps, to love you some,
But not your ancient fish nor slum.
Ah, yes, as yet, I plainly see
Some comrades, who, quite hastily,
Coming to worship at your rails,
Gave up their all, to feed the whales,
Or other fish who chanced to be
In the nearby locality.
We stuck to you, yes, but I feared,
If land had suddenly appeared
While we were far out there at sea,
You would have lost our company.
You fooled the Hun sea-dogs clear through,
You, and your valiant hero crew.
We owe you much, as much as man
Can justly owe in life's short span,
And so the boys of the Three-O-Three
Wish you and yours, prosperity.
May luck attend you where you roam
And always bring you safely home.

The Last Laugh

Campbell (coming back from sick call): I'm damned if I'll ever go to that doctor again.
Woodie: Why?
Campbell: He gave me a shot of A. T. S.
The whole room: Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Campbell: Well, I got marked quarters, anyway.



Lookin' Back

PEAKING about the good and bad times we have been through. How little we thought of the good old times back in Camp Dix until we landed over here! Right from the start we began telling of the happy days back there. The first thing was to get to know one another—but that didn't take long. I remember one day when there were a few of us sitting on our bunks, Ike Dore asked Bowman what town he was from, and Bowman said, "Central Village, Mass." Right here Herlan spoke up and asked how big it was, and he said, "About 200 in farm season." Well, you might know Ike got in again. He says, "Why, yes, I have been there. I spent a whole week there one night and I know your fire department—he is a fine looking fellow." Bowman had to come back and he said to Ike, "Why don't you learn the barber business, Ike? All the farmers won't hit you a poke in the eye when you try and cut their hair." Well, anyway, Ike didn't cut Aldrich's hair that day. That day when we came back from a hike Aldrich and Ike sat on a bunk the best of friends and Aldrich said to Ike, "Just look at me, wouldn't I look nice going home to my wife with my hair all cut off?" and Ike said, "Just look at me—wouldn't I look nice going home like this?" And Aldrich said, "Yes, you would, Ike." "No, I don't think I would look very good—I can only see out of one eye." We sure had some great times. Just look at that ball team. We had a hard team to beat. Let me see, we only lost five games all season; that's going some, ain't it? We played six. We sure had some fine players on that team. There was Luke Burns, the Rochester boy who played right field, and a fine fielder he was. But at the bat he made it bad for the great Ham Turner, who followed him in the lineup, for after Burns got through swinging at the ball, there wasn't enough air left around the plate for Ham to live on. And there was Bill O'Neill, our little catcher. He was good, only he said he could catch better if they only had a backstop—then he wouldn't have to go so far to get the ball to return to the pitcher. Speaking about catchers, we

had another good one in Jackson—no, not shoeless Joe Jackson—for our Jackson had shoes on and that was what made him so slow on the bases. He ran like a dry creek. And there was another good player in Billings, but he proved to be much better in passing out second-hand clothing. There was our first baseman—a finer man we never will run onto—but you haven't got to be a fine man to be a good ball player. Speaking of Colville, though, he was a good ball player. Just look at our third baseman, McCormac. You couldn't beat that boy for holding down the hot corner, but we all think he could have done better working for some talking machine company, and there was our big pitcher, Blair, and as for pitching, you couldn't beat him—no, you couldn't even tie him—but I think if he had a long-handled fork he could have done better pitching hay. The best player of them all was the guy that played shortstop, only he thought he was playing football the way he booted that pill around. Yes, we had a great team, so good that we were given a new field to play on. So one of our subs said he would mark and rake the field over, so sub Fisher got all the rakes and picks in the supply room and went at it in fine style. We told him he could chase the foul balls if he did a good job. He worked hard for five or six nights and, believe me, he wasn't long piping down after 9:10 p. m. But, anyway, he got the job done and then it snowed. Well, then we had the snow to wade around in, but they couldn't find enough snow on the roads so they arranged a snow battle with A and B Co.'s to battle with us and I don't believe we will ever forget that day when Merrill yelled, "At 'em, boys," and sure enough we went at 'em. Herlan came out of it looking very good—one eye closed; poor Dick Warren got kicked in the bully beef basket and some one ran their heel across Tubby Mohr's cheek. Lucky for Tubby the guy had lost his heel plate on that shoe. Shortly after that we left camp for overseas and some trip it was. Lots of the boys said they never knew there was so much water in the world and the fish that followed the boat had more to eat than the whole A. E. F.

Our Athletic Endeavors

ABILITY to endure hardships has proved to be one of the fundamental requirements for the success of this as well as any unit, and it was acquired by the development of athletics.

The form of athletics that has been foremost of all was baseball. This sport obtained a start as early as the second day in camp. At that time there was a period entitled "Fatigue," unfamiliar at that stage of our military career, but now "tres" familiar. Many thought a fatigue period was a rest period after the strenuous drill, being confused with "bunk fatigue." During the first fatigue period a game was started and enthusiasm waxed high when to the amazement of all concerned the pastime was brought to an abrupt close and the participants arraigned before the skipper for an explanation of the meaning of "fatigue." It was definitely defined and is now well understood. On the Wednesday and Saturday afternoons for the remainder of the fall, games were played and much enjoyment derived.

During the winter months a basket-ball team was formed from C company, which in turn beat A and B and headquarters companies. C was also well represented on the battalion team. Basketball did not fare so well because of the lack of a place to practice.

As early as January when the weather permitted, and there were a few beautiful days, the boys were out tossing the ball around. But not until the first of April did practice begin in earnest. Lieutenant Price at that time was in charge of the physical training and the company was rapidly rounding into one of the best trained units of the division. In fact, when a keen-eyed, healthy looking C company chap was asked by an officer what company he was from, he would snap to attention, salute, and reply, "C company, sir." The answer was, "I thought so." It was not long before he didn't have to be asked, everybody knew what company he was from by his appearance. Lieutenant Price also took charge of the company ball team, which proceeded to trim both A and B companies—every time the latter companies

thought enough of themselves to extend a challenge. The battalion team needed bolstering, so C company not only bolstered it, but proceeded to represent the battalion without changing its lineup. Many exciting games were played with other battalions, some were lost and a great many won, but when a team engaged C company, it knew that it had been in a ball game before it was over. The pitchers were Moll, Pattison and George Blair; catchers, R. L. Jackson and O'Neill; infielders, McCormac, Herlan, J. Jackson, Morris and Colville; outfielders, Turner, Remmes, Burns and Robins. Upon arriving overseas, there was not much of a place or time to play until the outfit reached Herlin-le-Sec. At that town the team was again formed and games played with various organizations. Division Headquarters was the first to feel the sting of defeat in an exciting, well played game. But, nevertheless, many an interesting time was passed and there was something besides "home" to occupy the mind for the following days. Headquarters thought if another game was to be played they could redeem themselves, so another game was arranged. This time the opponents exhibited another twirler, but the best they could do was to make an exceedingly close finish and be defeated by the score of 7 to 6. This game also furnished an introduction of C company into the movies. The most amusing game of all was the one with the Tommies. That the English boys were good cricket players was easily seen, as the American's ball was entirely too small for their eyesight. The way they ducked and waved the bats was like a burlesque show at Camp Dix. The Tommies could not compree the snake-like curves of the C company pitchers. The Tommies took it good-naturedly and were very much interested in learning the greatest of all sports. The next team to be tackled was the one representing the 311th Regiment and it was some team. It had a New York National league battery and was the best team that had been encountered. Also C company was shy a good many players as a maneuver had to be solved on that particular day and signalers were required. Also it is a pretty stiff proposition for a company to buck a regiment, so our first



foreign defeat was suffered to the tune of 7 to 1. That was our last game, as shortly afterwards the company was distributed among the different regiments for battle action, where an equally good record was made by the individual platoons.

When Jerry started for Berlin with his tail between his legs and "finis LA guerre" was sounded, athletics again came to the fore. It greatly aided in restoring the bodies of the boys to their normal condition as well as occupying the minds during those long, "watchful, waiting" days for the command of "homeward bound." A soccer team was formed from the third platoon under the supervision of Jack Hughes, which easily defeated all the platoons of headquarters company, 311th regiment. A most interesting and exciting game with the former champion trench-mortar and one-pounder platoons decided the supremacy. The latter, though a much bigger and heavier team, was vanquished to the tune of 4 to 3. Upon returning to the old signal headquarters the third platoon soccer team still remained undefeated. Many games of football were indulged in, often on snow-covered fields and honors among the platoons were about even. As spring began to roll around and the weather grew more temperate, the "old national pastime" was again in evidence and, under the direction of Lieutenant Sauerhoff, assisted by Lieutenant Harvey, another ball team of the usual high standard was formed.

'Member It?

Here we come—

The signal corps are we!

All of us are members of the 3-0-3.

We work like hell from morn 'til night

And when it is dark we signal with our light.

Glorious! glorious!

There's a hell of a lot of work for all of us.

We buzz, buzz, buzz,

And we sema—semaphore—

And we'll wig-wag the kaiser to the floor!

The Censor Found This For Us

Franse March 1919

Deer Buddy;

this life is jes 1 detaile aftur another, an thay shore r detalen me to deth. if there evr wuz a detaile i wuznt on , it must hav bin becaws i wuz on another alreddy, the stabels, k p, wier, gard , latrines nevrythin hav got to hav a detaile the top kikker is a pirty gud fella but he can think of my name ezier then i can myself. 1 day he askt me Gabe du u no enythin abote a ford car, i sez shore i can mak u 1 in a cupl a days if u wil fergit my name wen u r reedin of detailes. he sez nevr mind but u kin go ovr to the kitchun an crank the sawsege grinder four a wile. i hav desided that the les u no in the army the better off u r. that is why sum of theas noncums hav it so soft. there is a bunsh of bucks here to who r none as d ds detaile dukkers & thay shore r slik at it thay wil fak bein sik er hide sumware or du enythin to git out of work. i bit thay cud murder the skipper an git away wit it. 1 of em a gink named vanzant gows on the sik book 1 morning & faks bein sik wit the flew an gits markd kquarters well he wuz sposd to be on gard that nite and i had to tak his plase, i wus sorer than hell an thot i wood giv him a gud bust in the jaw but u no i didnt hav the hart to hit a kriple er a fule an he is in the hed. 1 tim i tride fakin a spraned ankel to git out of a hike, an the top giv me a nice soft job pealing abouete 8 bu of spuds sinze then i giv up trien to be a d d. wen we wuz up to the frunt i used to git on the chow detaile abote evry time we et witch warnt very often but thos wuz the wurst detailes i evr had, it seams a jerry alwase new wen the detaile started out an he wood shute rite at us wen we had to git out in the open. we had to go abote 2 kilos to ware we got the chow in big cans an it tuk 2 of us to carry 1 of them then we had a sweet tim stagern thru the mud an dogin shells too. in them days tho it wuz wurth a lot to git sumpin to ete. we hav rode detailes now to go out an fix up the rodes four the frog people. i no we ware out a lot of rodes walkin all over the country, but i think the jerry prisuners shud fix em eny way we hav to go out an shuvel mud and bust rocks nevrythin but u no me buddy my mother didnt rase

eny fulish children an if there is enything i no how to du it is to rest ezy on a shuvel er pick handel. 1 tim i wuz on a would detaile to get sum would four the kitshun an we fond sum pols all cut an dry we tuk them in and cut em up an aboute that time a bush faced frog farmer cum runnin up wavin his arms an tarin his hare lik a loonatik a corse we cudnt mak out watinell he wuz ravin an makin sich funny noises abote, but we gessed sum 1 had murderd his hole family so we gotta fella that cud talk frensh. Well we foun out that he wuz raven becaws we had tuk his would, he wuz goin to mak hisself a pare of shuse er a weel baro out of. Enywa the skipper had to jar luse with a 100 franks an u kin imajun wat he giv us beside all the artikels of war. Well buddy i gess i will hav to kwit caws the top gust cum in an sez i am elekted to a posi-shun with sane-terry mires.

Ure pal,

GABE.

A Sample Day

5:30 a. m.—Corporal of the guard stretches, consulting his issued Elgin with a worried look, and says: "Oh hell, it's either ten minutes slow or ten minutes fast," and he goes back to sleep.

5:40 a. m.—Corporal of the guard wakes with a start and decides it is time to wake the windjammer.

5:45 a. m.—Corporal of the guard very gently mauls the bugler into a state of wakefulness. The said B. consigns him to the Tres Chaud Regions and hauls himself out of his flu-proof bunk.

6:00 a. m.—The bugler, dressed, goes to kitchen for a hand-out.

6:15 a. m.—First agony-call sounds.

6:25 a. m.—"I can't git 'em up."

6:30 a. m.—The hounds gather for early morning pleasure.

6:33 a. m.—Maguire and Colombo saunter in line in time to be late.

6:50 a. m.—"Chow."

7:00 a. m.—Chamberlin wants chocolate. S. O. L.

7:10 a. m.—Fersky goes for seconds.

7:18 a. m.—Zahniser starts a poker game.

7:21 a. m.—Maguire and Colombo go to breakfast, Cain gives 'em hell.

7:23 a. m.—Fohrell bums a cigarette.

7:25 a. m.—Cain starts cussing K. P.s

7:29 a. m.—Protine wonders what he will do to get out of formations. Decides to ride sick book.

7:45 a. m.—O'Kane—sick, Schneider—lame, and Protine—lazy, limp painfully toward the infirmary.

8:00 a. m.—Squads east.

8:03 a. m.—Maguire and Colombo arrive.

9:00 a. m.—The gang returns.

9:03 a. m.—Fohrell bums a match.

9:15 a. m.—"Arms forward, raise."

9:17 a. m.—Maguire and Colombo just arrive.

10:15 a. m.—Back to billets.

10:16 a. m.—Brooks bums a cigarette.

10:30 a. m.—Buzzer (?).

10:32 a. m.—Maguire and Colombo late again.

11:30 a. m.—Back to the kennel.

11:31 a. m.—Fohrell bums a match.

11:32 a. m.—Chamberlin wants chocolate for dinner.

11:35 a. m.—Stable detail and platoon sergeants go to mess.

11:50 a. m.—"Chow."

11:55 a. m.—The race.

12:00 Noon—"No Jimmy, Du pain est finis pour vous."

12:05 p. m.—Davis washes mess kit and goes to billet to study fatigue.

12:15 p. m.—Gang drifts back to billets.

12:18 p. m.—Brooks bums a cigarette.

12:20 p. m.—Lusareto starts a crap game.

12:25 p. m.—Cain still cussing K. P.s.

1:00 p. m.—Two hours of athletics.

1:03 p. m.—Maguire and Colombo arrive.

1:08 p. m.—Davis' detail goes joyfully (?) to work.

3:00 p. m.—The mud-splashed hounds cuss their way billet-wards.

3:05 p. m.—Lusareto starts a crap game.

3:30 p. m.—The Sunset parade starts. O'Kane, Fersky, et al, with gas masks and "full" packs.



4:00 p. m.—Pe-rade rest.
4:03 p. m.—Maguire and Colombo late.
4:20 p. m.—Monkey meat, boot leg and punk.
4:35 p. m.—Gigliotti wants "speget".
4:38 p. m.—Fersky gets seconds.
4:45 p. m.—Back from chow.
5:00 p. m.—Off to Vic for Vin Rouge.
5:30 p. m.—Y. man says "Fini chocolay."
6:00 p. m.—Joe Carlson goes to call on a Mademoiselle.
6:30 p. m.—Jim buys Perc Arms some beer.
9:00 p. m.—Tattoo.
9:10 p. m.—The hounds begin to straggle back after imbibing much H. E.
9:15 p. m.—Darmody starts a rough house.
9:20 p. m.—Langford wins two francs from the cooks in a black jack game.
9:30 p. m.—Ted Davis gets busy on tomorrow's fatigue.
9:45 p. m.—Call to quarters.
9:55 p. m.—Bockmann starts an argument with Grand Pre.
10:00 p. m.—Taps. All's quiet (?) for the night.



An Appeal

"Pioneers from over-seas, strangers weaned from strife,
You who daily hazarded that swift shutout from life,
Returning to your mother-land, exalted men of strife,
Bring you new ideals, intents, and philanthropic creeds?
Bring you strength to fashion a new world from the old,
To snip away where edges fray, to willingly unfold
A higher sense of fellowship, a scheme to happiness,
To undermine each governing wrong, wherein lies
earthly stress,
To abolish selfish coteries who sponsor poverty,
Who juggle human destinies, who mock the so-called
free?
Bring you power to ostracize each narrow wanton trait,
Converting each base evil to a loftier, sinless state?
Bring you the key to problems as yet unsolved by time,
Of sex and politics and industry, of justice and of crime,
That toil be stripped of drudgery, and heart unsmirched
by lust,
And graft a vice forgotten in an epoch bright with trust,
You, the generation, ascending to the throne,
With tasks spread forth on every flank, to rectify, atone,
Will you revive the neighbor love and banish instincts
cold,
And make a ripened friendship a trophy vied by gold?
Onward into battle—We mortals reigning now
Are watching close—We wait your verdict—Teach us
how."

Joe Tries to End the War

While in St. Juvin, Joe Eros took it on himself to end the war by the simple method of capturing the German army. He started in on a captain who was muddy and had only one leggin, to say nothing of his three weeks' beard. No doubt Joe saw visions of a couple of D. S. Cs. for a few seconds, but then was brought out of his dream of fame when an American machine gunner saluted the captain and reported to him. Joe fell heir to a real bawling out then. We all felt sorry for him and wished him better luck next time.

ON
THE
MARCH**Patrol Peppering**

"Duckin' the huns is nothing like duckin' Yankee guns," says Link, thereby calling to remembrance the episode of the mistaken patrol. Wherein Abe saunters out beyond Thiaucourt almost to the prairie to diagnose a line difficulty, finds it practical to alter the course of the wire somewhat and begins his task in the pitch of night with the shells a-bounchin' nearby.

He encircles the troublesome area with about half a mile of wire, then discovers he has miscalculated by about 200 yards. So he endeavors to pull the old line over to the new extension and while tugging away he is suddenly startled by the sharp spat of a rifle and the peculiar zip nearby. Naturally Link wallops the ground and plays possum, with the quick suspicion of a sniper through his mind. Once again a few shots fired in rapid succession cause old Link to breathe heavily. Through the dusk he spies a black form slinking slowly away and after a brief interval Link arises and renews his labors on the wire.

Returning to Thiaucourt he is greeted by the report that a Jerry patrol had pierced our lines and had been fired on by a regimental lineman. So Link decides he was the hun invader and after matching tales with his former antagonist, states, "That fellow wears a sharp-shooter's medal. I hope the next guy that uses me for a target has no such decorations—he might hit me."

We Haven't Forgotten 'Em

On the roster of our outfit

There are names unrecognized

Dimmed somewhat by common habit

Some not known, while others prized.

Some of them are discharged

Some of them came overseas

Some of them their fame enlarged

In a Louie's history.

Those of us who still remember

Some old transferred pal or friend

Don't forget, recall that member

By the list hereunder penned.

There was Anderson and Swanson

Forst, and World and Fatty Maule,
Davidson and Danon,

Halpern, Gott and Billy Hall.

There was Geltman, there was Heitman

Kemper, May and then Watzke,

Cassidy and Beighley

Levy, Willey and McGee.

Hewitt, Hulett, also Harris

Ruffing, Rona, Moore and Layne
And that little bit called Dokas

And that Louie, Jimmie Lane.

Some Macs we have upon our list

There's Farland, Crudden, Neill.

And Schroeder we have surely missed

And Quackenbusch was real.

There was Miller H. and Miller M.

Effenberger, Brooks, and Penn

And Barto surely was a gem

We hope to meet again.

There's Mengel, Menzies, Metcalf, Meyer,

DeRose, Bolstad and Glaze.

Of Pine's old chants we'd never tire,

We've laughed at Crawford's ways.

Then there's Aldrich and Lee Womack

Watters, Knutson, and—we're through

With mentioning comrades held back

From returning with our crew.



Fire Water

The men being in bed for the night, room No. 5 was all quiet, when Frank Wade entered with a can of water and seeing all the boys in such an unusually peaceful frame of mind, he deliberately threw the water on him, who was then Latrine Orderly, Chester E. Fisher. This man Fisher, not being in a very good frame of mind that evening, due to the fact that he had only eight fires go out that day and four more weeks of latrine orderly work imposed on him by our acting C. O., Lieutenant Rittenhouse. Fisher, with usual care-free attitude, grabbed a fire bucketful of water and a hot race for the stairs followed; as Wade knew fully Fisher's capability at throwing fire buckets, he made a special effort to get out of reach, and when Fisher reached the top of the stairs Wade was at the bottom and just in time to be on the receiving end of part of the bucket of water. In order to go into the depths of the matter as to where the other part of the bucket of this water went, we will have to take you to the bedside of Andy Schroeder who was billeted directly under the stairs on the lower floor. At this hour of the night, Andy Schroeder was peacefully slumbering, but it was written in the book of Fate that he was to be aroused shortly, and he, like Wade, received a shower of that which, as we understand at this time, the old cronies are trying to supercede for pastime beverages. It is needless for us to say that Andy Schroeder expressed his feelings in loud tones and for sometime afterwards he could be heard asking for dry towels and blankets.

Sure—The Signals Take Prisoners

'Twas up in the Argonne, and Brooks was working on a 309th line when he ran upon a wild Boche. Well, in a twinkling he had him kamarading. But Heinie's pals were distributing miscellaneous junk all about that vicinity just at that time and C. W. realized he'd better take cover—then he realized he had his prize to look after. Luckily—for Brooks—a second lieutenant came upon the scene while he, too, was seeking shelter. And Brooks turned his prisoner over to the officer and submerged in a shell-hole until

the shelling stopped. That's generosity—he, that is Clarence, renounced all claim to honors for the capture of his Jerry.

Reviews

Due to the fact that we stood in line for review at Camp Dix for many hours in the mud we might mention a few words relative to it. Washington said, "First in War, First in Peace," etc., but I guess that he did not have a signal battalion else he would not mention the first, because from vivid memories, we fail to find where we have ever been first unless it was at the front, but in parades—well, all we can say is that there has to be a tail end, and I guess we have been it. However, we sincerely hope that we do not go home in parade formation, lest the boats fail to wait for us, as every one will recall that since the days when Lieutenant Rittenhouse took the company out for its morning run, each and every one of us has slowed up to a great extent and we might be S. O. L. A short time ago we had what we all hoped was the last review. It was held at Les Laumes, France, and was given for General Pershing. It was there our colors received their decorations from the commander-in-chief of the A. E. F. It might be mentioned that our Major Kelly is an old friend of the commander-in-chief and they had a hearty handshake upon their meeting, which had been the first in a number of years.





BOOMERANGS—the idea is, we “threw” out our work and the words commending that work (grouped under this head) “boomeranged” back to us.

Those which made direct hits on us are included, as well as those which hit Company C, 303rd F. S. B. more generally—more indirectly—for example, boomerangs which hit the division, corps, etc. We have also included two interesting expressions from some French folks.

Our hats are off to the doughboys—they bayoneted Jerry, they threw the grenades into his dugouts, they grabbed his strongest positions, one after another. But we were the nerves of those doughboys and carried orders, instructions and information from the brain at G. H. Q. to them, the well-muscled, brawny arms, for translation into invincible action.

So we, too, take pride in the approving words of our President, the Secretary of War, Marshal Foch, the commander of the A. E. F., the commander of the first army, and so on.

The signal troops of the division have maintained and operated their own lines of communication: telephone, telegraph, radio, visual, runner and courier service and handling of pigeons during the period of September 12 to 18 inclusive. This includes participation in the offensive operations of the first corps on September 12 and 13 and the occupation of the entire sectors held by the second and fifth divisions, since their withdrawal from the front line. Enemy's artillery has dealt severely with radio and wire communication, which has been maintained only by the persistent, painstaking and fearless work of the personnel operating the division lines. The action of all officers and men of both

signal troops and line troops connected with the communicating systems has been commendable and the action of communication troops in the forward areas in restoring torn out lines under fire has been especially commendable.—From LIEUT.-COL. S. C. MEGILL, Division S. O., 78th Div., September 19, 1918.

Accept my warmest congratulations on the brilliant achievements of the Army under your command. The boys have done what we expected of them and done it in the way we most admire. We are deeply proud of them and their chief. Please convey to all concerned my grateful and affectionate thanks.—PRESIDENT WILSON to GENERAL PERSHING, September 20, 1918.

I submit herewith an appreciation of the work of First Lieut. G. J. Sauerhoff, 303rd Field Signal Battalion, and the men of his platoon, detailed for duty with this regiment. The defense sector assigned this regiment is, undoubtedly, the most difficult of any in the division, not only because of difficulties of supply, but also because the entire sector is continually under heavy enemy artillery bombardment.

The maintenance of wire communications to the outpost and army line battalions has been one of great danger and difficulty. On only one day out of ten thus far spent in the sector have the lines remained unbroken. On several days, the lines have been repeatedly severed by shell fire. Lieutenant Sauerhoff and his men have continually exposed themselves to great danger to repair breaks and reopen communication. He has worked without regard to hours, day and night.

I commend him to your consideration should vacancy for



promotion occur.—COL. W. C. BABCOCK, commanding 310th Infantry, to LIEUT. G. J. SAUERHOFF and second platoon, Company C, September 25, 1918.

This record of courage and devotion is the source of great pleasure and gratification to the division commander. He counts it more than an honor to command such men and is gratified to have opportunity to express his appreciation of their service.—MAJ.-GEN. JAMES H. MCRAE, Commanding 78th. Div., regarding COLONEL BABCOCK's appreciation above, September 25, 1918.

It is the high privilege of the division commander to express again his satisfaction and pride in the soldierly and devoted qualities of the members of this command.

Under most difficult and trying conditions, the conduct and courage of the officers and men has been a constant inspiration to their commander. This formal and printed order is but a poor expression of the deep feeling of the division commander, yet in no other way can he reach all.

The work done by the division has not been spectacular, but it has been done at a pivotal point in the line and has been watched with approval, not only by the corps and army commanders, but the allied command.

The following from the commander of the first army is published:

"The army is very much pleased with the persistent, intelligent and successful work done by the 78th Division in clearing up the ridges north of Grand-Pre."

In the days to come we will do yet more.—MAJ.-GEN. JAMES H. MCRAE, October 28, 1918.

I heard the commander of the first army, Gen. Hunter Liggett, express himself as very much pleased with your intelligent persistence in pushing operations against the enemy in your sector.

I wish to add to this my high appreciation of the perseverance of yourself, the officers and enlisted men of your division in pursuing operations in most difficult terrain and under severe conditions, completing the capture of Grand-

Pre and pushing your line well forward into the Bois de Burgogne. Please convey my sentiments to all concerned.—MAJ.-GEN. J. T. DICKMAN, commanding first corps, to MAJ.-GEN. JAMES H. MCRAE, October 29, 1918.

Operations begun November 1 by the first American army have already assured, thanks to the valor of the high command and to the energy and bravery of the troops, results of the greatest importance. I am happy to send to you my warmest congratulations on the success of these operations.—From MARSHAL FOCH to GENERAL PERSHING, November, 1918.

On November 1, after constant fighting for over one month, the first American army launched an attack against the German army which had established itself for determined resistance. In five days it had penetrated 25 kilometers and had driven the enemy to retreat before it. Its brilliant success, in connection with the advance of the fourth French army on its left, forced the Germans to retreat on a broad front to the west. It has fought and marched and endured the rigors of campaign with the utmost superb indifference, except the determination to go forward and imprint upon the enemy the marks of its courage and resolution. All arms and services, those in advance who smashed the way, those in the air who rendered aggressive and efficient service, and those in the rear who by their untiring industry made possible the continued advance, are worthy of the highest praise and the gratitude of their admiring country. The army commander is proud of such an army, thanks it for the splendid results already achieved and looks with confidence to the still greater successes that lie before it.—To the first American army from LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LIGGETT, November 5, 1918.

The commanding general feels that the foregoing praise is well deserved by the officers and men of this (78th) division. By their gallantry, fortitude and perseverance in the capture of the heights of Grand-Pre, the Bois de Loges, and in the subsequent pursuit of the enemy in his retreat to Sedan, they merit and are assured of the gratitude of their

country.—To the 78th Division A. E. F., regarding the remarks of GENERAL LIGGETT above, from MAJ.-GEN. JAMES H. MCRAE.

The enemy has capitulated. It is fitting that I address myself in thanks directly to the officers and soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces who by their heroic efforts have made possible their glorious result. Our armies, hurriedly raised and hastily trained, met a veteran enemy, and by courage, discipline and skill, always defeated him. Without complaint you have endured incessant toil, privation and danger. You have seen many of your comrades make the supreme sacrifice that freedom may live. I thank you for the patience and courage with which you have endured. I congratulate you upon the splendid fruits of victory which your heroism and the blood of our gallant dead are now presenting to our nation. Your deeds will live forever on the most glorious pages of American history.

Those things you have done. There remains now a harder task which will test your soldierly qualities to the utmost. Succeed in this and little note will be taken and few praises will be sung; fail, and the light of your glorious achievements of the past will be sadly dimmed. But you will not fail. Every natural tendency may urge towards relaxation in discipline, in conduct, in appearance, in everything that marks the soldier. Yet you will remember that each officer and each soldier is the representative in Europe of his people and that his brilliant deeds of yesterday permit no action of today to pass unnoticed by friend or by foe. You will meet this test as gallantly as you have met the tests of the battlefield. Sustained by your high ideals and inspired by the heroic part you have played, you will carry back to our people the proud consciousness of a new Americanism born of sacrifice. Whether you stand on hostile territory or on the friendly soil of France, you will so bear yourself in discipline, appearance and respect for all civil rights that you will confirm for all time the pride and love which every American feels for your uniform and for you.—GEN. JOHN J. PERSHING, November 12, 1918.

After having resolutely held the enemy, you have, for several months, attacked him without respite, with undying faithfulness and energy.

You have won the greatest battle of history and have rescued the most sacred cause—the liberty of the world. You may be proud!

You have bedecked your flags with an immortal glory. Posterity will look upon you with gratitude.—From MARSHAL FOCH, supreme allied commander, to all ranks in the allied forces, November 13, 1918.

The signing of the armistice and the cessation of hostilities brings to an end a great and heroic military adventure in which the army under your command has played a part distinguished by gallantry and success. It gives me pleasure to express to you the confidence and appreciation of the War Department and to those who have labored with you to make this result possible this appreciation of their zeal, courage and strength, both of purpose and achievement. The entire country is filled with pride in your fine leadership and in the soldierly qualities shown by your army. Now that a respite has come in the solemn task to which the army devoted itself, the War Department will do all in its power to expedite the early return of the Expeditionary Forces to the United States in order that the country may welcome its soldiers home, and in order that these soldiers may be restored to the opportunities of civil life as speedily as the military situation will permit. I extend to you as commanding general of the American Expeditionary Forces my hearty congratulations and this expression of high esteem, and I beg you to make known to the officers and men of your command the fact that their conduct as soldiers and as men has stirred the pride of their fellow countrymen, and that their military success has contributed to the great victory for the forces of civilization and humanity.—SEC'Y OF WAR NEWTON D. BAKER, November 15, 1918.

During all the time this regiment was "in the line" Lieutenant Olsen and his platoon kept up continuous communication between my headquarters and the battalions in the firing line.

To do this required the platoon commander and his men to be on the job all the time, and there was a great deal of this time when the wires were being cut so often as to require steady patrolling under heavy shell fire. Nevertheless the lines were never "out" for more than a few minutes at a time.

On the drive beginning November 1 phone connection was kept up with the front line until—and beyond—Beffu. This was the only wire communication back for several hours, and was made use of by members of the division staff to communicate with headquarters.

In other words, while serving with this regiment, Lieutenant Olsen has "delivered the goods."—COLONEL MORGAN, commanding 309th Infantry, to LIEUTENANT OLSEN and first platoon, Company C, November 15, 1918.

A Newspaper Clipping

Two of the national army divisions which saw as hard fighting as any units of this organization were made up of men mostly from New York or the immediate vicinity. These two were the 77th and 78th. The signing of the armistice found them fighting side by side.

Theoretically, the 78th is a New Jersey division, but actually about 60 per cent of the personnel is of that commuting class which does its working in New York and its sleeping only in New Jersey.

These sons of the Empire City had been on the job in the line for a long time, and the men gave a splendid account of themselves all the way, enduring the hardship and strain as well as some of the units who drew from the farming country, where the men are supposed to be more hard.

The last fight of these two divisions is a good example of the sort of thing they have been doing, and the real story of that fight has been only touched in the news because of other big news in the same hour.

The 78th, under command of Major-General McRae, and supported by its own artillery, the 153rd brigade, under the command of Brigadier-General Hearn, took over the sector beyond the Argonne, just in front of Grand-Pre and to

the east on October 14. The 77th went back a few kilometers for a rest.

Three times the 78th attacked Grand-Pre and the citadel just beyond it, before this strong point of the Boche was finally taken. Six times a brigade of the 78th doughboys drove through the Bois de Loges, a patch of woods about a kilometer square, before it was finally cleared of the Boche and so thoroughly fumigated by our artillery fire that it was made uninhabitable.

Both General McRae and General Hearne were complimented by the corps commander for the persistency and courage of the men in carrying out these operations and capturing these two strong points.

The big operation which finally wiped out the Bois de Loges and carried the Americans forward forty kilometers was started on November 1 with the 77th and 78th sweeping ahead, side by side. Just before the big attack the 77th was brought up from the rest area, where the men had been putting in about six hours a day drilling and put in reserve to fill up a gap as the line moved up. Its artillery was put in as support with orders not to fire a shot until "H hour." Two days before the attack the 153rd brigade fired every gun at the barrage rate of 300 rounds per hour for seven hours, combing through a great forest on the left flank as part of the preparation.

At zero hour the 78th stepped off from Grand-Pre and in front of the Bois de Loges. Machine guns stopped one brigade temporarily as these "typewriters" belched their spit of death, but a little artillery concentration fixed that patch of woods, and the armistice saw the New York boys of both divisions once more side by side. —Reprint from the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, November 21, 1918.

It has long been our custom to turn in the autumn of the year to praise the Thanksgiving to Almighty God for His many blessings and mercies to us as a nation. This year we have special and moving cause to be grateful and to rejoice. God has in His good pleasure given us peace. It has not come as a mere cessation of arms, mere relief from

the strain and tragedies of war. It has come as a great triumph of right. Complete victory has brought us, not peace alone, but the confident promise of a new day as well, in which justice shall replace force and jealous intrigue among the nations. Our gallant armies have participated in the triumph which is not marred or stained by any purpose of selfish aggression. In a righteous cause they have won immortality and have nobly served their nation in serving mankind. God has indeed been gracious. We have cause for such rejoicing as revives and strengthens us in all the best traditions of our national history. A new day shines about us, in which our hearts take new courage and look forward with new hope to new and greater duties.

While we render thanks for these things let us not forget to seek the Divine guidance in the performance of those duties, and Divine mercy and forgiveness for all errors of act or purpose, and pray that in all that we do we shall strengthen the ties of friendship and mutual respect upon which we must assist to build the new structure of peace and good will among the nations.

Wherefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do hereby designate Thursday, the 28th day of November next, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and invite the people throughout the land to cease upon that day from their ordinary occupations and in their several homes and places of worship to render thanks to God, the Ruler of nations.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done in the District of Columbia, this 16th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eighteen, and of the Independence of the United States of America, the one hundred and forty-third.—PRESIDENT WILSON, November 23, 1918.

And now in this old church, I wish to bid, in the name of my parish, a respectful and hearty welcome, to our friends, our brothers, the Americans, both officers and soldiers.

You remember with what overflowing delight we greeted here last September the American regiment, recently landed,

which was billeted among us. With what sorrow, also, we saw them depart a few days later. They were the first Americans to come to this small town. Their language was new and unknown to you, but from the first moment, the hearts understood. And when they departed, we felt as though some of our family was going away. But they had come, as they would say, not to stay, but to go where duty called them, not to rest but to fight. Our prayers accompanied them from a distance—we mourned over their dead.

Those who are now among us (headquarters company and first battalion 311th Infantry) came with the hale and glory of the victorious battles they have fought. Many of their comrades have fallen on the battlefields: Arras, the Argonne, St. Mihiel, Grand-Pre. For several long months they struggled on the French soil to gain at last this victory, the extent of which has reached beyond our hopes. A hard task they achieved, the necessary task. They vied with our own soldiers in endurance and gallantry. They have a right to rejoice, after having suffered so much.

My dear parishioners, do not forget what they are and what they have done. As you see them walking along your streets, or receive them in your homes, show unto them the feeling of respect and gratitude to which they are entitled.

Let your intercourse with them be inspired with the delicacy of fraternal hearts. Be careful not to abuse their liberality. Treat them as beloved brothers who suffered to deliver our country and clear away the formidable menace which had been for so long a time weighing upon the world.

Let us share our joy with them, but let this joy be grave, serious, as the present conditions require.

Honor be to our brothers of the great America! To do them honor, I directed that our church should keep its decoration of last Sunday. It seems to me that their presence here, on this day, still reverberates the echoes of the magnificent Te Deum as those vaults had never heard before.

Look at their glorious flag united with the glorious French flag. The same thrilling breath is moving them. It is the symbol of the imperishable union of France and America.

Honor to the Americans.—Extracts from sermon delivered at the church of Flavigny, France, by the Cure, November 24, 1918.

The work of the signal corps men attached to our battalion was most excellent.

At no time in the recent campaign was our phone liaison with regiment cut off more than a very few minutes.

Your men manifested an intense desire to keep communication open, even under dangerous conditions of shell-fire and gas.

Indeed, we have nothing but praise for the work of your men.—CAPTAIN PARSONS, commanding first battalion, 30th Infantry, to LIEUTENANT OLSEN and first platoon, Company C, November 24, 1918.

I wish to state that your men did their best in maintaining proper lines of communication, both in the St. Mihiel and Argonne sectors. Lack of material prevented at times proper means of communication, but the services of the men in general were excellent.

As to individual deeds, I have nothing to mention, except that every man connected with the third battalion of this regiment fulfilled his duties in a most heroic manner and it will be a great task for me to mention any particular individual who had distinguished himself in duty more than any other. In fact, all performed their duties with due credit to the great nation they represent, to the division, regiment, battalion and themselves.

Your detachment was first in immediate charge of Sergeant Morris at the St. Mihiel and Argonne sectors, followed by Corporals Nightengale and Terhune. These three N. C. Os. were always attentive to their duties, and through you I extend to them my thanks and appreciation.—MAJ. R. A. SEGARRA, commanding third battalion, 309th Infantry, to FIRST LIEUT. HARRY E. OLSEN and first platoon, Company C, November 25, 1918.

It is with a sense of gratitude for its splendid accomplish-

ment, which will live through all history, that I record in general orders a tribute to the victory of the first army in the Meuse-Argonne battle.

Tested and strengthened by the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient, for more than six weeks you battered against the pivot of the enemy line on the western front. It was a position of imposing natural strength, stretching on both sides of the Meuse River from the bitterly contested hills of Verdun to the almost impenetrable forest of the Argonne; a position, moreover, fortified by four years of labor designed to render it impregnable; a position held with the fullest resources of the enemy. That position you broke utterly, and thereby hastened the collapse of the enemy's military power.

Soldiers of all divisions engaged under the first, third and fifth corps—the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 26th, 28th, 29th, 32nd, 33rd, 35th, 37th, 42nd, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 82nd, 89th, 90th and 91st—you will be long remembered for the stubborn persistence of your progress, your storming of obstinately defended machine gun nests, your penetration, yard by yard, of woods and ravines, your heroic resistance in the face of counterattacks supported by powerful artillery fire. For more than a month, from the initial attack of September 26, you fought your way slowly through the Argonne, through the woods and over the hills west of the Meuse; you slowly enlarged your hold on the Cotes de Meuse to the east; and then, on the 1st of November your attack forced the enemy into flight. Pressing his retreat, you cleared the entire left bank of the Meuse south of Sedan, and then stormed the heights on the right bank and drove him into the plain beyond.

Your achievement, which is scarcely to be equalled in American history, must remain a source of proud satisfaction to the troops who participated in the last campaign of the war. The American people will remember it as the realization of the hitherto potential strength of the American contribution toward the cause to which they had sworn allegiance. There can be no greater reward for a soldier or for a soldier's memory.—GEN. JOHN J. PERSHING, December 19, 1918.

It is with soldierly pride that I record in general orders a tribute to the taking of the St. Mihiel salient by the first army.

On September 12, 1918, you delivered the first concerted offensive operation of the American Expeditionary Forces upon difficult terrain against this redoubtable position, immovably held for four years, which crumpled before your ably executed advance. Within twenty-four hours of the commencement of the attack, the salient had ceased to exist and you were threatening Metz.

Your divisions, which had never been tried in the exacting conditions of major offensive operations, worthily emulated those of more arduous experience and earned their right to participate in the more difficult tasks to come. Your staff and auxiliary services, which labored so untiringly and so enthusiastically, deserve equal commendation, and we are indebted to the willing co-operation of veteran French divisions and of auxiliary units which the allied commands put at our disposal.

Not only did you straighten a dangerous salient, capture 16,000 prisoners and 443 guns, and liberate 240 square miles of French territory, but you demonstrated the fitness for battle of a unified American army.

We appreciate the loyal training and effort of the first army. In the name of our country, I offer our hearty and unmeasured thanks to those splendid Americans of the first, fourth and fifth corps and of the 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 26th, 42nd, 82nd, 89th and 90th divisions, which were engaged, and of the 3rd, 35th, 78th, 80th and 91st divisions, which were in reserve.—GEN. JOHN J. PERSHING, December 26, 1918.

Greetings to those in the uniform of the United States army: To you who have fulfilled the promise of the nation overseas and you who stood ready in reserve at home I send greetings for the new year. The year of 1918 has shown what America can do; 1919 will show what America is. Your part in the great accomplishments has been a vital one. The part you will bear in the days to come will be no less important for our country. The process of demobilization is moving swiftly, in order and in accordance with

plan. Clearly everything cannot be done at once and patience will be needed. Each step must follow the step before, and some units will go quickly, while others may be held a little longer for reasons that are very real, though sometimes not apparent on the surface. As America made her power felt more quickly than the foe thought possible, so she will return that power to the pursuits of peace with all due speed. As you have shared in the pride of the first accomplishments, so must your patience aid in the present adjustment to new conditions. The privilege of having stood in the ranks of the army of victorious democracy will be your pride through the years to come. If fortune has decreed that only weeks or months remain for you to stand in those ranks, instead of bloody years as our allies have done, then bear yourselves through the remaining days in a way to increase that pride. The best wishes of the country for 1919 and all the coming years are yours. To these I add my own heartiest good wishes and the confidence that in the future as ex-soldiers, as you have done in the past as soldiers, you will continue to reflect the highest honor on our country.—SEC'Y OF WAR NEWTON D. BAKER, January 1, 1919.

The signal corps in France stands out as one of the masterful accomplishments of the American Expeditionary Forces.—GEN. JOHN J. PERSHING, January 20, 1919.

I desire to express to you my deep appreciation of the efficient work done by the platoon of the field signal battalion while on duty with this regiment. As you know they came to us while we were in the British area and have trained and fought with us ever since.

During our most trying days in the lines, the men of the field signal battalion were always at their posts, never failing their duty and ever ready when the call for extra work came as it often did in those days in the Argonne forest.

I want to make special mention of the work of First Lieut. Robert Clapp and Sergt. Victor E. Colson. Lieutenant Clapp's technical knowledge and his ever willingness to do the extra work and keep up our means of liaison gave me

great satisfaction and I always felt that the communication was safe when in his hands. Sergeant Colson was on duty at my P. C., handling message center and outside details, his cheerfulness under the most trying conditions and his never failing devotion to duty at any hour of the day or night were of great assistance to me and to every one with whom he came in contact.

It is with great regret that I see these men go, for I almost feel that they are members of my own regiment; but they know that they will carry with them the best wishes of this regiment and leave behind remembrance of a work efficiently and cheerfully done.—From COL. M. B. STOKES, commanding 311th Infantry, January 26, 1919.

It is indeed a pleasure to transmit the above most excellent letter of commendation to the officers and men of the 303rd field signal battalion. Only the absolute loyalty, highest sense of responsibility, strictest attention to duty, the willing co-operation of all, and the fearless execution of their work under the most trying circumstances made the excellent results obtained possible. Kindly transmit my sincere congratulations and appreciation to all officers and men of your company.—MAJ. M. A. LOOSELEY, commanding 303rd F. S. B., January 31, 1919.

The commanding general desires to extend his sincerest congratulations to you and the members of your show, for the most successful and excellent entertainment.

He fully appreciates the difficulties under which you labored, but the success which you attained should partly reward you for your efforts.

The spirit and enthusiasm which you and the members of your troupe displayed in giving entertainment to your brothers-in-arms is that fine spirit for which this first corps is noted.

Again, I wish to thank you and to ask you to extend my personal thanks and appreciation to all members of the troupe.—From MAJOR-GENERAL WRIGHT, commanding first corps, to CAPTAIN CONLEY and the battalion show troupe, February 18, 1919.

Now that active operations have ceased, I desire to congratulate the officers and men of the signal corps in France on their work, which stands out as one of the accomplishments of the American Expeditionary Forces—the result of a happy combination of wise planning and bold execution with the splendid technical qualities of thousands of men from the great commercial telephone, telegraph and electrical enterprises of America. It is a striking example of the wisdom of placing highly skilled, technical men in the places where their experience and skill will count the most. Each army, corps and division has had its full quota of field signal battalions which, in spite of the serious losses in battle, accomplished their work, and it is not too much to say that without their faithful and brilliant efforts and the communications which they installed, operated and maintained, the successes of our armies would not have been achieved.

While the able management of the directing personnel is recognized, it is my desire that all members of the signal corps who, regardless of long hours and trying conditions of service, have operated and maintained the lines, shall know that their loyalty, faithfulness and painstaking care has been known and appreciated. In the name of the American Expeditionary Forces, I thank them one and all and send to them the appreciation of their comrades-in-arms and their commander-in-chief.—GEN. JOHN J. PERSHING, February 19, 1919.

The chief signal officer desires to add to the above an expression of his own sincere appreciation of, and his hearty congratulations on, the skillful and successful performance of their work in the American Expeditionary Forces, which has resulted in the signal corps personnel of these forces collectively and individually receiving such unstinted and unusual praise from their commander-in-chief—BRIG.-GEN. E. RUSSELL, C. S. O., A. E. F., February 19, 1919.

On August 16, 1918, the fourth platoon of your company, consisting of sixty-eight enlisted men, was reported by its commanding officer, First Lieut. Leroy N. Suddath, to the

312th Infantry, then at Habarcq, France, for duty. It was immediately attached to the headquarters company of that regiment. The platoon came to us complete in personnel, well organized, and well trained in so far as time had permitted.

Extensive training for all units of the division still continued, however, except, of course, when troop movements interfered, and the signal units were far from being an exception. For the purpose of greater unity, co-ordination, and more systematic instruction, the field signal platoon and the infantry platoon were trained as one. In many cases the members of the former group were more technical and consequently assisted the infantry men to a very considerable degree in their training. This system of training as one platoon was employed throughout, and even used during the activity while in the front line areas. Some time previous to our going into the lines each platoon sent a specified quota to each of the three battalions. From the fourth platoon twenty-six men remained with regimental headquarters, while thirteen men went to each battalion.

Of the service rendered by the signalmen, both in the Limey sector and in our part of the Meuse-Argonne offensive, I cannot speak too highly. In both sectors it was necessary to re-establish, practically anew, telephone systems. In both sectors communication was maintained only by constant patrolling and repairing, always to be done during heavy shell fire. Notwithstanding this, the construction and maintenance were done, and completed quickly and efficiently. Your men were to a large extent responsible for this. I wish particularly to mention the exceptional services rendered by Master Signal Electrician Davis, who was left in charge of the platoon as we were entering the Argonne forest. Electrician Davis' technical ability and his untiring and able leadership were noted at all times, especially while in the Grand-Pre sector. Nor will we ever forget the well-trained and efficient services of Sergeant Lauffenburger as superintendent, Corporal Ashton as telephone operator, Corporal Wiltse, and Privates Coffland, Jackson, O'Kane and Kroencke; in fact, I must say that every man was in the game from start to finish.

The regimental commander has on frequent occasions complimented the work of the signalmen of your company very highly. It is with great pleasure that I send this note as a simple expression of appreciation of the services rendered by the members of the fourth platoon.—CAPT. STANLEY D. CHAPIN, 312th Infantry, to fourth platoon, Company C, March 3, 1919.

In compliance with telegraphic instructions from G. H. Q., A. E. F., the 78th division stands relieved from this army on April 6, 1919.

The 78th division, joining the first army on August 30, 1918, participated in the following operations of this army:

ST. MIHIEL OPERATION

The 78th division participated in this operation first as a reserve of the first corps, and later by holding the Limey sector.

While holding the Limey sector, the 78th division participated in several local engagements and the demonstration of September 26.

MEUSE-ARGONNE OPERATION

The 78th division, having been relieved from the Limey sector, joined the army reserve in the Meuse-Argonne sector on October 5. On October 15 to 16 and 17 the 78th division relieved the 77th division along the southern banks of the Aire River facing Bois de Loges and Grand-Pre. Between October 15 and 31 this division executed continuous attacks against the difficult and strongly-held terrain of Bois de Loges, Grand-Pre and east of Talma Ferme. The heights east of Talma Ferme and Grand-Pre and the heights to the north thereof were captured by hard fighting, which included several "hand to hand" engagements.

The division participated in the army's general attack November 1, advancing between that date and November 5, approximately twenty kilometers, and through the localities of Bricquenay, Boult aux Bois, Chatillon sur Bar, Brieulles sur Bar, Les Petites Armoises to the heights east of Tannay. The army commander desires to convey to Major-General McRae (commanding the 78th division) and the officers and soldiers of the 78th division, his appreciation of the excel-



lent services rendered by this division as a combat unit of the first army. The army commander and the army greatly admired the tenacity and aggressiveness of the troops and the leadership of General McRae and his subordinates of the 78th division during the hard and continuous fighting which resulted in the capture by the 78th division of the heights east of Talma Ferme and of Grand-Pre.

The 78th division, in leaving the army, carries with it the best wishes of the army commander for its future abroad and in the United States.—From LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LIGGETT, commanding first army, March 27, 1919.

It gives me great pleasure to extend to you, the officers and men of the 78th division, my sincere compliments upon their splendid appearance at the inspection and review on the 26th of March. I wish also to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the high morale existing throughout all ranks, and my satisfaction at the condition of the horse transport and artillery. All ranks should take just pride in such a commendable showing, as well as in the credit of service in France, which stands to their credit.

Arriving on June 8, the division trained with the British Expeditionary Forces for two months, and in August was moved into the American sector, acting as a reserve for the first corps in the St. Mihiel offensive from the 12th to the 16th of September. It was then placed in the front line, relieving the second and fifth divisions, and remained in the Limey sector with the fourth corps of the first United States army until October 4. During this time the division kept up continuous aggressive patrolling until its relief from the line. On the night of October 15 to 16 it relieved the 77th division and thereafter remained in the Meuse-Argonne offensive until November 5. The names of Grand-Pre and the strong position of Bois des Loges, whose final reduction came only after a succession of desperate assaults and counterassaults, will always be remembered in the history of the American Expeditionary Forces. On November 2 the division occupied the Bois des Loges and thereafter made a rapid advance of over 21 kilometers, during the course of which the towns of Beffu et le Mort Homme,

Bricquenay, Boult-aux-Bois, Belleville-sur-Bar, Germont, Authe, Brieulles-sur-Bar and Verrieres were occupied. In view of this record, I want every man in the division to know of my appreciation of his work.

Please therefore extend my congratulations to the members of your division, who may proudly carry home with them the gratitude of the allies with whom they fought and the pride of their fellows throughout our forces.—GEN. JOHN J. PERSHING, to MAJ.-GEN. JAMES H. MCRAE, April 13, 1919.

G. H. Q.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

General Orders No. 38A

France, February 28, 1919.

MY FELLOW SOLDIERS:

Now that your service with the American Expeditionary Forces is about to terminate, I cannot let you go without a personal word. At the call to arms, the patriotic young manhood of America eagerly responded and became the formidable army whose decisive victories testify to its efficiency and its valor. With the support of the nation firmly united to defend the cause of liberty, our army has executed the will of the people with resolute purpose. Our democracy has been tested, and the forces of autocracy have been defeated. To the glory of the citizen soldier, our troops have faithfully fulfilled their trust, and in a succession of brilliant offensives have overcome the menace to our civilization.

As an individual, your part in the world war has been an important one in the sum total of our achievements. Whether keeping lonely vigil in the trenches, or gallantly storming the enemy's stronghold; whether enduring monotonous drudgery at the rear, or sustaining the fighting line at the front, each has bravely and efficiently played his part. By willing sacrifice of personal rights; by cheerful endurance of hardship and privation; by vigor, strength and indomitable will, made effective by thorough organization and cordial co-operation, you inspired the war-worn allies with new life and turned the tide of threatened defeat into overwhelming victory.

With a consecrated devotion to duty and a will to conquer, you have loyally served your country. By your exemplary conduct a standard has been established and maintained never before attained by any army. With mind and body as clean and strong as the decisive blows you delivered against the foe, you are soon to return to the pursuits of peace. In leaving the scenes of your victories, may I ask that you carry home your high ideals and continue to live as you have served—an honor to the principles for which you have fought and to the fallen comrades you leave behind.

It is with pride in our success that I extend to you my sincere thanks for your splendid service to the army and to the nation.

Faithfully,

JOHN J. PERSHING, *Commander in Chief.*

At the moment when the terrible slaughter has come to an end, thanks to the devoted aid of great America, permit a simple French woman to express her gratitude and admiration for the country which has saved us. I know with what sublime abnegation, with what disregard of danger, those brave children delivered us from the Boche at the time when they were so near Paris. One of my nephews told me about it. He said there were ten thousand Americans who fought like lions. They made a rampart for us that stopped the Boche reaching Paris.

And, also, when I see all that you are doing for us, all the orphans you are adopting for which you got no thanks from the French government. When I see the merchants who, because you are Americans, charge you three times the value of things, and even food, without any thought of the self-imposed sacrifice you are making with open heart for us, you may be sure that there are times when a true Frenchman is ashamed to be one.

What must you think! I am speaking to you as a person who has suffered greatly mentally and spiritually from the war, and who will suffer after it.

Before leaving France, please remember that there are people who esteem and admire you and will never forget what you have done for their native land.

I visit the cemetery every week to greet those who have fallen so valiantly in defending us and I am really grieved not to be able to strew all their graves with flowers. Pardon me for writing this; I am but expressing all my feelings.—A letter from a French lady to the editor of *Stars and Stripes*, official American Expeditionary Force publication.

A Clipping from the Newark Evening News

THE part played by the Lightning Division in the war is the subject of an article in the Newark News of January 1, by Miss Cecil I. Dorrian, a staff correspondent of the New Jersey newspaper. Miss Dorrian visited the 78th Division at Semur, from where the story is sent. The article, which takes up four pages of the News is a vivid account—for the most part accurate—of what the 78th did since leaving the States. The face of victory herself has not been much harder to find in this war than have the faces of the boys of the 78th Division since they left Camp Dix under the command of General J. H. McRae and came to France. Until I managed, after a general hunt of three months and a hot chase of five days, to join them here in the heart of France, no one from the outside world has reached them—no newspaper chronicler has written a word of their great campaign.

This unkind and entirely accidental fate has been unfortunate because the truth is that this division has become one of the most distinguished of all the troops that have come to France.

It is doubtful if a half-dozen people know it, but it was the 78th Division of civilian soldiers of New Jersey and New York who captured Grand-Pre and the Bois des Loges on the Argonne front, and thus broke through the Kriemhilde line, the pivot of the German defense.

In the German communique of November 3, we may remember reading the following statement: "The Americans have penetrated our lines and forced our withdrawal



from the Kreimhilde positions." The Americans referred to in this communique were the men of the 78th Division. For this act they were given two special mentions, one by General Dickman, Corps commander, the other by General Liggett, chief of the First Army, "for great courage in taking Grandpre."

The actual capture of the town and citadel was done by Newark's Own Regiment, the 312th Infantry, under Colonel Anderson, on October 25 and 26. Their action here went hand in hand with the splendid fighting of the 311th Infantry (of Trenton and South Jersey), under Colonel Stokes, who, by the capture of Talma Hill and the heights called the Burgundy Nose, west and north of Grand-Pre flanked the position and made it possible for the Newark boys to make a dash for the Grand-Pre citadel. For these achievements General McRae is very proud of his men, and his men all tell you that there is no general like theirs and none so fearless.

When we recall that these places were considered by French military experts to form the strongest points in the German line and that the crack here precipitated the end of the war, we will begin to realize, though at first but dimly, what part in the world struggle the New Jersey men have played.

Among the first of the National Army soldiers to start out for the battlefields of France, the New Jersey troops sailed on May 19 and 20 from a number of different United States ports (Philadelphia, New York, Boston), but mainly from Halifax, Nova Scotia. One of the Halifax ships carried the Headquarters Staff and the H. Q. Troop. This ship had something more to report than merely rough weather in crossing. Their route lay very far to the north among the ice fields. On June 2 they approached the Irish coast and at about 6 o'clock in the evening, as they were assembling for mess, they suddenly felt a violent trembling of the ship and heard a dull boom! They looked at each other. A few seconds later the vessel trembled again like a house in an earthquake and the muffled roar of a second explosion was heard.

Lieutenant MacCaffery, of the Headquarters Intelligence Section, who described this entry of our division into the war arena, said that at the second shock the men quietly left their places, went out on deck and took up their allotted positions beside the lifeboats. There was no bustling, no confusion.

Unaccustomed to the niceties of submarine warfare the men naturally expected to see the ship begin to fill and sag. But they soon found that the shocks had not been the result of torpedoes hitting the ship, but of depth bombs thrown by the ship at a submarine which had been maneuvering to get a shot at her. A depth bomb is a terrific affair, and when it explodes it sets the entire seascape to rocking.

As the men stood by their boats they had a chance to see in panoramic form the whole curious drama of the submarine war which had been raging behind the curtain for over two years. They saw their British convoy ships standing by. They watched the little destroyers appear as from nowhere in an incredibly short time. Some of them that were a mile away made the ship's side in one minute thirty-two seconds. Observation balloons floated over the scene. Great geysers heaved up out of the ocean's blackness as the depth bombs exploded. Soon the battle was over, and one, perhaps two, submarines had met the horrible fate that they deserved.

The 78th Division landed in three different English ports: Liverpool, Southampton, London, from about May 30 to June 8. These were the days when the Germans were smashing their way down past the Chemin des Dames and through the Marne pocket toward Paris. Time pressed and our men did not stay nearly as long in England as did those of many other divisions that went before and that came after. The 311th Regiment, for example, landed in Liverpool on May 31 and the next day they were marching up the sand dunes behind Calais. I imagine that is a record of transportation speed. I am told that the longest time any of the units spent in England was four days. They stayed in Calais for only a few days of "rest." Oh! Those God-forsaken places on

the dunes. "Old England's Restless Camps," as sings a new division song. Thence they entrained and went down behind the British front to Hazebrouck. A division of troops is a mighty thing to move. Do you know that it takes twenty-eight French trains of fifty-one cars each to transport a division of men with its baggage?

They thought themselves well out of Calais for that place was being mercilessly bombed every night at about once time. The men came out of their huts on the hills when 10 o'clock came and watched the dastardly show, the searchlights looking wildly around the skies for the coming raiders, the lightning of the guns, the splash of giant bombs, the fires, red glares and silence. They were seeing enough to show them that they had arrived at the war, but as yet it had not touched them.

Their own entry into the raid area came a few days later when they went down to St. Pol, behind Arras, to go into training in British training camps, with British instructors. Here the Germans air-attacked them every night, dropping tremendous bombs. Many of the men who have been through the hardest fighting at the front will still tell you that these air raids at St. Pol were the worst feature of the war. This chaos of death and noise in the darkness when you stand defenseless seemed such a mean situation.

During their period of training in the fields back of Arras they had mock battles among trenches, and were brought up to date on all the latest dodges of British war methods. From time to time groups of them went into the real trenches with the Australians out in front of Arras. It was here that Lieutenant Mitchell of the 309th went across No Man's Land with some Australians on a reconnaissance of pure devilment, such as the Australians themselves were noted for, and single-handed, took a German machine gun and killed its crew. This was the same man that represented the division at the bayonet practice exhibition of the military show held at Madison Square Garden before the division sailed.

It was during these days of training and nights of raids that Lieutenant Colonel Edward S. Hayes, chief of the

operations section, H. Q., first began to distinguish himself. His personal investigations of the front line, his good cheer when the bombs were dropping earned him the name among the men of "Le Bon Colonel," and wherever you go among the troops now you hear his name mentioned—and his absence regretted. For this gallant officer lost his arm in the later fighting and is now in the hospital. On August 19, just as two battalions of the division were about to lead the way for the rest into the line in front of Arras to have a period of active training, they received orders to move to the American front. What was up? They did not know. They did not care. They felt almost as if they were going home, for they were going to an all-American section of France. Twenty-eight trainloads of happy men pulled out of the Picardy mists and the desolate northern fields of many battles, passed through the torn-up Marne salient, headed southeast through pleasant lands that had not been spoiled by war and were unloaded in the province of Haute Marne at Bourbonne-les-Bains, Chatillon-sur-Saone, and other places in the vicinity. Here they had a little comfort, not much, but it was the first they had had, and it seemed considerable. The days were pleasant, the world was good. And they had American chow once more. Here the troops had some more training, intensive, get-ready stuff. Some of the officers had days at the staff college at Langres. It was evident that something was up, and they figured that they would soon be seeing something of the war close-to.

It was not long in coming. On September 9 and 10 they began to move forward. They went past places, the names of which will grow more and more familiar to Americans as the years go along, through Jeanne D'Arc's country, Neufchateau, and on to Toul. After that the real thing began. They climbed into those big French blue camions that have gained laurels with the dusty Poilu in the annals of war, and driven by Chinese drivers, they rolled out on the long white roads toward the front.

You know what happened on September 12. That was the day of the first American offensive, at St. Mihiel.



Our division arrived on the hills behind the line in time to see the kickoff of that fight. They could hear the hub-bub of it, the greatest roar of artillery that had ever been let off yet in France. Then they marched up as the line advanced. They crept forward at night through the forests, and they will tell you that they never knew how dark night could be till then. It was raining, and they could have no lights and no fires and no hot food.

In the black hours before dawn of September 14 they crawled forward and took the line, relieving the 5th Division. And there they were, in the war. They were in the sector from Xammes to Vieuville-en-Haye, near Thiaucourt.

The way these new troops, who had never had any active experience, effected the relief of the line, advancing in the thick darkness in a country that they knew only on the map, and settled down under particularly sharp fire from the high ground of the Hindenburg line opposite, won them the compliments of the corps commander. The staff work was excellent, he said, the steadiness and discipline of the troops perfect. That was a good beginning for our civilian soldiers.

We will not stop for details here as this is simply a galloping account of where the division has been since it left Camp Dix. What the regiments have done and who were the men who figured, form another story that will come hurrying along after this one.

The 78th held the Thiaucourt sector from September 14 to October 5. That is a long stretch under any conditions, and when you think that this was their first entry into the war the length of these days is something to be put down to the great credit of the division. During these three weeks they withstood heavy German counter attacks, made raids on a large scale, advanced their positions locally, and on the 26th of September made a demonstration to resemble an offensive. This was the day of the opening of the great drive on the Argonne front and the intention was to puzzle the Germans as to where the real push was to be made.

In general, the work required of the division on the Thiaucourt front was to hold on and not to advance.

On October 5 followed some memorable days—that is, nights. For it is well to recall pointedly, now and then, that this was principally a night-time war. Thoroughly tired out and strained with their first rigorous experience in the line, dirty, exhausted with lack of rest and with the long spell without hot food, they started out for a forced march of fifty miles, through the mud, in the cold rain and the blank darkness across the base of the St. Mihiel salient, towards the Argonne.

All the men speak of that march. They will never forget it. When they got a few minutes' halt for rest they fell right down where they stood, even if it was in a river of mud or a pool of water, and sank into a dead sleep. The trundling artillery, the staff cars, the baggage lorries, the field kitchens, passing the marching troops in the chaotic darkness along that ragged, narrow road that had been tossed by shellfire and traffic until it had a surface like that of the Whirlpool Rapids all gave to the imagination the tinge of nightmare.

One staff car nearly crashed into an artillery limber that had skidded across the road. The officer in the car, whose nerves were a bit frazzled along the edges by fatigue, re-acted to the shock of the collision by crying out to the officer commanding the limber (who was Lieutenant Devinne, himself attached to the staff), "Why don't you get that limber out of the road? You ought to be in jail!"

"Jail!" muttered the lieutenant, wistfully. "I wish I was in jail!"

Two or three nights of this and another long "bus" advance, that is, in lorries, and they arrived in Clermont, on the eastern fringe of the Argonne Forest. Here they had two whole days of rest, with a chance to take their clothes off—for the first time in a month—and get a bath. The 156th Brigade, including the 311th and 312th Regiments, was called upon to make another long march forward to be on hand for a possible counter attack. The 155th Brigade (309th and 310th Regiments) followed.

From the 10th to the 15th of October they were in reserve behind the Grand Pre front. On the 15th they took over the line from the 77th Division, and their front extended from Grand-Pre to St. Juvin, roughly along the Aire River.

Here, as the division historian tersely put it, "hell broke loose."

Although the 77th Division thought they had taken Grand-Pre, and it had so been announced the day before, the 78th found the town entirely occupied and strongly fortified by the Germans when they took over. They managed to get a foothold only in two or three houses at the end of the main street. The taking of the town and citadel was all before them. The Germans had no intention of yielding this key position without putting up the strongest fight that they knew how to wage. At this time they were not yet beaten. Lille had not fallen. The center was only in the vicinity of the Chemin des Dames, while the German pivot positions from the Argonne to the Meuse were still holding. It was thought possible that the Germans were going to settle on a new line for the winter.

Two weeks later, when, by as heroic and bitter fighting as has taken place at any time during the war, the 78th Division smashed through the pivot of Grand-Pre, the Bois des Loges, the Burgundy Wood, and, regathering itself for another spring, launched a final blow on the Germans, the hun ran, a chase set in, and a few days later the war was over. The final blow north of Grand-Pre, after the fall of the citadel, was delivered on November 1. Before dawn on the 3rd the Germans, seeing the game was up, turned and headed for Germany. Without rest, without food, without equipment or blankets, the doughboys picked up and dashed after them. Twenty-four kilometers north they hurried, fighting the Boche out of rearguard positions.

The 42nd Division, the Rainbows, were coming up to relieve the 78th. They could not catch them. The Germans had turned the roads upside down, thinking that would delay their pursuers. But the engineers hurried

up and did incredible stunts in hole mending and temporary bridge building. The doughboys were far ahead. They waited for no transport. They were hungry, cold, coatless, exhausted. But they did not notice it. They hurried on.

On November 5 the 42nd caught up, and the event is referred to in division circles as the time when the Rainbow caught the Lightning. The commander of the Rainbow's first unit to arrive exclaimed: "I was ordered to leap-frog you and to take the line, but how could I when I couldn't catch you?"

The 78th had reached Tannay, a small place on the west bank of the Meuse, about opposite Stenay. This place is called "Finis la Guerre for the 78th." They did not know then, however, that the guerre was finis. They only knew they had earned their rest. They had given the hun a wholesale drubbing, and they were going back, back to some quiet place where they could sleep, and perhaps dry out a little and get a bit warm, and—have something to eat.

They trudged down along the road to Bricquenay, and those who saw those muddy doughboys passing through will never lose the picture from their memory. So tired that they staggered rather than walked, their eyes dazed, their uniforms torn and wet, caked in mud to the shoulders, their faces stained, their chins stubbly, their tin hats pushed back from their foreheads, they looked up at their general, who stood to watch them and they smiled. Some of them carried strange souvenirs. One had an old plug hat he had found in an empty house. Another trundled a battered baby carriage full of precious war junk together with some bread discovered in an abandoned Boche bakery. In voices muffled with fatigue they bandied jokes and laughed. They had chased the hun and they were going back to rest. The rain kept on, the mud splashed, the guns were rumbling and the machine guns sputtering. Nothing mattered. They were going back to rest.

A few days later a frivolous rumor passed along from line to line of the marching troops. Some one had said



that the war was over and an armistice had been signed. What was the use of starting these silly rumors? No one paid much attention to them.

Toward night as they were approaching St. Meneholde they saw an alarming, if spectacular, show in a neighboring valley. There were some American troops there and they were raising a tremendous hullabaloo. They were shooting guns, sending up rockets, star shells and flares, popping machine guns and tossing hand grenades. Surely there must be a riot. The 78th thought they probably would be stopped and sent down to restore order. But they weren't. Then the rumor started again, the rumor about the armistice. And the ingenious rumor spreader added that the riot in the valley was a peace celebration. They wondered if such a thing could be true. The idea got hold of them a little and as dusk came on some one started singing the "Long, Long Trail." They were almost too tired to sing, but still the air was taken up here and there and it wandered thinly down the line.

When they got into St. Meneholde they found it was true. The Germans had quit. The thing had been signed. The war was over.

The 78th were too tired for any gaudy celebrations. They stood around talking about it in a dazed

sort of way, but somehow it seemed incredible. Peace was too large an idea to take in until at least after having one long sleep. So they fell into their billets. And while we sang and danced and shouted in the cities, they slept. Meanwhile some of their officers went into a little steep-roofed tavern in St. Meneholde and there by chance happened to see a group of old bent figures gathered around a wooden table over a bottle of wine. They were veterans of 1870 celebrating the victory of 1918. When they saw the Americans enter, covered with mud and fresh from the war, it seemed to them to fit the occasion miraculously. They invited our men to join them, patted them on the back, gave them some wine, and they drank to the day together.

A few days later the 78th entrained and were taken down to one of the most picturesque corners of old France, in the Cote d'Or, north-west of Dijon, with headquarters at Semur.

That is where they are now as I write. They are busy getting themselves together, cleaning up, looking around for old chums in other units—finding some and missing many others, learning what the rest did in the great fight, beginning to hear that they are a brilliant division and that honors are to come to them.

New Jersey can be very proud of her sons.



The SERVICE

RECORD

AS YOU WERE



NAME AND ADDRESS	Entered Company	Pvt. First Class	Corporal	Sergeant	Sergeant First Class	Casualties	Returned to Company
ADAMS, THOMAS P., Junior, Barbour Co., W. Va.....	2-29-8	1- 1-9	10-17-8	12-22-8
ALBERTSON, E. E., 205 Baker St., Mt. Vernon, Wash.....	3-24-8	4- 1-8	12- 1-8	2- 5-9	Died 2-11-9
ALDRICH, EMMETT H., Waverly, N. Y.....	11-19-7	Discharged, S. C. D.	2-4-8
ALDRICH, EVERETT S., 352 W. Van Buren St., Battle Creek, Mich.....	10-22-8	12- 1-8
ALEXANDER, KENNETH B., Newbern, Va.....	10-25-8	3- 1-9
ANDERSON, ELI, Fargo, N. D.....	2-24-8	Discharged, S. C. D.	4-6-8
ANDREWS, CHAS. F., Mermaid and Stenton Aves., Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.....	10-23-8	Transfer	red to 28th	Division	April, 1919.
ARMS, PERCY J., 1936 Swatava St., Harrisburg, Pa.....	10-11-7	12- 1-7
ASH, ALFRED D., Haswell, Col.....	2-24-8
ASHTON, LEON W., Collingswood, N. J.....	5-22-8	6- 1-8	8- 1-8	Transfer	red to Company A
BARR, WILLIAM, Rugby, N. D.....	2-24-8	6- 1-8
BARTO, EVERETT J., Ossining, N. Y.....	2-23-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-5-8
BEIGHLEY, HENRY, Canning, Pa.....	2-24-8	To 309th	Infantry.	5-1-3
BERGQUIST, ARTHUR H.....	10-20-8
BILLINGS, JAMES R., Smithville, S., Nassau Co., N. Y.....	10-11-7	12- 1-7	1- 1-8	3- 1-8	12- 1-8
BILLINGS, JOHN H., 1828 Benson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	12-10-7	4- 1-8	6- 1-8	Gas. 10-20-8
BILLING, LEO J., Lisbon, N. D.....	2-24-8	6- 1-8	Killed.	10-24-8
BLACK, CLIFFORD R., R. F. D. No. 2., Sheldon, N. D.....	2-24-8	6- 1-8	Gas. 10-20-8
BLACK, WILLIAM, 189 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1- 5-9	As Sergeant	First Class.
BLAIR, GEORGE M., Sandy, R.D. No. 4, Salt Lake Co., Utah	2-24-8	6- 1-8
BLAIR, ROBERT T., 54 Oak St., Yonkers, N. Y.....	2- 1-8	6- 1-8
BLAIR, STANLEY J., Devils Lake, N. D.....	2-24-8	6- 1-8
BLEAM, ARTHUR L., 216 Highland Ave., Trenton, N. J.....	10-14-8	As Corporal.
BLOMGREN, IVER L., 615 N. Green St., Ottumwa, Iowa.....	2-24-8	6- 1-8
BLODGETT, HARRY J., Cobleskill, N. Y.....	5-16-8	8- 1-8
BLUTO, WILLIAM W., 8 Union St., Hudson, N. Y.....	10-11-7	To B. Co.	11-18-7	To C. Co.	10-4-8	As Corp.
BOBINSKY, PAUL A., 2809 V St., Omaha, Neb.....	2-24-8	12- 1-8
BOCK, ARTHUR W., 107 Wainwright St., Newark, N. J.....	3-24-8	12- 1-8	10- 4-8	10-28-8
BOCKMANN, EMIL O., 489 S. 6th St., Newark, N. J.....	3-24-8	6- 1-8	10-11-8	12-24-8
BOGAN, WILLIAM N., Tupelo, Miss.....	10-22-8	3- 1-9
BOLING, ODA R., Champaign, Ill.....	2-24-8	4- 1-8
BOLSTAD, TOLLEF, Viroqua, Wis.....	2-24-8	To 310th Inf.	5- 1-8
BOWMAN, EDSON H., Central Village, Mass.....	2-24-8	5- 1-8	To Co. B.	10-14-8	6- 30-8
BRADY, GEORGE L., Seneca Falls, N. Y.....	11- 1-7	12- 1-7	7- 1-8	8- 1-8	To Co. B.	10-14-8	To Co. C. 1- 4-9
BREEN, MICHAEL T., Trumansburg, N. Y.....	11- 1-7	2- 1-8



NAME AND ADDRESS	Entered Company	Pvt. First Class	Corporal	Sergeant	Sergeant First Class	Casualties	Returned to Company
BRENNAN, NORMAN L., 2720 10th Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.	2-24-8	Transferred.	8-8-8				
BRENNAN, ROBERT C., 112 N. 5th St., Newark, Ohio.	11-13-8	1- 1-9					
BRETT, GEORGE G., Waterville, Wash.	2-24-8	4- 1-8	12- 1-8				
BROOKS, CLARENCE W., 620 18th St., Oakland, Calif.	2-24-8	5- 1-8					
BROOKS, JAMES R., 122 Plum St., Montgomery, Ala.	11-13-8	3- 1-9					
BROOKS, JOHN H., 17 So. Water St., Westfield, N. Y.	12- 9-7	To Depot	Brigade.	5-10-8			
BROWN, LAFOREST V., 34 High St., Cambridge, Mass.	2-22-8	6- 1-8	12- 1-8				
BROWN, NED F., Warren, Ind.	2-24-8	4- 1-8					
BROWN, RAYMOND G., 323 Magnolia Ave., Alden, Pa.	4-26-8	5- 1-8					Died 1-8-9
BROWN, RICHARD J., 125 Oak St., Warren, Pa.	2-24-8	8- 1-8					
BRUNETTI, JOHN, 600 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.	11-10-8						
BUCEY, CHARLES D., 205 Washington St., Fairmont, W. Va.	11-13-8	4- 1-9					
BURGENSON, RUDOLPH L., Cleveland, Ohio.	9-24-8	As Corp.					10-14-8
BURKE, FORREST A., 628 S. 57th St., Philadelphia, Pa.	11- 1-7	2- 1-8	8- 1-8				
BURNAP, LEROY N., 132 Ninth St., Troy, N. Y.	2-24-8	5- 1-8					
BURNS, LUKE E., 210 Ford St., Rochester, N. Y.	12- 3-7	6- 1-8	12- 1-8				
BUTLER, WILLIAM E., Salem, Va.	10-25-8						
BYRON, EARL, 1002 E. Enterprise St., Springfield, Ill.	5-16-8						
CAIN, LEO C., 912 W. Mill St., Ithaca, N. Y.	12- 6-7		Cook 2-1-8				9-17-8
CAMPBELL, O. J., 1020 2nd Ave., No. Fargo, No. Dak.	2-24-8	6- 1-8					
CARLSON, J. A., Grafton, N. D.	2-24-8	4- 1-8	12- 1-8				
CASSIDY, PATRICK P., Port Reading, N. J.	4-15-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-17-8			
CHAMBERLIN, EDW. F., 10 Melrose Ave., E. Orange, N. J.	12- 5-7	12- 1-8					
CHINN, JAMES T., Fredericksburg, Va.	10-25-8						
CLAPP, ROBERT H., 523 W. 113th St., N. Y. C.	10-14-7	3- 4-8	Discharged	to Accept	Commission		
CLARK, CHARLES J., 923 S. Main St., Kalispell, Mont.	2-24-8	5- 1-8					
CLEARY, ANTHONY H., 724 Saratoga St., E. Boston, Mass.	3- 1-8	6- 1-8					
CLIFT, MURREL D., Tennis Ave., Andalusia, Pa.	2-24-8	7- 1-8					
CLUTTS, CLAY A., 203 Woodland St., Nashville, Tenn.	2-24-8	4- 1-8	8- 1-8	9- 1-8	To Co. B.		
CODISPOTI, SAVERIO, North Fork, W. Va.	2-24-8	4- 1-8					
COFFLAND, EDWARD, May, Okla.	2-24-8	6- 1-8	12- 1-8				
COLBERG, George A., 112 E. Baker Ave., Wildwood, N. J.	1- 9-8		Cook 4-1-8				
COLE, HARVEY L., Enderlin, N. D.	2-24-8	6- 1-8	12- 1-8	4- 1-9			
COLOMBO, MICHAEL A., 546 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	10-11-7	4- 1-8	6- 1-8				
COLSON, VICTOR E., 3337 W. Beach Ave., Chicago, Ill.	2-24-8	4- 1-8	6- 1-8	12- 1-8	5- 1-9		
COLVILLE, WALTER W., 35 Eldorado Pl., Weehawken, N.J.	10-11-7			1- 1-8	8- 1-8	5- 1-9	M. S. E.
CONOLLY, JOHN J., 105 Ashford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	5- 8-8	6- 1-8					
COSGRIFF, JAMES A., 2217 E. 68th St., Cleveland, Ohio.	10-25-8	1- 1-9					
COX, ARTHUR C., Charleston, W. Va.	11- 1-8	As Private	First Class				
CRAMPTON, JAMES H., Union Pier, Mich.	2-24-8	6- 1-8					
CRAWFORD, LEROY J., Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y.	12- 9-7	Discharged	S. C. D.	3-15-8			
CROSBY, HENRY A. L., Carlisle, N. Y.	2-23-8		7- 1-8				
CROSCUP, EVERETT J., 615 River St., Mattapan, Mass.	2-24-8	8- 1-8					
CROSS, LYTTLETON M., Haddon Heights, N. J.	10-11-7	11- 1-7	1- 1-8	5- 1-8			
DANON, SAMUEL J., 20 E. 116th St., New York City	10-20-7	Discharged	S. C. D.	11-6-7			
DARMODY, ARTHUR F., 64 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J.	11-19-7	1- 1-8	4- 1-8	6- 1-8			



The SERVICE RECORD

NAME AND ADDRESS	Entered Company	Pvt. First Class	Corporal	Sergeant	Sergeant First Class	Casualties	Returned to Company
DAVIS, THEODORE E., 208 W. 54th St., New York, N. Y.	10-11-7	10-11-7	11-16-7	1- 1-8	3- 2-8	M. S. E.	
DAVIDSON, ARNOLD B., Parkersburg, W. Va.	10-14-7	Transferred to Q. M. C.		1-16-8			
DAY, WILLIAM P., Brookside, Pa.	3- 7-8	4- 1-8	9- 1-8				
DEARDEN, ARTHUR, 390 Eighth St., Troy, N. Y.	2-24-8					Died 4-18-8	
DEJON, WILLIAM P., 34 Patrick St., New Haven, Conn.	10-22-8						
DELANEY, ARTHUR G., Keating, Clinton Co., Pa.	10-20-8	12- 1-8					
DENZLER, WILLIAM, 334 E. 66th St., New York City	11- 1-8	As Corp.	To Co. B.	12-1-8			
DEROSE, DOMENICO, 222 Washington St., Spokane, Wash.	2-24-8	To 311th Infantry.		5-1-8			
DEVINE, THOMAS, 708 Third Ave., Grand Forks, N. D.	2-24-8	5- 1-8					
DITMER, CARL, care of Mrs. Ruth Wilson, Grafton, N. D.	2-24-8	5- 1-8				10-16-8	
DOKAS, KONSTANTINOS, St. Louis, Mo.	2-24-8	To Med. Dep	pt. 5- 2-8				
DORE, THOMAS G., 55 E. 6th St., Oswego, N. Y.	12- 8-7		11-20-8				
DOTSON, SAMUEL C., Lewisburg, W. Va.	4-29-8	6- 1-8	7- 1-8			10- 4-8	10-28-8
DOUGLAS, FRANK C., Ellensville, N. Y.	5- 1-8	6- 1-8				9-28-8	
DRACH, DUDLEY J., 1358 W. 112th St., Cleveland, Ohio	11-10-8						
DUNSTAN, THOMAS, 4423 W. Seattle St., Seattle, Wash.	10-25-8		10-20-8				
EDGCUMBE, MERTON W., 110 Kingston St., Rochester, N. Y.	10-11-7	3- 1-8				Flu. 1-1-9	
EFFENBERGER, ALIE J., Nehalem, Ore.	2-24-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-10-8			
EHLERS, JOHN J., 21 Park Pl., Morristown, N. J.	3-24-8	7- 1-8				10- 8-8	11-14-8
EINSON, B. B., 643 Lenox Ave., New York City	10-11-7	To 155th	Brigade				
ELLIOTT, LEROY J., 208 E. Pico St., Los Angeles, Calif.	2-24-8	4- 1-8	5- 1-8				
ENSMINGER, GEORGE S., Evergreen Ave., Morristown, N. J.	10-11-7	12- 1-7				{ Wounded	
EROS, JOSEPH, 2809 V St., Southside, Omaha, Neb.	2-24-8	12- 1-8				10-20-8	
EVANS, SAMUEL H., Y. M. C. A., Los Angeles, Calif.	10-11-7	10-11-7					
FARNAM, EARL L., Pawnee, Ill.	5-20-8	9- 1-8				Flu.	
FELGER, DAVID G., Johnstown, N. D.	2-24-8	12- 1-8				2- 6-8	
FERSKY, SOL J., 4516 William St., Cleveland, Ohio	2-24-8	12- 1-8					
FINK, LUTHER D., Eccles, W. Va.	2-24-8	6- 1-8					
FINN, SAMUEL J., Coffeen St., Watertown, N. Y.	11-19-8		7- 1-8	9- 1-8			
FINNEGAN, RALPH M., 2021 A. E. O'Lear St., St. Louis, Mo.	10-20-8						
FISHER, CHESTER E., 451 14th St., Buffalo, N. Y.	11-23-7	5- 1-8	7- 1-8		12- 1-8	{ To Co. B.	{ To Co. C.
FITZ, HENRY I., Peconic, N. Y.	2-24-8	4- 1-8	5- 1-8			10-14-8	1- 9-9
FLANNERY, THOMAS J., 40 Mt. Pleasant Ave., Newark, N. J.	3-10-8	6- 1-8					
FLEMING, FRED U., Alpena, S. D.	2-24-8		5- 1-8				
FLOM, THEODORE, Gary, Norman Co., Minn.	2-24-8	3- 1-8	12- 1-8				
FLOOD, HARRY E., 75 Reservoir St., Cambridge, Mass.	2-22-8	6- 1-8				Gas 10-18-8	
FOHRELL, ELMER H., 1115 Second St., Edwardsville, Ill.	6-14-8	12- 1-8					
FOOTE, WILLIAM E., Elberta, Utah	2-24-8	7- 1-8				9-23-8	12- 1-8
FORST, RAYMOND C., Trenton, N. J.	4- 1-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-24-8			
FREEMAN, ALBERT J., Havana, Fla.	2-24-8	12- 1-8					
FURTH, ALPHONSE J., 319 New York Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	10-11-7		3- 1-8			{ Hospital	4- 9
GAGLIARDI, JOSEPH, 421 Main Ave., Spokane, Wash.	2-24-8	12- 1-8				10-3-8	
GALLICHO, JOHN A., 2853 W. 20th St., Coney Island, Brooklyn, N. Y.	10-11-7	12- 1-7	12- 1-8			Gas 10-20-8	



NAME AND ADDRESS	Entered Company	Pvt. First Class	Corporal	Sergeant	Sergeant First Class	Casualties	Returned to Company
GARBER, FREDERICK W., 610 Elkins Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.	10- 1-7	12- 1-7	4- 1-9				
GELTMAN, LOUIS, 546 E. 180th St., New York City.....	12-15-7	Discharge	d S. C. D.	2-19-8			
GERVASI, VINCENZO, Tarrytown, N. Y.....	10-11-7	To Supply	y Detach.	11-18-7			
GIANNOTTA, PASQUALE, Kensington, Conn.....	10-11-7	To Supply	y Detach.	11-18-7			
GIBSON, GEORGE E., 745 Bay St., Rochester, N. Y.....	3-24-8	10- 1-8					
GIGLIOTTI, EUGENIO, 928 S. Shalto St., Chicago, Ill.....	2-24-8	9- 1-8					
GILBERT, ROY, White Rock, S. D.....	10- 2-8	12- 1-8					
GLAZE, JAMES B., Spokane, Wash.....	2-24-8	To Med. Dept.	5-2-8				
GOTT, SANFORD J., 491 S. Goodman St., Rochester, N. Y.....	2-10-8	To A. M. C.					
GRAY, ALFRED E., 90 Pullman Ave., Rochester, N. Y.....	5- 5-8	1- 1-9				Gas	
GREENE, HAROLD I., 248 Central Ave., West Hoboken, N. J.....	11- 1-7						
GREGORY, NORMAN S., Cloveport, Ky.....	10-22-8	12- 1-8					
GUMBRECHT, JOHN, 402 New York Ave., Jersey City, N. J.....	2- 1-8	6- 1-8					
HABEL, EDWARD G., 19 Woodside St., Rochester, N. Y.....	11-30-7		Cook 1-16-8	8-1-8			
HAGIE, WAYNE R., Marion, Mont.....	2-24-8		6- 1-8	8-1-8	Mess 4- 1-9	Sergeant	
HALL, WILLIAM J., Penn. R. R., 4th and Front Sts., Long Island City, N. Y.....							
HALPERN, SIGMUND H., Margaretsville, N. Y.....	10-11-8	Discharge	d S. C. D.	3-23-8			
HAKANSON, DAN M., McLeod, N. D.....	10-11-8	Discharge	d S. C. D.	12-14-7			
HAMMETT, CHARLES L., Cairo, Ga.....	2-24-8	6- 1-8					
HARMON, ARTEMAS H., 24 Orange St., Portland, Me.....	2-24-8	9- 1-8					
HARMON, ELVAS E., Eldon, Iowa.....	10-20-8	11- 1-9					
HARPELL, ALBERT E., 29 Burnett St., Newark, N. J.....	2-24-8	12- 1-8					
HARRIS, GORDON L., Irving-On-The-Hudson, N. Y.....	10-11-7	12- 1-7					
HARVEY, JAMES E., 158 Myrtle St., Brockton, Mass.....	5- 1-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-14-8			
HASELWOOD, ALFRED V., Tecumseh, Okla.....	2- 1-8	4- 1-8					
HASSON, ARTHUR P., 128 W. 109th St., New York City.....	2-24-8	8- 1-8					
HAWKINSON, AXEL B., Box 77, Crompton, R. I.....	10-11-7	12- 1-8					
HAYZLER, EMIL, Schuyler, Nebr.....	2- 1-8	6- 1-8					
HEDLOFF, WALTER A., Ely, Minn.....	2-24-8	6- 1-8					
HEIDER, ROY W., Watervliet, Mich.....	2-24-8	6- 1-8					
HEITMAN, ALFRED W., 98 Romaine Ave., Jersey City, N. J.....	10-11-8	11-16-7	To Officers	Training			
HENNESSEY, JOSEPH A., 51 Canonburg Road, Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y.....	1-11-9	Transferred	2-21-9				
HERLAN, HARRY, 125 Madison St., Oneida, N. Y.....	11- 1-7	6- 1-8	8- 1-8	12- 1-8			
HERR, LAWRENCE F., 10 Commercial Ave., Binghamton, N. Y.....							
HESLINK, WALTER D., 314 Babcock St., Buffalo, N. Y.....	11-19-7	To Co. A.	10-14-8				
HESS, THOMAS F., 275 Walnut Ave., Trenton, N. J.....	12- 8-7	2- 1-8	8- 1-8	4- 1-9			
HEWITT, MICHAEL D., Otisco St., Syracuse, N. Y.....	4- 1-8	5- 1-8	4- 1-9				
HILLS, RALPH M., Friendship, N. Y.....	2-23-8	To San.	Train.	5- 1-8			
HILDEBRANDT, GEO. R., 39 Lincoln Ave., Ocean Side, N. Y.....	12- 3-7	2- 1-8	6- 1-8				
HIRLEMAN, FAY, Houghton, S. D.....	10-11-7	1- 1-8					
HORCROFT, EDWARD C., 1375 Lyman Pl., New York City.....	10-22-8		4- 1-9				
HOGAN, HUGH E., 75 North Ave., Oswego, N. Y.....	2- 1-8	M. S. E.	5- 1-8	Transferred.			
HOLMBERG, JOHN M., 79 Huntington St., New Brunswick, N. J.....	12- 3-7						
	10-30-7	2- 1-8					

NAME AND ADDRESS	Entered Company	Pvt. First Class	Corporal	Sergeant	Sergeant First Class	Casualties	Returned to Company
HORNBERGER, WALTER J., 392 Glenwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.	1-10-8	Gassed
HOUSTON, EDWARD B., 119 N. 6th St., Newark, N. J.	3-24-8	6- 1-8
HOWELL, EDWARD N., Kirksville, Mo.	2-24-8	4- 1-8	5- 1-8	6- 1-8	8- 1-8	To O. T. C.	10-28-8
HOWORTH, EARL G., 1192 Pavone St., Benton Harbor, Mich.	2-24-8	12- 1-8
HUGHES, JOHN D., 570 W. 191st St., New York City	10-11-7	12- 1-7	2- 1-8	3- 1-8
HUGUNIN, WALLACE R., 1908 Harrison St., Davenport, Iowa	10- 4-8	12- 1-8
HULETT, ROY M., 132 9th St., Troy, N. Y.	2-24-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-17-8
HUNTLEY, CLARENCE B., Rockland, Me.	2-24-8	6- 1-8	Died 2-20-9
JACKSON, ERNEST G., 208 Niagara St., Niagara Falls, N. Y.	12- 6-8	2- 1-8	Gas. 10-20-8
JACKSON, JOHN S., Montour Falls, N. Y.	12- 3-7	Sergeant	First Class.	To 4th S	Service Co.	5-17-8
JACKSON, ROBERT L., Van Nuys, Calif.	2-24-8	6- 1-8	12- 1-8	4- 1-9
JACOBSON, SAMUEL, 438 So. Park St., Elizabeth, N. J.	4-15-8	12- 1-8
JOHNSON, GEORGE W., 2560 Benninghofen Ave., Hamilton, Ohio	10-25-8	4- 1-9
JOHNSON, JOHN C., Brantford, N. D.	2-24-8	6- 1-8
JOHNSON, WILLIAM G., Port Royal, Pa.	10-11-7	11- 1-7	1- 1-8	4- 1-8	4- 1-9	Gassed.
JOHNSON, WILLIAM S., 384 High St., Benton Harbor, Mich.	2-24-8	10- 1-8	12- 1-8	Gassed.
JONES, ASHTON D., Elberta, Utah	2-24-8	10- 1-8	2- 5-8	3- 1-8
JONES, CLIFFORD M., Elberta, Utah	2-24-8	10- 1-8	2- 5-9
JUDD, CARL, Actors Equity Assn., New York City	10-11-7	1- 1-8	3- 1-8	5- 1-8	Gassed.
KAHALY, ARTHUR T., 656 Broadway, New York City	10-11-7	2- 1-8	Gassed.
KAUFMAN, WILLIAM, 1357 Odell St., New York City	10-11-7	10-11-7	1- 1-8	4- 1-9
KEENAN, PATRICK J., 219 W. 66th St., New York City	11-24-8	4- 1-9
KELLY, ERROLL J., Louisville, N. Y.	4-27-8	6- 1-8	8- 1-8	12- 1-8
KELLY, JOHN I., P. O. Box 1216, Drumright, Okla.	10-11-7	12- 1-7
KELLY, JOSEPH A., 802 Linden St., Camden, N. J.	4-21-8	12- 1-8	4- 1-9
KELLY, SETH J., Rockaway Beach, N. Y.	10-11-7	To Co. A.	11-18-7
KEMPNER, DAVID D., 251 W. 92nd St., New York City	10-11-7	11-16-7	To O. T. C.	12-27-7
KENLON, EDWARD C., 142 S. 12th Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	2-22-8	7- 1-8	8- 1-8	Gas. 10-10-8
KENT, RAYMOND H., Osgood, Mo.	2-24-8	3- 1-8	4- 1-9
KESSLER, PAUL J., Gilberton, Pa.	4- 4-8	6 -1-8	12- 1-8
KILBOURN, WILLIAM M., 1104 Kossuth Ave., Utica, N. Y.	4-15-8	6 -1-8
KIMMEL, LOUIS, Mt. Oliver Station, Pittsburg, Pa.	10-11-7	Gas. 10-20-8
KING, FRANKLIN G., 2 Schwartz St., Rochester, N. Y.	10-11-7	11- 1-8
KINSELLA, CHRISTOPHER A., 686 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	10-11-7	6- 1-8	Flu.
KIRSHNER, JOE, Charleroi, Pa.	2-24-8	{Killed 10-18-8
KOEHLER, GEORGE W., Bound Brook, N. J.	10-11-7	10-11-7	1- 1-8	3- 1-8	6 -1-8
KRIDER, CHARLES E., 1402 Catalpa St., Parkland, Louisville, Ky.	10-25-8	1- 1-9
KROENCKE, EDWARD E., Buhl, Idaho	2-24-8	6- 1-8	4- 1-9
KNUTSON, ALBERT H., Reynolds, N. D.	2-24-8	Deserted	4-27-8
LANE, EDGAR G., Onan, Va.	10-11-7	10-11-7	4- 1-9	Gassed.
LANE, JAMES H., 446 Peffer St., Harrisburg, Pa.	10-11-7	1- 1-8
LANE, JAMES M., JR., 1270 73rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	10-11-7	To Camp	Lee, Va.	5-24-8
LANGFORD, FREDERICK R., 558 3rd St., Niagara Falls, N. Y.	12- 3-7	4- 1-8



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NAME AND ADDRESS	Entered Company	Pvt. First Class	Corporal	Sergeant	Sergeant First Class	Casualties	Returned to Company
LARENITIS, LELAND P., 1232 Organ Ave., Ft. Wayne, Ind...	2-24-8	4- 1-9
LARKIN, FRANK C., 80 4th St., Newark, N. J.....	10-22-8	4- 1-9
LAUFFENBURGER, JOSEPH E., Buhl, Idaho.....	2-24-8	4- 1-8	6- 1-8	12- 1-8	{ M. S. E. 4- 1-9	{ Flu. 1- 8-9
LAWRENCE, FRANCIS D., East Hampton, L. I., N. Y.....	2-24-8
LAYNE, ELMER F., Quinlan, Okla.....	2-24-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-10-8
LEAS, ORAN C., Green City, Mo.....	2-24-8	12- 1-8
LEE, ARTHUR L., 1608 Mississippi St., La Crosse, Wis.....	2-24-8
LEFRANCIS, FRED E., Clarkston, Wash.....	11-13-8	Died 2-20-9
LENNON, WILLIAM J., 470 W. 153rd St., New York City.....	10-11-7	4- 1-8	11-17-8
LEO, THOMAS W. J., 412 W. 55th St., New York City.....	12-26-7	4- 1-8	10-13-8
LEVY, ADOLPH, 123 E. 108th St., New York City.....	1-10-8	To Medic	al Corps
LILES, JOSEPH M., care of Julius L. Liles, R. F. D. No. 1, Wendell, N. C.....	5-10-8	To Photographic School, Paris.
LINCOLN, LEROY S., 51 Highland Ave., Uniontown, Pa.....	10-11-7	11- 1-8	1- 1-8	5- 1-8	12- 1-8
LIPMAN, THEODORE E., 1300 Bushnell St., Beloit, Wis.....	5-22-8	6- 1-8	Gas. 10-10-8
LIVINGSTON, ADAM L., Mabton, Wash.....	10- 6-8	12- 1-8
LOFTUS, WILLIAM J., 225 S. 10th St., Newark, N. J.....	3-20-8	6- 1-8	8- 1-8
LONGO, JOSEPH E., Bunkie, La.....	10-22-8	12- 1-8
LOUSER, JOHN L., 418 No. 5th St., Lebanon, Pa.....	4-20-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-24-8
LUDY, HARRY E., 424 9th St., Benton Harbor, Mich.....	2-24-8	5- 1-8	Wounded 10-21-8
LUSARETO, MARCELINO, Sweetwater, Nev.....	2-24-8	12- 1-8
LYONS, HENRY J. D., Henderson, W. Va.....	2-24-8	6- 1-8
MACCORMAC, GEORGE H., 155 Mansfield St., New Haven, Conn.....	2-22-8	6- 1-8	10-23-8
MACDONALD, MATTHEW P., 74 Garden St., S., Manchester, Conn.....	11- 1-8
MAGUIRE, MATTHEW S., 390 8th St., Troy, N. Y.....	2-24-8	6- 1-8	9- 1-8
MALONE, JOHN R., Mansfield, Wash.....	2-24-8	3- 1-8
MARION, JAMES E., Harrison, N. J.....	3-26-8	6- 1-8
MARTIN, ALOYSIUS, 555 Woodland St., Trenton, N. J.....	2-24-8
MAULE, CHARLES P., South Omaha, Nebr.....	2-24-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-10-8
MAXWELL, LUCAN M., 58 W. 36th St., New York City.....	10-11-7	6- 1-8
MAY, AUSTIN B., Green City, Mo.....	2-24-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-14-8
MAZUREK, FRANK W., 490 Berlin St., Buffalo, N. Y.....	2-24-8	8- 1-8
McCABE, EARL R., Venice, Ill.....	5- 1-8
McCANN, FRANCIS T., Verona, N. D.....	2-24-8	6- 1-8	12- 1-8
McCarthy, JEREMIAH J., 221 E. 124th St., New York City.....	10-11-7	11- 1-7	1- 1-8
McCREADY, EARL, Clifford, Mich.....	2-24-8	9- 1-8	4- 1-9
McCRUDEN, JOHN J., New York City.....	2- 1-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-24-8
McFARLAND, JOSEPH A., Philadelphia, Pa.....	3-14-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-14-8
McDaniels, HOMER A., Hillsdale, N. J.....	10-11-7	6-1-8	Gassed.
McGARY, BERT, 155 Russell Ave., Akron, Ohio.....	9- 9-8	12- 1-8
McGEE, GUY F., Osgood, Mo.....	2-24-8	4- 1-8	5-1-8	6- 1-8	To O. T. C.
McGEE, JOHN F., Kalispell, Mont.....	2-24-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-10-8
McGILLIS, JOHN, Edmore, N. D.....	2-24-8	Transferr	ed to 80th	Division.	12- 1-8
McKENDRICK, EDWARD H., 1 High St., White Plains, N. Y.....	10-11-7



NAME AND ADDRESS	Entered Company	Pvt. First Class	Corporal	Sergeant	Sergeant First Class	Casualties	Returned to Company
McMAHON, HENRY F., 551 Broadway, Pawtucket, R. I.	2-24-8	12- 1-8					
McMANUS, MARK D., 1253 Arapahoe St., Los Angeles, Calif.	2-24-8					Gassed.	
McMURTRY, WILLIAM, Breckenridge, Mo.	2-24-8					Gas. 10-18-8	
MCNEILL, ABRAM J., Warren, Pa.	3-10-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-10-8			
McPHEE, COLE, 43 Liberty St., East Waterbury, Conn.	2-24-8		4- 1-8			Gas. 10-23-8	
MEANEY, JOHN M., 195 Woodlawn Ave., Jersey City, N. J.	2- 8-8	6- 1-8	To Headq	quarters Co.	4-1-8	To Co. C.	12-1-8
MELLEN, FRANK O., 98 Marcy Ave., E. Orange, N. J.	4-15-8						
MENAKER, FREDERICK E., Perth Amboy, N. J.	11-19-7	3- 1-8					
MENGEL, LEO S.	5-17-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-20-8			
MENZIES, GEORGE A.	11-12-7	To Camp	Kelley, Te	xas.	12-12-7		
MERRIL, DUDLEY R., 1654 E. 9th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	10-11-7	M. S.	E. to O.	T. C.	7-26-8		
METCALF, FRANKLIN R.	2-10-8	To S. C.	Radio Scho	ol. 5-11-8			
MEYER, CHARLES A.	1-30-9						
MEYER, FRANK K., 3012 Clay St., San Diego, Calif.	2-24-8		4- 1-8	8- 1-8			
MICHAELS, MAX, 613 Metropolitan Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	10-25-8	As Private	First Class				
MIDGLEY, CECIL W., Union, N. Y.	11-19-7	1- 1-8	6- 1-8			8-27-8	
MILLER, BURTON R., 53 Mary St., Binghamton, N. Y.	5-17-8	To Co. B.	10-14-8				
MILLER, HORATIO, 411 Boulevard, Westfield, N. J.	10-11-7			11-16-7	To O.	T. C.	12-26-7
MILLER, MARTIN J., 3235 Bainton Ave., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.	10-11-7	To Camp	Kelley, Te	xas.			
MILLINGTON, JOHN, Jefferson St., Follansbee, W. Va.	2-24-8	6- 1-8					
MOHR, HAROLD O., 101 Sixth St., Wilmette, Ill.	10-11-7	10-11-7	2- 1-8	6- 1-8	12- 1-8	M. S. E.	4- 1-9
MOLL, FRANK E., 2041 E. Penna. Ave., Warren, Pa.	2-24-8	6- 1-8					
MOONEY, DANIEL W., 1040 E. 27th South St., Salt Lake City, Utah.	2-24-8		Cook 3-1-8				
MORRIS, EVERETT J., 2221 Evans Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	2-24-8		4- 1-8	6- 1-8	4- 1-9	Wounded	
MOWERS, WILLIAM W., Alloway, N. J.	2- 1-8		As Ser	geant.			
MOORE, MELVIN S., 31 New York Ave., Ocean Grove, N. J.	10-11-7		As Ser	geant.	To	O. T. C.	12-27-7
MURNANE, CORNELIUS J., Westville, N. H.	6- 1-8			10- 1-8	To Co. B.	12-1-8	
MURRAY, JAMES J., 499 E. 138th St., Bronx, N. Y. C.	11- 1-8		As Cor	poral			
NASDEO, ANTHONY, 345 Water St., N. Y. C.	10-11-7		To He	adquarters	Co. 11- 1-8		
NELSON, EMIL, North Cape, Wis.	2-24-8		5- 1-8	12- 1-8			
NELSON, FRED E., 8057 Throop St., Chicago, Ill.	10-22-8	As Private	First Class				
NICOLAI, JACK F., 301 W. 21st St., New York City	5-24-8	To Co. A.	6- 1-8				
NIGHTINGALE, WALTER T., Waldwick Ave., Waldwick, N. J.	2-24-8			8- 1-8			
NISCHAN, CHRIS, 1039 Triplet St., Owensboro, Ky.	10- 4-8		12- 1-8				
NORMAN, WILLIAM H., Sta. A. R. F. D., New Orleans, La.	11-13-8	As Private	First Class				
NORTON, EARL R., 22 Delaware Ave., Hudson Falls, N. Y.	5- 2-8		12- 1-8				
OAKES, RAY H., Woodstock, Vt.	2-24-8		Horse	Shoer.			
O'BRIEN, HUGH J., 406 Center St., Trenton, N. J.	3-26-8		6- 1-8	12- 1-8			
O'DONOGHUE, JOHN G., Box No. 557, Dunellen, N. J.	12- 3-7		2- 1-8	12- 1-8			
O'KANE, JAMES F., 569 Broadway, Pawtucket, R. I.	2-24-8			12- 1-8			
OKELBERRY, EARL C., Goshen, Utah.	2-24-8		5- 1-8				
OLIVA, JOSEPH, 58 Speedway Ave., Newark, N. J.	10-11-7		As Cor	poral.		2- 1-8	Gas. 3-12-8 (M. S. E. /Wounded (6- 1-8 (10-16-8
OLSON, AXEL G., 220 S. 2nd St., Lindsburg, Kans.	11-13-8		4- 1-9				
OLSON, OSCAR K., Box No. 2, Brocket, N. D.	2-24-8		6- 1-8				
OLSON, REIDAR M., Flandreau, S. D.	2-24-8		6- 1-8				



NAME AND ADDRESS	Entered Company	Pvt. First Class	Corporal	Sergeant	Sergeant First Class	Casualties	Returned to Company
O'NEILL, WILLIAM E., 373 East Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.	2-23-8	4- 1-8	6- 1-8	9- 1-8	4- 1-9	{ To Co. B. 10-14-8	{ To Co. C. 1- 4-9
ORGAN, ALBERT M., 8 Waydell St., Newark, N. J.	1-15-8	3- 1-8	6- 1-8	4- 1-9
PAIDIEN, JAMES R., 276 Carroll St., Paterson, N. J.	3-28-8
PAGE, CLAUDE E., Green City, Mo.	2-24-8	5- 1-8
PARKER, CHARLES A., 146 W. Grand St., Rahway, N. J.	12-13-7	10- 1-8
PATTISON, EARL C., 40 Washington Ave., Pleasantville, N. Y.	4- 1-8	10-21-8
PAUR, FRANK E., Pisek, N. D.	2-24-8	Cook.
PENN, DELBERT H.	5- 1-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-17-8
PETERSON, ANTHONY, 265 Maple St., Perth Amboy, N. J.	2-24-8	12- 1-8
PETTERSON, ERNEST A., 79 Locust Ave., New Dorp, S.I., N.Y.	3- 3-8	6- 1-8
PHILLIBER, THOMAS E., Benton Harbor, Mich.	2-24-8	Gassed. Wounded.
PILS, LOUIS C., 892 E. 94th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	10-11-7	11-16-7
PINE, CLEO J., Joplin, Mo.	2-24-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-10-8
POIER, FREDERICK, Osmabrook, N. D.	2-24-8	5- 1-8	Cook 1-1-9
PRIESTLEY, OSCAR, Blackstone, Mass.	2-24-8	Hospital.
PRESLEY, LEANDER, Hawkpoint, Mo.	2-24-8	Hospital.
PROTINE, PHILIP D., Hulbert Court, Libertyville, Ill.	2-24-8	6- 1-8
QUACKENBUSH, KENDRICK, Union Springs, Minn.	10-11-7	12- 1-7	To Depot	Brigade.	5-14-8
QUINN, WILLIAM J., 12 Elizabeth St., Worcester, Mass.	2-22-8
RECTOR, ORVILLE R., 1315 Iranistan Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.	5- 5-8	9- 1-8
REILLY, VINCENT B., 143 River Ave., Providence, R. I.	2-24-8	6- 1-8	Hospital.
REMMES, JOSEPH T., Andover, Mass.	2-24-8	6- 1-8	9- 1-8	12- 1-8	4- 1-9
RICE, CHARLES E., 1510 S. 5th Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.	2-24-8	3- 1-8	12- 1-8
ROARK, EARL D., 1053 Alki Ave., Seattle, Wash.	10-22-8	12- 1-8
ROBERTS, GEORGE H., 5733 Franklin Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.	11-13-8	As Corporal.	4- 1-9
ROBINS, DONALD H., Cleveland, Okla.	2-24-8	4- 1-8
ROMBERGER, GEORGE C., 7545 Norton Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.	2-24-8	4- 1-8	4- 1-9
RONA, OSCAR M. A., 78 Sherman St., Passaic, N. J.	2-24-8	To Medical Dept.	5-2-8
ROOK, JACK S., 221 Palmer St., Union City, Tenn.	2-24-8	4- 1-9	Gassed. 10-12-8
ROUSE GLENN F., Washington, Iowa.	11-13-8
ROY, ARMAND L., 1 Cohasse St., Southbridge, Mass.	12-15-7	12- 1-8
RUCH, GEORGE A., 14926 Cardinal Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.	9- 2-8	12- 1-8
RUFFING, PHILIP E., Paterson, N. J.	2-24-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-17-8
RUTSTEIN, IRVING R., 239 Lincoln St., Wilkesbarre, Pa.	2- 1-8	Killed 10- 8-8
SANFORD, HARRY C., 205 Lafforte Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.	12-19-7	1- 1-8	2- 1-8	6- 1-8	12- 1-8
SAMS, HERMAN L., Lewiston, Mont., Box 1738.	2-24-8	4- 1-8	8- 1-8	Wounded. Died 2-24-19
SAUERHOFF, GEORGE J., 9 5th Ave., Haddon Heights, N. J.	12-20-7	To Officers	Training	Camp.	12-26-7
SAUNDERS, HAROLD, 52 Kermit Ave. N. E., Buffalo, N. Y.	12- 6-7	1- 1-8
SAWYER, HENRY R., 4053 E. 44th St., Cleveland, Ohio.	2-24-8
SCHMITT, WILLIAM S., Troy, Ill.	5-19-8	8- 1-8

NAME AND ADDRESS	Entered Company	Pvt. First Class	Corporal	Sergeant	Sergeant First Class	Casualties	Returned to Company
SCHNEIDER, WILLIAM J., 98 Watson St., Buffalo, N. Y.	4-29-8	6- 1-8	12- 1-8
SCHROEDER, ANDREW A., Albany, N. Y.	10-11-7	As Sergt.	To Depot	Brigade.	5-12-8
SCHULER, FRANK J., Waterville, Wash.	2-24-8	4- 1-8	4- 1-9	Wounded 10-16-8
SCHUMACHER, FRED R., 251 Front St., Binghamton, N. Y.	5-17-8	7- 1-8	12- 1-8
SEEROITA, HARRY, 1919 S. 6th St., Philadelphia, Pa.	5- 1-8
SHARP, EVERETT C., 5813 Cedarhurst St., W. Philadelphia, Pa.	4- 8-8	8- 1-8
SHELLEY, RICHARD, Story, Wyo.	2-24-8	8- 1-8	10-20-8
SHIBLA, VERNON, H. St., Belmar, N. J.	2-24-8	Gassed.
SIMON, RALPH E., 131 Latrobe Ave., Chicago, Ill.	5-20-8	7- 1-8	4- 1-9	Gassed. 10-20-8
SINCLAIR, HAROLD B., 264 Clinton Ave., Newark, N. J.	12- 3-7	1- 1-8	5- 1-8	6- 1-8
SLOCUM, IRWIN J., 1233 7th Ave., Fort Dodge, Iowa.	10-25-8	12- 1-8
SMESTAD, INGDOR C. G., care of Mrs. George Gilbertson, Evansville, Minn.	2-24-8	6- 1-8	Hospital.
SMITH, ALVIN O., Lady Smith, Wis.	2-24-8	4- 1-8	5- 1-8	8- 1-8
SMITH, PHILIP A., 124 W. 5th St., Grand Island, Neb.	10-22-8	1- 1-9
SMITH, SAYLE E., 302 W. 7th St., Fairfield, Ill.	2-24-8	6- 1-8	9- 1-8
SMITH, WILLIAM A., Antelope, Ore.	2-24-8	4- 1-8	Wounded 10-16-8
STARK, CLYDE E., Bloom, Kans.	2-24-8	Gassed.
STAUB, ORLO W., Mansfield, Wash.	2-24-8	6- 1-8
STEELE, NORMAN L., Goshen, Utah.	2-24-8	6- 1-8	Wounded.
SUNDET, JOHN J., Fleming, Minn.	2-24-8	7- 1-8	4- 1-9
SWAN, ARTHUR O., Genda Springs, Kans.	2-24-8	6- 1-8	10-17-8	12-22-8
SWANSON, MARTIN W., Minneapolis, Minn.	10-25-8	Gas. 10-20-8
SWANUM, PEDER, Fleming, Minn.	2-24-8	6- 1-8
TAYLOR, DANIEL O., 7405 Lawn Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.	9- 1-8	12- 1-8
TAYLOR, TRACY P., State Line, N. Y.	12- 3-7	6- 1-8	Acci- dently Shot	8-12-8
TEMPLETON, WILLIAM E., 587 Linden Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	2-23-8	8- 1-8
TERHUNE, WILLIAM C., Pennington, N. J.	3-25-8	6- 1-8	12- 1-8
TERRY, CLYDE A., 240 N. St., Francis St., Wichita, Kans.	10-22-8	3- 1-9
TODD, CARL B., Osgood, Mo.	2-24-8	6- 1-8	Hospital.
TOPPKINS, WILLIAM H., 33 Griffith St., Salem, N. J.	3-25-8	12- 1-8
TOUPIN, EMIL L., 106 Maple Ave., Congress Park, Ill.	2-24-8	6- 1-8
TURNER, HUGH H., Avondale, Pa.	10-11-7	11-16-7	1- 1-8	2- 7-8	M. S. E. 8- 1-8	To O.T.C. 10- 1-8
VANDAL, JOSEPHAT D., 67 Irving St., Fall River, Mass.	2-21-8	6- 1-8	Chauffeur	4-1-9
VAN ZANDT, LOOMIS, 241 W. 24th St., N. Y. C.	3-15-8	3- 1-8
VERNON, WILFRED, 240 Straight St., Paterson, N. J.	3-25-8	6- 1-8	4- 1-9	Gas. 11-1-8
VERNOOY, CORNELIUS, 342 Suydan St., New Brunswick, N. J.	3-24-8	9- 1-8	2- 1-8
WADE, FRANK E., 204 The Manchester, 1246 M. St. N. W., Washington, D. C.	10-11-7	11-16-7	2- 1-8	Gas. 10-19-8
WAGNER, GEORGE P., 1629 E. 9th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	10-29-7	1- 1-8	6- 1-8	4- 1-9



NAME AND ADDRESS	Entered Company	Pvt. First Class	Corporal	Sergeant	Sergeant First Class	Casualties	Returned to Company
WALKER, LAWRENCE G., 168 Allen St., Lockport, N. Y.	12- 9-7	6- 1-8	Gas. 10-17-8	12-22-8
WALKER, ROBERT L., Maud, Okla.	2-24-8	6- 1-8
WATTERS, LEWIS, 1360 Chapel Rd., Dayton, Ohio	2-24-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-14-8
WARREN, RICHARD P., 210 5th St., Jersey City, N. J.	10-20-8	6-1-8	{ Hospital. 9-11-8
WATT, ALFRED P., 1507 Corby St., Omaha, Nebr.	2-24-8	5- 1-8
WATZKE, KARL H., Black Earth, Wis.	2-24-8	To Depot	Brigade.
WEAVER, GEORGE ST. CLAIR, Whitney, Idaho	2-24-8	7- 1-8	12- 1-8
WEBB, STEPHEN J., 111 S. Columbus St., Aberdeen, Miss.	10-22-8	2- 1-9
WHALEN, JOHN, Route No. 3, Irwin, Pa.	2-24-8	{ Wounded 9-20-8
WILLETTE, FRANK, 525 7th Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.	2-24-8	{ Wounded 10-21-8
WILLEY, HERBERT G., 11 Woodford St., Dorchester, Mass.	2-24-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-10-8
WILKINSON, CARLIE, Glasgow, Ill.	5-19-8	8- 1-8	12- 1-8
WILTSE, RALPH A., 66 Gregory Ave., Mt. Kisco, N. Y.	5-23-8	9- 1-8	{ Wounded 10-24-8
WOLF, HENRY, 440 Humboldt Parkway, Buffalo, N. Y.	5- 6-8	7- 1-8	{ Killed. 9-19-8
WOLFE, FREDERICK A., 61 Gaston St., W. Orange, N. J.	12- 8-7	1- 1-8	6- 1-8	12-1-8	4- 1-9
WOMACK, LEE F., Havana, Fla.	2-24-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-10-8
WOODRUFF, RALPH J., Green City, Mo.	2-24-8	6- 1-8	4- 1-9
WORLD, THOMAS M., Salt Lake City, Utah	2-24-8	To Depot	Brigade.	5-10-8
WYAND, HARRINGTON B., South St. Avon, Mass.	1-10-8	10-1-8	To Co. B.	10-14-8	{ To Co. C. 4- 1-9
YOUNG, ALBERT A., 25 Mason St., Rochester, N. Y.	5-10-8	As Corporal.	To Photographic	School, Par is.
YOUNG, VICTOR H., 1053 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	2-23-8	5- 1-8	6- 1-8	4- 1-9	1-10-9
ZAHNISER, ORIE, 232 Plummer Ave., Hammond, Ind.	2-24-8	3- 1-8	6- 1-8	12- 1-8	4- 1-9

REPLACEMENTS

REPLACEMENTS	Entered Company	Private First Class
GRANQUIST, T. D., 304 Central Ave., Duluth, Minn.	2-10-9	As Private First Class
GREGG, FLOYD W., 215 S. Pleasant Ave., Lodi, Cal.	2-10-9	As Private First Class
HARTZELL, LEO A., 909 W. Main St., Kalamazoo, Mich.	2-10-9	As Sergeant
HASTY, FORD E., Parshall, Col.	2-10-9
HEINEN, W. M., 923 Walnut St., Waterloo, Iowa	2-15-9	4- 1-9
HUTCHANS, E. M., McMinnville, Ore.	2-10-9
KAHN, ARTHUR, 9 E. 97th St., New York City	2-13-9	As Private First Class
KLEINMAN, R. S., 535 Ogden St., Ottumwa, Iowa	2-10-9	4- 1-9

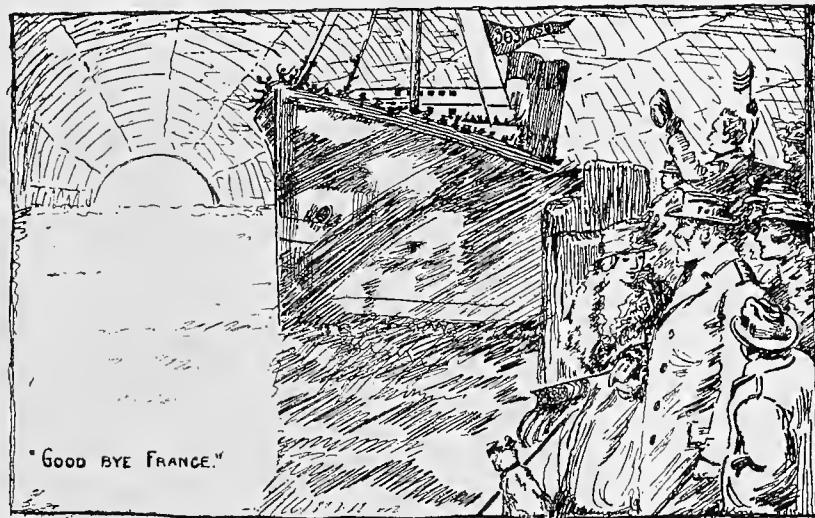


REPLACEMENTS

Entered Company

Private First Class

LINDQUIST, A. L., Taylor, Texas.....	2-10-9	4- 1-9
McCLUNG, J. E., 1303 Oklahoma St., Elkhart, Kans.....	2-10-9	4- 1-9
McMILLAN, GEO., Alpena, S. D.....	2-10-9	As Private First Class
MURRAY, E. W., 539 W. Main St., Ottumwa, Iowa.....	2-10-9	4- 1-9
PATTON, P. L., West Texas.....	2-10-9	4- 1-9
RICHARDSON, R. M., Jr., 1736 Mapleton Ave., Boulder, Colo.....	2-10-9
TERHELL, A. P., Milroy, Minn.....	2-10-9
THOMPSON, H. E., 1017 E. Brill St., Phenix, Ariz.....	2-10-9	4- 1-9



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: MAY 2001

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